THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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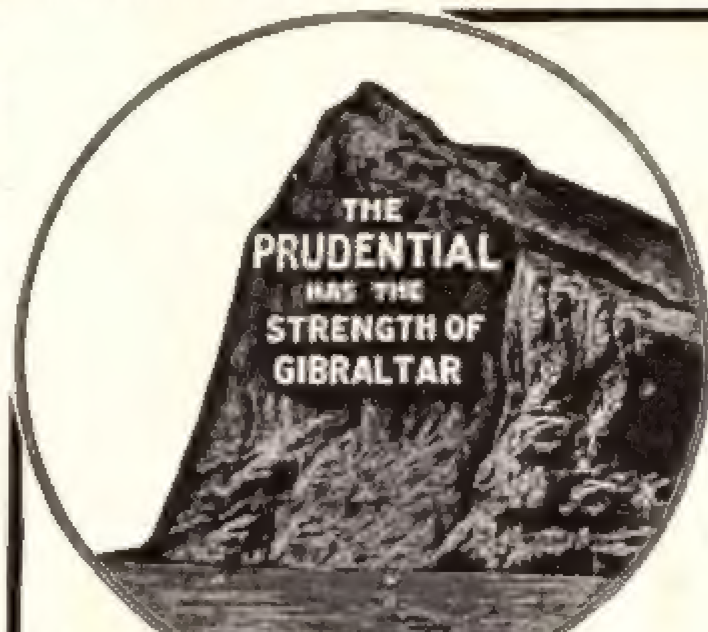
DRAWN BY GORDON GRANT

A COAT OF RED LEAD—By F. Hopkinson Smith



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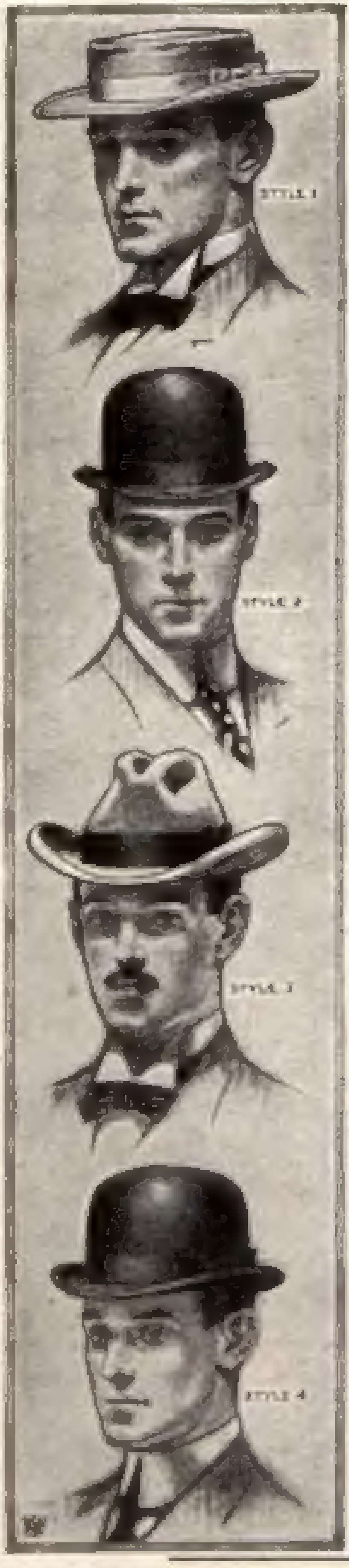

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A COAT OF RED LEAD

The Adventure of the Ivory-Tinted Insurgent

By F. Hopkinson Smith

I

MY OFFICES are on the top floor of a high building overlooking the East River and the harbor beyond—not one of those skyscrapers punctured with windows all of the same size, looking from a distance like huge waffles set up on end—note the water-line of New York the next time you cross the ferry and see if you don't find the waffles—but an old-fashioned sort of a high building of twenty years ago—old as the pyramids now, with a friendly janitor who comes to me when I send for him instead of my going to his "office" when he sends for me; friendly elevator boys who poke their heads from out their iron cages and wait five seconds until I reach them, and an obliging landlord who lets me use his telephone.

Mawkum, my chief draftsman—when you have only one it is best to label him "chief" to your clients; they think the others are off building bridges for foreign Governments, or lunching at Delmonico's with railroad presidents—my chief draftsman, I say, occupies the room opening into mine. His outlook is a brick wall decorated with windows, behind which can be seen various clerks poring over huge ledgers, a section of the roof topped with a chimney, and in the blue perspective the square, squat tower of the Produce Exchange in which hangs a clock. Both of these connecting rooms open on the same corridor, a convenient arrangement when clients wish to escape without being seen, or for the concealing of bidders who are getting plans and specifications for the same tenders, especially when two of them happen to turn up at the same moment.

Mawkum manages this, and with such adroitness that I have often seen clients, under the impression that the drafting-room was full, sit patiently in my office and take their turn while he quietly munches his sandwich behind closed panels—an illusion sustained by a loud "Good-morning" from my chief addressed to the circumambient air, followed by the slamming of the corridor door. When I remonstrate with Mawkum, insisting that such subterfuges are beneath the dignity of the office, he contends that they help business, and in proof quotes the old story of the unknown dentist who compelled a suffering prince to call the next day at noon, claiming that his list was full, when neither man, woman nor child had been in his chair for over a week—fame and fortune being his ever after.

When Mawkum gets tired of inspecting the brick wall and the industrious clerks and the face of the clock, he strolls leisurely into my room, plants himself at my window—this occurs during one of those calms that so often come to an office between contracts—and spends hours in contemplating the view.

To me the stretch of sky and water, with its dividing band of roof, tower and wharf, stretching from the loop of steel—that spider-web of the mighty—to the straight line of the sea, is a never-ending delight. In the early morning the broken outline is seen through a veil of silver mist embroidered with puffs of steam; at midday the glare of light flashing from the river's surface makes silhouettes of the ferry-shuttles threading back and forth weaving the city's life; at twilight the background of purple is bathed in the glory of the sunset, and at night myriads of fireflies swarm and settle, tracing in pencilings of light the plan of the distant town.

Mawkum, being commercially disposed, sees none of these things; his gaze is fixed on the panting tugs towing chains of canal boats; on the great floats loaded with cars and the stately steamers slowing down opposite their docks. To-day he develops an especial interest.

"That's the Tampico in from Caracas and the coast," he says, leaning across my desk, his squdgy hand resting on my letter file. "She's loaded pretty deep. Hides and tallow, I guess. 'Bout time we heard from that Moccador Lighthouse, isn't it? Lawton's last letter said we could look for his friend in a month—about due now. Wish he'd come." And he yawned wearily.

Mawkum's yawn indicated the state of his mind. He had spent the previous three weeks in elaborating the plans and specifications for a caisson to be used under a bridge pier—one client assuring him that he had, to use his own words, "a dead sure thing on the award." When the bids were opened, Mawkum congratulated him on his foresight and offered to attend the funeral in a body, the client's bid being some thirty per cent. too high. Little episodes like this add a touch of gayety to the hours spent in the top of the high building.

Mawkum's yawn over—it is generally in three sections, but can sometimes be curtailed—I interrupted hurriedly with:

"What sort of a structure is it?" I knew, but I wanted some other employment for his mouth.

"First order, screw pile, about a hundred and twenty feet high, stuck on a coral reef at the mouth of the harbor. 'Bout like our Fowey Rocks, off the Florida coast. She's backing in." His eyes were still on the Tampico, the floes of North River ice hemming her in on all sides. "Passengers'll be off in an hour. Wonder how they like our climate—little chilly for pajamas."

Here Mawkum strolled into his room and began overhauling the contents of a rack of drawings piled one on top of the other like cordwood, labeled: "Screw Pile Structures."

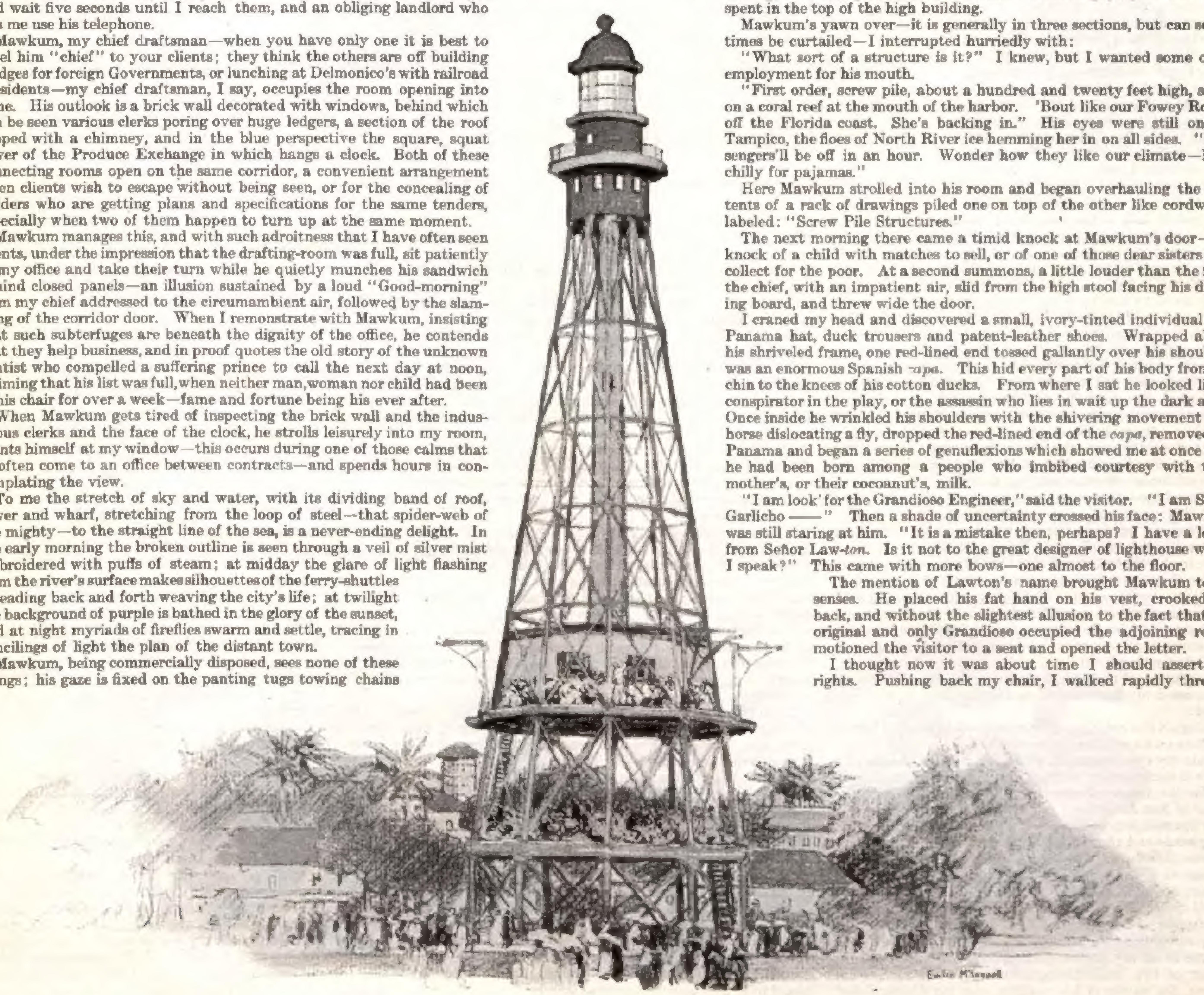
The next morning there came a timid knock at Mawkum's door—the knock of a child with matches to sell, or of one of those dear sisters who collect for the poor. At a second summons, a little louder than the first, the chief, with an impatient air, slid from the high stool facing his drawing board, and threw wide the door.

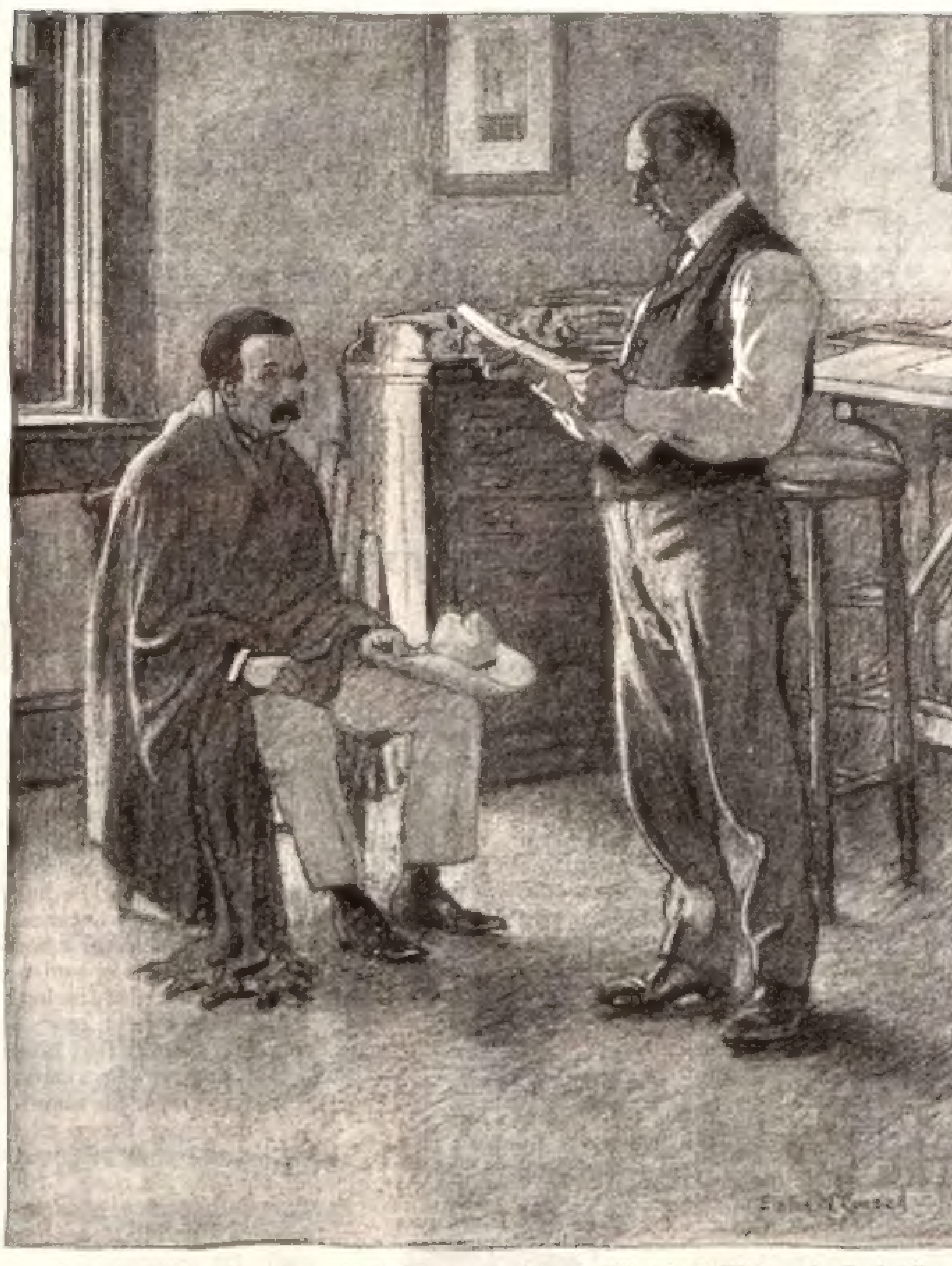
I craned my head and discovered a small, ivory-tinted individual in a Panama hat, duck trousers and patent-leather shoes. Wrapped about his shriveled frame, one red-lined end tossed gallantly over his shoulder, was an enormous Spanish *capa*. This hid every part of his body from his chin to the knees of his cotton ducks. From where I sat he looked like a conspirator in the play, or the assassin who lies in wait up the dark alley. Once inside he wrinkled his shoulders with the shivering movement of a horse dislocating a fly, dropped the red-lined end of the *capa*, removed his Panama and began a series of genuflexions which showed me at once that he had been born among a people who imbibed courtesy with their mother's, or their cocoanut's, milk.

"I am look' for the Grandioso Engineer," said the visitor. "I am Señor Garlicho ——" Then a shade of uncertainty crossed his face: Mawkum was still staring at him. "It is a mistake then, perhaps? I have a letter from Señor Law-*ton*. Is it not to the great designer of lighthouse which I speak?" This came with more bows—one almost to the floor.

The mention of Lawton's name brought Mawkum to his senses. He placed his fat hand on his vest, crooked his back, and without the slightest allusion to the fact that the original and only Grandioso occupied the adjoining room, motioned the visitor to a seat and opened the letter.

I thought now it was about time I should assert my rights. Pushing back my chair, I walked rapidly through





He Looked Like a Conspirator in the Play, or the Assassin Who Lies in Wait up the Dark Alley

my own and Mawkum's room and held out my hand.

"Ah, Señor, I am delighted to meet you," I broke out in Spanish. (Here I had Mawkum—he did not understand a word.) "We have been expecting you; our mutual friend, Mr. Lawton, has given me notice of your coming—and how is the Señor and his family?" And in a few minutes we three were seated at my desk with Mawkum unrolling plans, making sketches on a pad, figuring the cost of this and that and the other thing; I translating for Mawkum such statements as I thought he ought to know, thus restoring the discipline and dignity of the office—it never being wise to have more than one head to a concern.

This victory was made complete when his ivory-tinted Excellency loosened his waistcoat, dived into his inside pocket and, producing a package of letters tied with a string, the envelopes emblazoned with the arms and seal of the Republic of Moccador, asked if we might be alone. I immediately answered, both in Spanish and English, that I had no secrets from Señor Mawkum, but this did not prove satisfactory, and so Mawkum, with a wink to me, withdrew.

Mawkum gone, the little man—it is inconceivable how small and withered he was; how yellow, how spidery in many of his motions, especially with his fingers stained with cigarettes, how punctilious, how polite, how soft and insinuating his voice, and how treacherous his smile—a smile that smiled all alone by itself, while the cunning, glittering eyes recorded an entirely different brain suggestion—Mawkum gone, I say, the little man examined the door to see that it was tight shut, glanced furtively about the room, resumed his seat, slowly opened the largest and most flaringly decorated envelope and produced a document signed with a name and titles that covered half the page. Then he began to talk at the rate of fifty words to the second; like the rattle of a ticker in a panic: of Alvarez, the savior of his country—his friend!—his partner; of the future of Moccador under his wise and beneficent influence, the Lighthouse being one of the first improvements; of its being given to him to erect because of his loyalty to the cause, and to the part he had taken in overturning that despot, the Tyrant Paramba, who had ruled the republic with a rod of iron. Now it was all over—Paramba was living in the swamps, hunted like a dog. When he was caught—and they expected it every day—he would be brought to the capital, San Juan, in chains—yes, Señor, in chains—and put to work on the roads, so that everybody could spit upon him—traitor! Beast, that he was! And there would be other lighthouses—the whole coast was to be as light as day. Señor Law-*ton* had said he could speak with perfect confidence—he was doing so, trusting to the honor of the Grandioso—the most distinguished—etc., etc. And now—this in a summing-up voice with a slower movement, about twenty words to the second—would the Grandioso go in as a partner in these ventures? The income he could assure me would be so fixed that the light dues alone would pay for the structure in two years—think of it, Señor, in two years—perhaps less!—and forever after we could both sit down and receive a small fortune, I by the Tampico in drafts signed by his Excellency, and he in his own hacienda surrounded by the patriots who honored him and the wife and children he adored.

At mention of the partnership a vague, cloudy expression crossed my face; my companion caught it, and continued:

Or (again the voice slowed down) I would be paid for the structure on its erection by me on the reef.

Again my eyes wandered, and again he took the cue:

Or—if that was not satisfactory—he would be willing to pay for the ironwork alone as soon as it arrived in the harbor of San Juan.

My Spanish is more like an old uniform that is rubbed up for a parade and then put away in camphor. Much of his talk was therefore lost on me; but the last sentences were as clear as if they had dropped from the lips of my old teacher, Señor Morales.

Half-rising from my chair, I placed my hand over my shirt-front and thanked his Excellency for his confidence—really one of the greatest compliments that had ever been paid me in all my professional career. To be at once the partner of two such distinguished *caballeros* as General Alvarez, the savior of his country, and my distinguished guest, was an honor that few men could resist, but—*but*—here I picked up a lead pencil and a pad—BUT—the only way I could permit myself to rob him of his just deserts would be—here I traced a few lines on the pad—would be—my voice now became impressive—to receive one-third when it was erected in the yard in Brooklyn, and the balance on delivery of the bills of lading to his agent; payments to be made by his distinguished Excellency's bankers in New York.

If the modification of terms in any way disappointed the gentleman from San Juan, my closest observation of his smile and glance failed to detect it. He merely quivered his shoulders—a sort of plural shrug—rolled his cigarette tighter between his thumb and forefinger, remarked that the memoranda were entirely satisfactory, and folding the paper slid it carefully into his pocket; then with a series of salaams that reminded me of a Mohammedan spreading a prayer rug, and an "*A Dios*, Señor," the ivory-tinted individual withdrew.

A week later Mawkum, carrying a tin case, passed up the gangplank of the Tampico. Inside its soldered top were the plans and specifications of a First Order Light, to be made of iron, to be properly packed, and to have three coats of red lead before shipment—together with cross-section of foundation to be placed on the reef known as "La Garra de Lobo"—The Claw of the Wolf—outside the harbor of San Juan—all at the risk of his Supreme Excellency, Señor Tomas Correntes Garlicho, of the Republic of Moccador, South America—the price of the ironwork to hold good for three months.

The following morning Mawkum started in on other work and the incident, like so many similar ventures, was forgotten: his racks were full of just such estimates. If any of the bread thus cast upon the waters came back, the chief would be glad, and so would the Grandioso; if not, we were both willing to cut another slice to send after it.

II

FOUR months passed. The ice was out of the river; the steam heat had been turned off in the high building and the two time-worn awnings had been fixed to my windows by the obliging janitor. The Tampico had come and gone, and had come again. Its arrivals, as usual, and departures were always commented upon by Mawkum, generally in connection with the "Bunch of Dried Garlic," that being the irreverent way in which he spoke of his ivory-tinted Excellency. Otherwise the lighthouse, and all that pertained to it, had become ancient history.

One lovely spring morning—one of those warm mornings when every window and door is wide open to get the breeze from Sandy Hook and beyond—another visitor stepped into Mawkum's room. He brought no letters of introduction, nor did he confine himself to his mother tongue, although his nationality was as apparent as that of his predecessor. Neither did he possess a trace of Garlicho's affability or polish. On the contrary, he conducted himself like a muleteer, and spoke with the same sort of brutal authority.

And the differences did not stop here. Garlicho was thin, shriveled and sun-dried. This man was round and plump—plump as a stuffed olive fished from a jar of oil, and as oily; as dark, too, with a pair of black eyebrows that met over a stub of a nose ending in a knob; two keen rat eyes, a mouth hidden by a lump of a mustache black as tar, and a sagging, flabby chin which slunk into his collar. Next came a shirt-front soiled and crumpled, and then the rest of him in a suit of bombazine.

"You designed a lighthouse some months ago for Mr. Garlicho, of San Juan," he blurted out with hardly an accent. "I arrived this morning by the Tampico. My name is Carlos Onativia." And he laid a thin, elongated piece of cardboard on Mawkum's desk.

The arrival of a South American fresh from the Republic of Moccador, with a spade designed to dig up a long-buried treasure, robbed Mawkum for the moment, in spite of the man's bad manners, of his habitual caution—the guarding of plans and estimates from outsiders being the fundamental law of the office. This indiscretion was no doubt helped by the discovery that the owner of the spade spoke English, a fact which freed Mawkum at once of all dependence on the superior lingual attainments possessed by the Grandioso in the adjoining room.

Down came the plans without a word of protest or any further inquiry, and before I could reach the inquirer's side and be properly introduced—I did not want to interfere too abruptly—Mawkum had not only unrolled the elevations and cross-sections, but had handed out a memorandum showing the estimate of cost.

Onativia acknowledged my presence with a slight bob of his head, loosened the upper button of his coat, fished up a pair of glasses, stuck them on the knob end of his nose, and began devouring the plans in a way that showed both of us that it was not the first time he had looked over a lot of blue-prints.

"This estimate is for the ironwork alone," he said, "and is, as you see, good for three months. The time, as you will note, has expired. Do you now ask for an additional sum, or will the price stand?" All this in the tone of a Tombs' lawyer cross-examining a witness.

Mawkum murmured that, as there had been no advance in the cost of the raw material, the price would stand.

"Very well. And now, what, in your judgment, should be added for the cost of erection?"

"Can't say," answered Mawkum; "don't know the coast or kind of labor, or the bottom of the reef—may be coral, may be hard pan, may be sand. Do *you* know?"

"Yes—the coast is an ugly one, except four months in the year. Site is twelve miles from San Juan, exposed to the rake of the sea; bottom coral, I understand; labor cheap and good for nothing, and appliances none—except what can be shipped from here." This came with the air of one who knew.

I now took charge of the negotiations:

"We have refused to erect the structure or be responsible for it after it leaves our dock. We told Señor Garlicho so."

Onativia lowered his chin, arched his eyebrows and looked at me over his glasses.

"I don't want you to erect it," he said in a purring tone with a patronizing strain through it. "I'll do that. What I want to know is what it would cost *here?* That's what I came to New York to find out."

"Has Señor Garlicho been awarded the contract?" I asked. It was useless to distribute any more bread upon the waters; certainly not on the ripples washing the shores of Moccador. If there was any business in sight I could very easily give either one of them an approximate cost; if there was none the bakery was closed.

"No, Señor Garlicho has *not* been awarded the contract. I am here to keep the affair alive. If I had thought it necessary I would have brought a certified check with me drawn to your order, which I would have handed you with my card. The standing of your firm prevented my doing so. This is business, and I want to get back home as quick as possible. Our coast is a dangerous one and the loss of life increases every year. Do you want this matter hung up for six weeks until we can communicate with Mr. Garlicho? Every hour's delay in putting the light on the Lobo means so many more deaths." As he spoke a peculiar smile struggled from under his black dab of a mustache, got as far as the base of his nose and there collapsed.

My duty was now clear. Señor Garlicho, for some reason unknown to me, had waited until his option had expired and had then sent Onativia in his place. This wiped out the past and made a new deal necessary—one which included the price of erection on the reef, a point which had not been raised in the former negotiation.

"All right," I said, "you shall have the estimate. What you want is the cost of erecting a structure like the one here in the plans. Well, if it was to be put on our Florida coast, where I think the conditions are somewhat similar to those you describe, I would advise you to add about one hundred thousand dollars to the cost of the ironwork."

"Is that safe?" Again the smile worked itself loose.

"Yes," I replied, "if you don't lose your plant too often by bad weather. We have warnings of our coast storms and can provide against them. I don't know anything about yours—what are they like?"

"They come suddenly and without warning," he rejoined; "typhoons, generally, with the tiles rattling off the roofs and the natives hugging the cocoanut trees." With this he turned to the plans again. "Better add another twenty thousand—I want to be safe," he said, in a tone that showed me he had at last made up his mind.

I added it, marking the sum on the memorandum which Mawkum had given him.

"Now, please put that in writing over your signature. I'll call to-morrow at ten for the document. Good-day."

When he was well down the corridor—we waited really until we heard the down-chug of the elevator—Mawkum looked at me and gave a low whistle.

"Add another twenty! What do you think is up? That Bunch of Garlic is working some funny business, or he wouldn't have sent that brigand up here."

I ruminated for a moment, walked to the window and took in the brick wall, the clerks and the clock tower. Frankly, I did not know what Garlicho was up to. It was the first time that any passenger by the Tampico, or any other steamer, from any quarter of the globe, had asked either Mawkum or myself to add one penny to the cost of anything. The effort heretofore had been to cut down each item to the last cent. Was the ivory-tinted gentleman going to build the lighthouse at his own expense out of loyalty to President Alvarez, the savior of his country, and then donate it to the Government, using our estimate to prove the extent of his generosity? Or was there a trick somewhere? I decided to sound Señor Onativia the next morning, and find out.

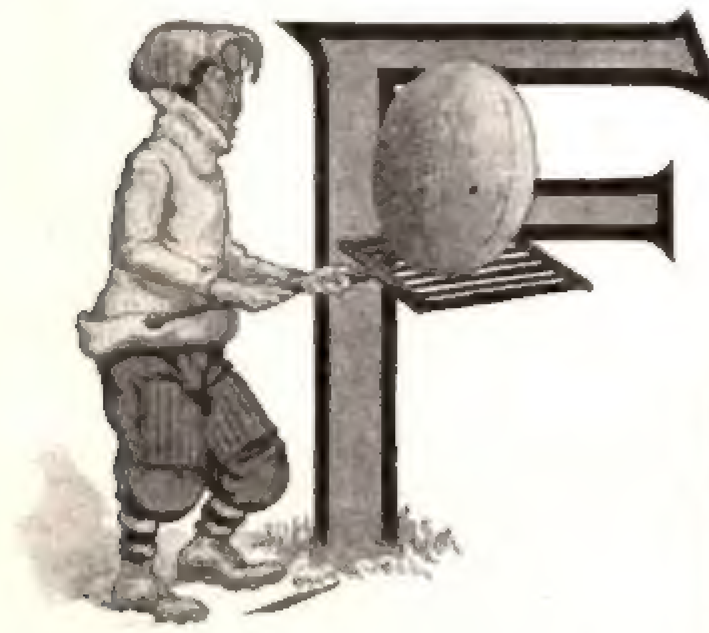
I had not long to wait. He arrived on the minute, bobbed to Mawkum, drew a chair to my desk and squared, or rather rounded, his body in front of me.

"I will now tell you what I omitted to say yesterday," he began. "When an order comes for this lighthouse—and it will arrive by the next steamer—it will not be signed by Señor Garlicho, but by me. I have reasons for this which I cannot explain, and which are not necessary for you to know. The ironwork—all you will have to furnish—will also be shipped in my name. With the order will be sent a letter introducing my bankers, who will call upon you at your convenience, and who will pay the amounts in the way you desire—one-third on the signing of the contract (one of the firm will act as my agent), one-third on erection and inspection of the ironwork properly put together in the yard, and the balance on delivery to them of the bills of lading. Is that quite satisfactory?"

I bowed my head in answer.

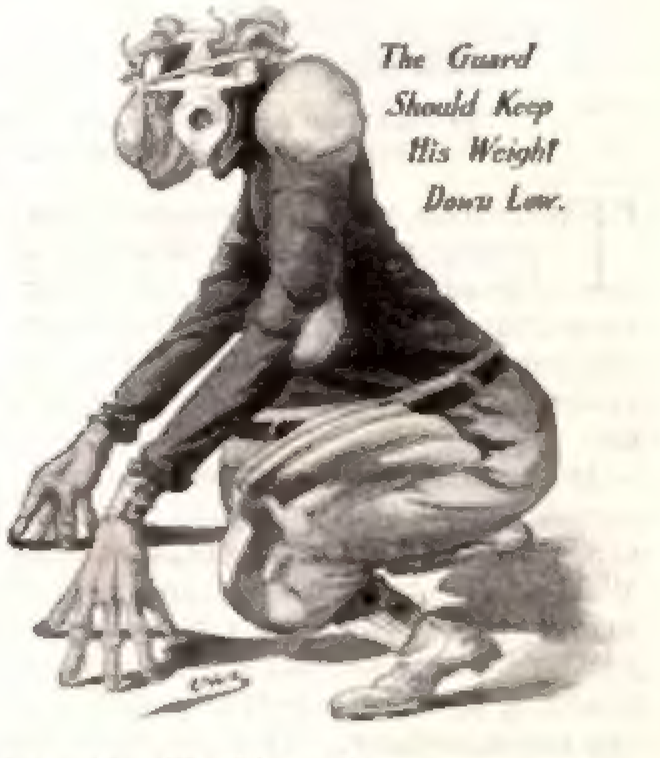
"And have you signed your estimate showing what you consider to be a fair price for both the lighthouse itself and for the cost of its erection on the Lobo Reef?"

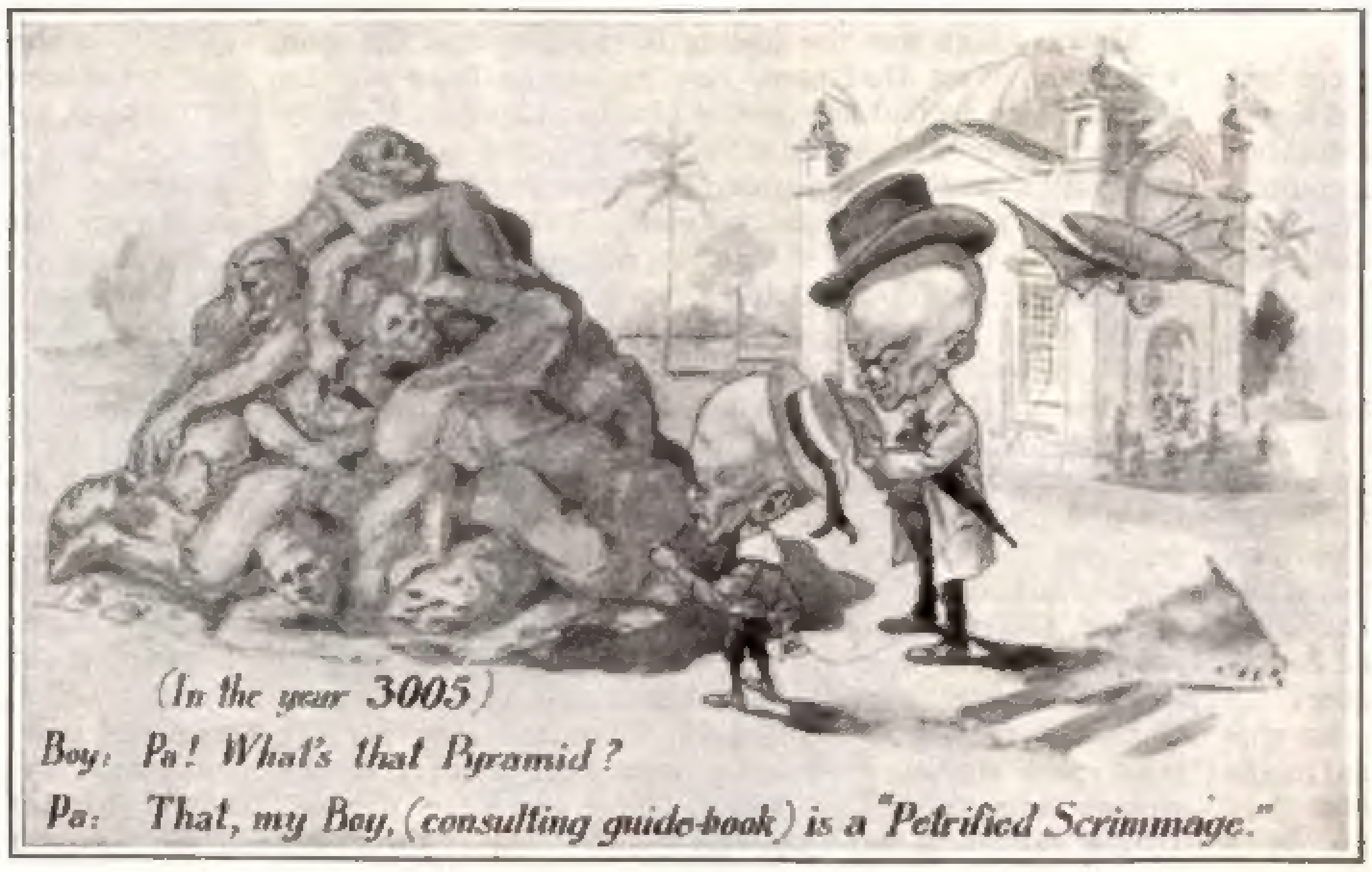
(Continued on Page 21)



FOOTBALL

By Reginald Wright Kauffman


The Guard Should Keep His Weight Down Low.


(In the year 3005)
Boy: Pa! What's that Pyramid?
Pa: That, my Boy, (consulting guide-book) is a "Petrified Scrimmage."

It was an autumn evening,
Three-Thousand-Five A.D.,
And old Professor Jay Ethnol
Was strolling back from tea,
And by him sported on the pave
His five-year winsome grandchild
Dave.

They saw before them suddenly
A curious old mound,
Half like a knot of sculptured men
A-twisting on the ground:
The lad in piping treble flat
Asked: "Holy smoke, Grandpop,
what's that?"

Old Ethnol looked it o'er and sighed:
"Alas, alas!" said he,
"Those are the fellows brave who once
Won a great victory.
I guess they got so badly mixed
They never could get free."

"Now tell me what they scrapped about!"
Inquired the eager Dave;
"Or did they fight for native land,
Or did they free the slave?"
The old man shook his head of snow:
"None but the Rules Committee know.

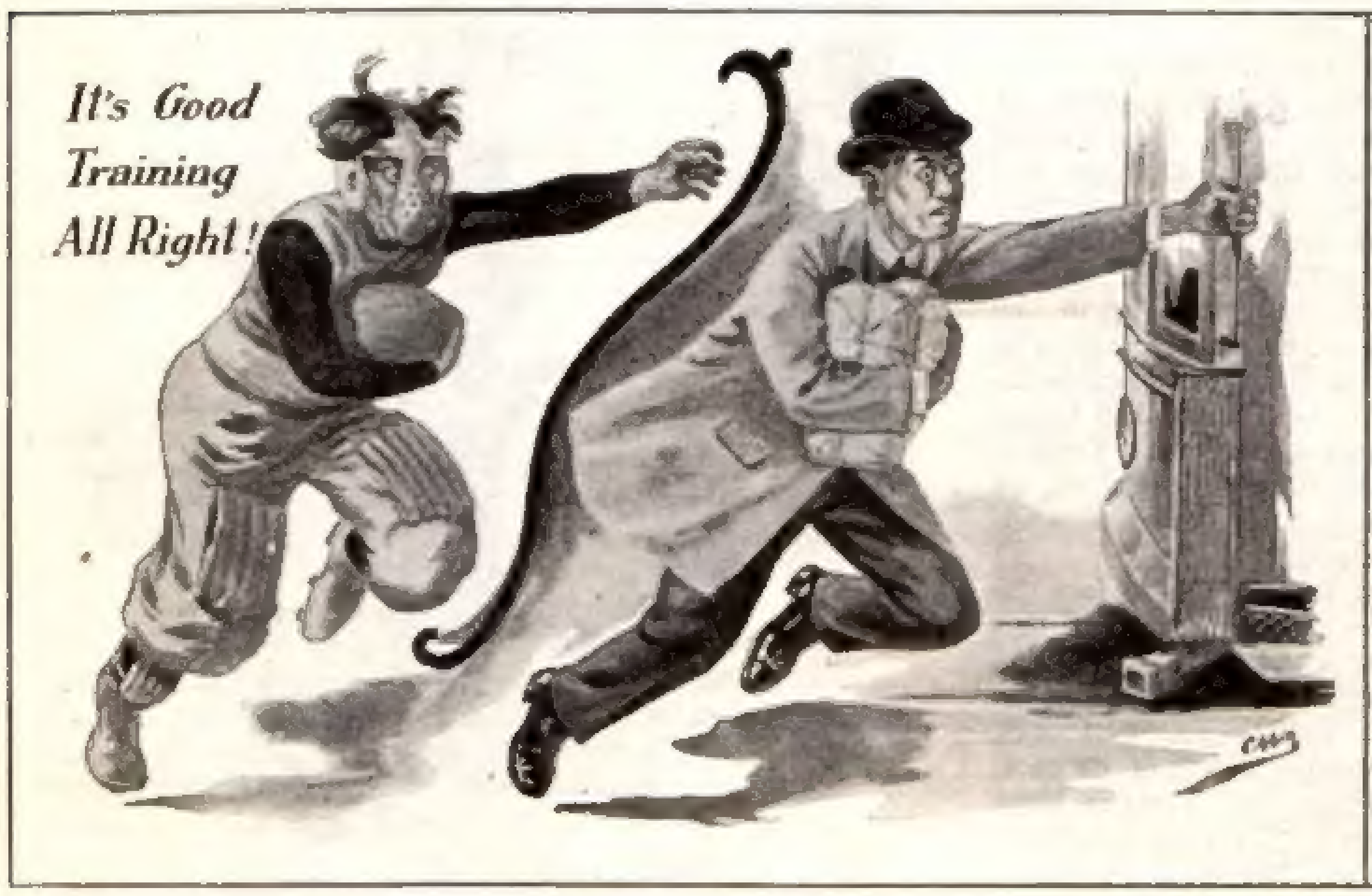
"But 'twas the Bulldogs," he pursued,
"Who tanned the Tiger's hide;
Although the reason for it all
I never could decide;
But all the girls declared," said he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

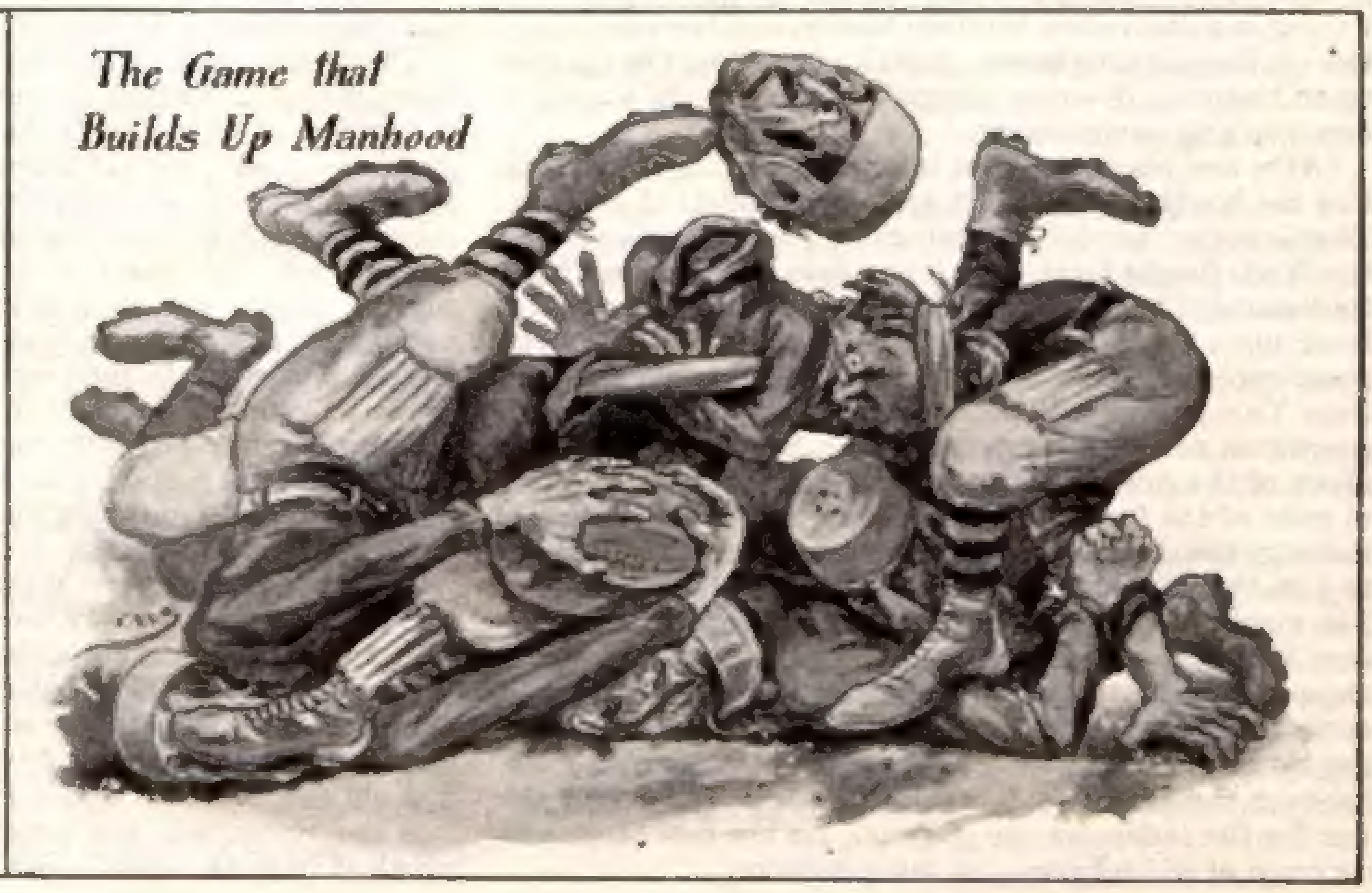
"With unintelligible yells
The air split open wide,
And many a mother cheered to see
How well her brave boy died."
"That seems," said Dave, "a rotten
shame."—
"'Twas necessary to the game.

"They say it was a splendid sight
When the last yard was won:
Helmets and nose-guards, splints and stays,
Shone bloody in the sun,
And forty ambulances wheeled
The happy victors from the field.

"And everybody praised the Coach
Who taught them body-blows."—
"But what good came of it at last?"—
"Why, all the wide world knows
It killed or cured," was Jay's retort:
"Ah, 'twas a mighty manly sport!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES W. BRADLEY

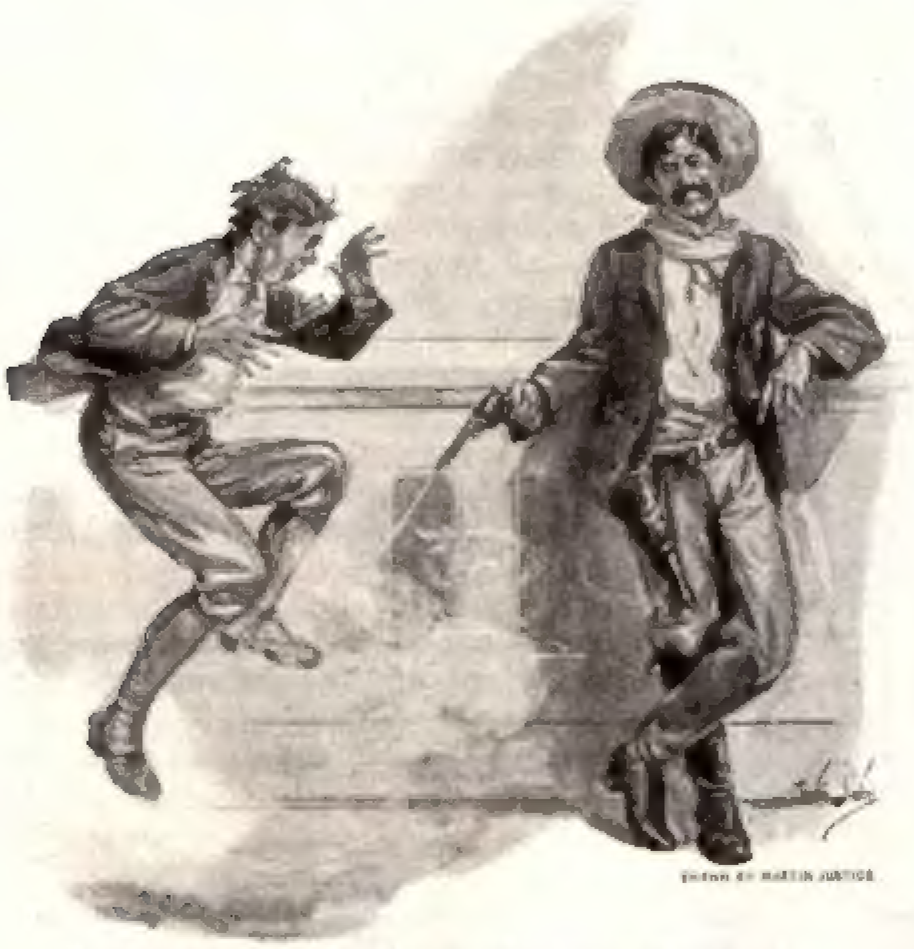

It's Good Training All Right!


The Game that Builds Up Manhood

THE HUMOR OF THE PRAIRIES

Laughter in the Land of Hardship and the Face of Pain

BY EMERSON HOUGH



The Man from Another Section or Another Land Might Not Always Appreciate This

THE man with the hammer progresses with his idol-breaking in these modern days. The discovery of the properties of radium abolishes our theory of the conservation of energy. The nebular hypothesis becomes too nebulous, and the law of gravity a plausible fashion of speech. The theory of evolution will be the next to go.

In the mean time, however, we may temporarily content ourselves with the assumption that the old-fashioned forces of heredity and environment have not quite lost their power. We had the bicycle face, and now have the automobile nerves, produced by an environment of speed. We have graft, produced by hurry for money. Haste is our heritage, it seems, and haste is written upon our literature, our art, our manufactures. It is imprinted on the national character and on our serious intellectual processes. It marks our lightest moods as well. The fantastic American humor is the by-product of a racing mental factory.

More and more railroads mean less and less sectional life and sectional feeling in America, and perhaps it is unwise to speak of a Western humor in these days of abolished distances. New York prints more jokes than all the rest of the world, it is said. Yes, but, after all, where do the jokes come from? And are there not species of United States humor divisible under the genus American humor? A shrewd observer ought to be able to answer that; for this is a very large country and holds, in spite of artificial modifications, very widely differing natural environments. Let us borrow the not yet outlived theory of evolution. The ways of Boston and New York and Philadelphia are not the ways of Butte and Denver and El Paso. Does this mean that the ways of the East are better than those of the West? In the East it does. But in the realm of reason it only means that the ways of Boston, New York and Philadelphia are better for Boston, New York and Philadelphia—not for the West and not for the entire world, in which are many different lands, each with its own stamp on thought and custom. The easiest way out of it all is to charge it up to Nature, calling geography and topography to account.

It is, then, at least, partially fair to say that there is such a thing as a distinctive Western humor, and fair also to say, indeed, literally true to say, that this fact should be charged up to Nature. We may charge it in the two old ways—to heredity and environment.

In the first place, the West is far more like the South than like the North and East, in spite of parallels of latitude. That is not wonderful, but natural. The South discovered the West, fought for it, took it and held it. The North got the usufruct; but the North did not put its stamp of motherhood upon the West. The South was its mother. The great explorers were Southerners. To this day, the man from Yale who goes West comes back with his speech impregnated not with Westernisms but Southernisms. The idiom of the cow range, for instance, is Southern, and this in spite of the fact that the entire ownership of the cattle industry has changed hands. The trails across the Rockies and up the vast Plains were paths made by Southern men. The mould of the Western mind was taken from those indomitable *émigrés*, hardy and gay and dead-broke and independent to the core, who left the older South and came to the West and Northwest *via* the ancient paths of the big rivers, *via* cross-country paths of their own making over the Plains and the Rockies, *via* Texas and the war for the independence of Texas, *via* the cow range and its creed of self-reliance and independence.

So much for a parentage—and there is no denying the parentage—of a Western way of thought. The rest must be chargeable to the environment, and this remainder is even larger than the portion for which we have accounted. Environment stamps us all unconsciously. It makes the average man of a mountain country a blond, and the average city dweller a brunette—just why no one knows. The Western lands produce Western men, and a very good sort of men. These men, born as above pedigreed, produced a Western humor all of their own, and it was a goodish sort of fun, too. It was perforce big, broad, elemental, at times grotesque. Why? Ask the mountains; ask the plains, and the bad lands, and the buttes, and the deserts, and the river-beds. The carven faces of the Rockies are not saints but goblins. The twisted souls of the cactus and the mesquite tree tell of want, privation. The peaks and mesas speak a language of solitude and self-communion and loneliness. Above all, they speak of lack, of want, of waiting.

We are getting close now, it would seem, to one distinguishing characteristic of Western humor. It should be courageous; and it is. It should be grotesque; and it is. It should speak of a lack, of privation; and it often does.

English humor seems slow to us. It deals with developed and elaborated situations, for which we Americans have not time. Humor of the East has more time for *crème de menthe* and a straw. The West had no time for *crème de menthe;* and, moreover, it had no *crème de menthe.*

Always there was the feeling in the bosom of the man who went West that some day he would have all the things which he had left behind him back home. Usually it was his son or grandson who got them, and not himself; but meantime the emigrant to the new country made believe. He mocked, to ease his soul. The laugh at things sacrificed is on the lips of Western humorists, professional or amateur. "You wouldn't want a *thousand* shirts, would you?" asked the man who was found in bed while his shirt was in the laundry. "God Bless Our Home" was the motto on a thousand bachelor abodes in sod or log or 'dobe. "Fifty miles to Wood, a thousand feet to Water, thirty feet from Hell," was the household legend for one party of exiles. Another outdweller worked a mocking "Welcome" in tin cans in the short-grass dooryard of his corrugated-iron home.

Now, the recording angels alone may know how many hearts of sweet women—yes, and of strong men as well—were broken by the lack, the want, the missing of things in the early Western life; but the men for the most part smiled when other men were near, and the women always smiled when the men were around. Laugh and let it go; that was the Gospel. If the grasshoppers came, and if fever came, and if the hillocks in the dooryard grew in number, and if the relief fund did not reach so far, and there was no crop to raise and no work to do—why, then, the hollow-eyed man might hitch up the remnants of the old team and take his thin-framed wife back East again. Yes, but on the cover of his eastbound wagon he wrote: "Back to my wife's folks." The argonaut westward-bound in Indian days carried the legend, "Pike's Peak or bust;" but coming back eastward, like an honest man, he wrote on his wagon cover, "Busted, by thunder!" Confession eased his "busted" soul.

The infinite pathos which lay back of these light words is something unwritten and never to be measured. A generation of Greathearts made the way for a race of grafters. And your Greatheart smiled at slings and arrows—literally so, sometimes; for once a pioneer asked a neighbor to cut out of his shoulder an Indian arrow-head. "It don't *hurt* any," he said, "but it sort of tickles me so I laugh and wake up in the night with it." He was first cousin to the man who settled and went to farming in Nebraska because he broke an axletree *en route* up the Platte, and found cottonwood too brittle to make a new one. To-day, out of the land found for us by such philosophers, we have none, and are taxing them to irrigate a second-hand West for Europeans to devour.

But if we grieve over a West that is gone, we face the fact of the exceeding swiftness of its going; and this brings us also face to face with a second great trait in Western humor. The bonanza spirit, the sudden affluence that sometimes so swiftly followed lack and deprivation, added a grotesque flavor of its own. The old cowman who sold a train-load of cattle went into the restaurant and ordered "a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs." Why? It was an expression of success, translated into understandable terms. American extravagance in European shops is only an expansion of the cowman's simple form of profligacy. The rose-scented milk bath of the spoiled beauty of the Continent is but a decadent version of that other cowman's performance who ordered a whole bath of champagne. Want, then affluence, and withal grimness—it is all written plain in the folk-lore of the frontier. Success, self-reliance—but never self-sufficiency and never self-indulgence—are written in all these tales.

Sometimes hope deferred made a sick heart, and irritation took the place of flamboyant affluence. A Western young man, so runs the story, once went to the races and also went broke. Having wagered his last cent, he was obliged to walk home, listening meantime to the jubilations of those who had won and could ride. Plodding along in the dust, the unfortunate hated all the world, and wanted only some opportunity of showing it. Presently, before him he saw another man, also walking, who at the moment chanced to stoop to tie his shoe. The misanthrope walked up to him and administered a hearty kick on general principles, although he had never before seen the man in his life. The victim of his discontent arose, turned and with an injured look inquired:

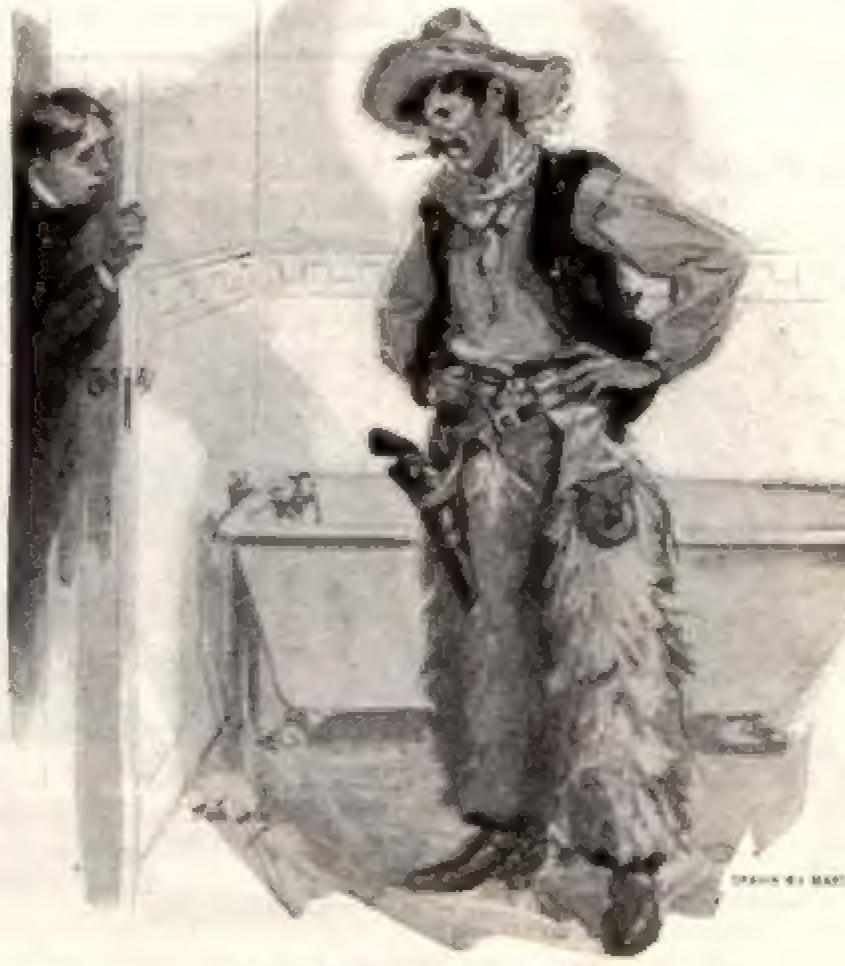
"Now, what in the world made you kick *me?* I never did anything to you, and never saw you in my life before."

"You? You? Oh, why, d——n you, you're *always* tying your shoe!"

For the most part, however, it was hope and buoyancy rather than a grim discontent which animated the Western man. The "busted" boom town frequently brought out instances of this. I remember to have seen a sign painted on the raw boards of a shanty in a Kansas railroad town: "Bill Jones, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Collections attended to at all Hours of the Day or Night." There was a certain yearning in that sign, but it showed a kindly outlook upon life and not one of misanthropy.

At the time of the waning of the boom in Spokane, a party of earnest young journalists from Chicago were spending a hundred thousand dollars of other people's money in the endeavor to establish a metropolitan daily in the sage-brush belt. Too much undigested real-estate securities, and too little understanding of their clientage, spelled failure for the enterprise, although it did not quench the hope of the earnest journalists. As times grew harder, the city editor, fire, police and marine reporter, exchange man and editorial writer—who, by the way, were all one individual by this time—after working until daybreak, would go to the business-office and ask for breakfast money. This often was declined, for the dignified reason that there was no money in the till, but the joint staff was firm and refused to go for another day unless they could furnish him breakfast. "I've got to draw the line somewhere," he said, "and I draw it at breakfast."

At last even breakfast was not forthcoming, and the editor resigned, "accepting a position," as he phrased it, running a scraper on a railroad that was being built into



Ordered a Whole Bath of Champagne

the Territory. He was new at this sort of work, but stuck to it until afternoon of the first day, when he fell under the eagle eye of the dump boss.

"Young man," thundered the latter, "didn't you ever handle a scraper before?"

"Sure I have," replied the editor, trying to flip the scraper over.

"When?"

"This morning, sir."

The boss sat down and laughed, and that evening the editor got a job bookkeeping in the headquarters' tent. To-day you read his stuff in the best magazines, and perhaps still find hope and gayness in it, although you may not know that the fund of light-heartedness came from the sage-brush.

A shrewd and homely wisdom tempered the wit of the frontier along with the universal self-made, self-reliant flavor of the West. There was Whiteman the Jew, type of the frontier merchant, and withal philosopher, in spite of the fact that he once owned the whole town-site of Pueblo, and had lost that and several other fortunes as well, from El Paso to Alaska. Once Whiteman took the risk of staking the New Jersey Gold Mills at our town for a year's run, taking the clean-up for his pay—he would gamble on anything, from a tame tarantula to a mustang horse-race. He lost twenty thousand dollars in this enterprise, which left him broke and obliged him to leave town. He started out on foot for Roswell, a hundred miles and more away. The stage-driver overtook him and offered him a ride, but Whiteman declined.

"No," he said firmly, "I valk. I deach dis old fool sometings. He von't back no more gold mills!"

One day a minister of the Gospel, from none knew where, came into this womanless and churchless little community and began to cast about for the founding of a congregation.

"What!" he exclaimed to Whiteman, whom he interviewed as a leading citizen. "Have you no religion here?"

"Choey," called out Whiteman to his son in the back part of the store, "have ve got any of dot religion in der house?"

"No, fadder," replied Joe, "but I bet you if ve haven't you don't find it in der town."

A prospector in earnest search of a grub-stake once approached Whiteman on the subject, showing him a rich specimen purporting to come from his claim in the Gallinas Mountains. That canny soul at once recognized the ore as stolen from the rich Homestake mine, where free gold was so common that every saloon from Deming to Topeka had a stolen specimen in the window. Examining this carefully, Whiteman took his friend by the arm and led him to the door. "Tom," he said, "vat you tink der vedder would be preddy soon?"—and so dismissed the matter.

Whiteman suspected a big negro, who worked for him, of stealing the contents of a precious keg of kümmel, which was intended only for his own use. The employee protested that he was innocent, and had "quit drinking." Leaving him in the cellar one day, the old man slipped on a pair of rubber shoes and noiselessly descended the stair a few moments later. He was in time to see a goblet of his kümmel just disappearing down a dusky throat.

"Dot's all right, Bill," he said; "I vas only thinkin' how lucky for me you should have *kvit* drinkin'."

Whiteman had discharged an unfaithful bookkeeper whom he suspected of robbing him, and the latter took service with a rival merchant by the name of Weed. A friend of the bookkeeper found occasion to upbraid Whiteman for discharging the man, explaining that Weed himself had said that his books balanced perfectly every week.

"Dot's all right," said Whiteman—"Dot'sall right about Veed's books balancing—but does *Veed* balance?"

About a month later his bookkeeper had absconded—and Weed did not balance!

One of the most famous humorists of the West was Roy Bean, of Texas, a character who could have been produced nowhere but in the dry and distorted Southwest. Bean's life was one continued unsmiling jibe at harsh and unkindly surroundings. He was a stage-driver in the old days, regularly traversing the six hundred miles of sardonic silence and sage-brush that lay between San Antonio and El Paso; and this grim and grotesque landscape, with its tortured trees, goblin rocks and misformed cacti, wrote itself upon his soul. Bean started a town for himself in the desert near the Pecos River. He called his place Langtry, and named his "office," which was also a saloon and general store, the "Jersey Lily." He placed upon the outer walls of his domicile the legend: "Ice Beer and Law West of the Pecos"—which sign you may see to-day from the windows of the passing train, although Roy Bean died four years ago.

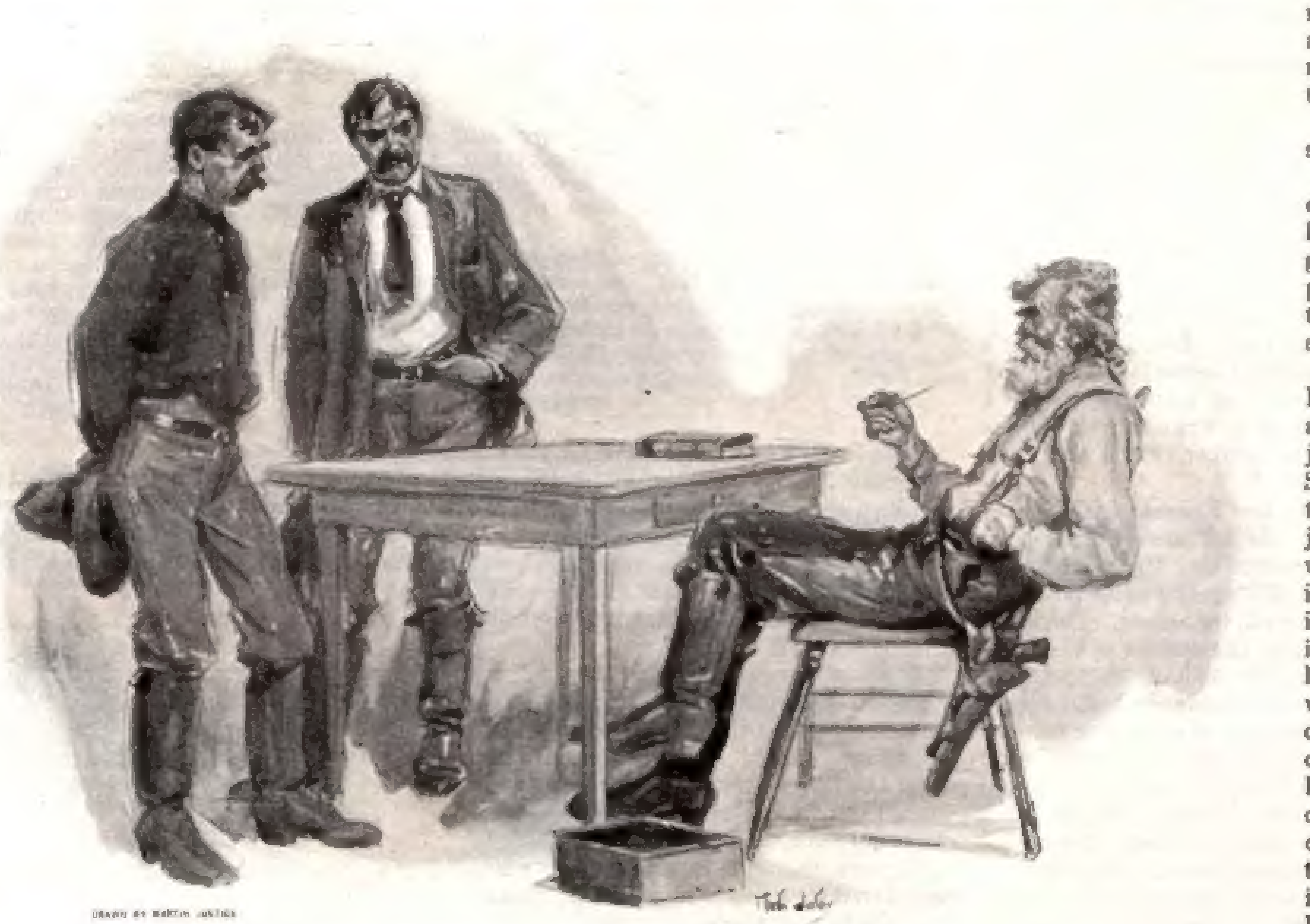
Bean set up as justice of the peace without any commission, appointment or election. He had, of course, no authority under the law, but always argued that, as he furnished the only law that existed in that country, it was far better to leave him alone and let him run the country. The State of Texas wisely agreed with this argument, since the region was wide and unsettled, with nothing to tax; whereas Bean levied his own taxes and ran his own administration.

"The State of Texas had better let me alone," said Bean gravely. "She owes me half a million dollars at least, and if she ever makes the first kick on me I will shore sue her."

This warning served for many years. A prosecuting attorney of the county—which itself was as big as a State—once came over to Langtry to put an end to what he called an "undignified farce." Bean pulled a magisterial six-shooter on him in court and made him sit down.

"You little yellow-headed pup," said he, "you keep quiet! So long as you don't make any break, this court will treat you all right, but you be careful, and don't get gay."

The prosecutor did not get gay, and the "court" continued as a peculiar institution for many years thereafter the learned magistrate administering law west of the Pecos out of a single law book, whose identity was never determined, but was thought to have been a copy of the Kansas statutes.



DRAWN BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"The Court Can Find No Law Making it a Crime to Kill a Chinaman"

The stories of Roy Bean made a sort of saga of their own, well known over a wide country. His case of the Chinaman might well be cited to-day in Congress as proof that we may sinlessly discriminate against the Orient. When the railroad was being built through Langtry, one of the laborers killed a Chinaman, and the camp boss, not knowing what else to do with him, took him before Bean for trial. The latter solemnly examined his legal volume for some time, and finally gave his decision.

"The court has examined all the authorities and precedents bearing on this case," said he, "and the court can find no law making it a crime to kill a Chinaman. The prisoner is discharged."

A yet more comprehensive decision of this same magistrate was that in the case of a laborer who got drunk and fell off the high bridge over the Pecos River, a distance of about three hundred feet. Bean was sent for to come and hold an inquest, and solemnly went into session near the remains.

"Search his pockets, Mr. Clerk," he directed.

It developed that the deceased had forty-two dollars and a new six-shooter.

"The court finds the accused guilty of carrying concealed weapons," said Bean gravely, "and confiscates the weapon. The court fines the accused forty dollars for this offense and two dollars costs. Mr. Clerk, give me the gun and the money."

The methods of Tammany itself are no more conclusive than this; and the incident is history all throughout the Southwest.

Bean had the instinct of a great politician. He elected himself to office and made the office pay. His price for a wedding or a divorce—and both principals might figure in both proceedings within a day on that loose-mannered border—was one horse; and he presently accumulated quite a horse band of his own. His attitude toward any newcomer in the town depended largely upon how much he needed money at the time. Once a cow-puncher came in and threw down a twenty-dollar gold piece for a drink of beer. The beer was warm and the purchaser felt privileged to object.

"Open court, Mr. Clerk!" called out Bean across the store to his assistant.

The latter spread open the grocery book, which served as cashbook, journal and "docket."

"The court fines you twenty dollars and costs," said Bean to the cowboy, sternly. "You are released without bail, and instructed to leave the town at once."

There was no appeal from Roy Bean's court, and in all his life he never had a decision reversed.

Bean's law court furnished material for enjoyment all over lower Texas. Once the bar of the city of San Antonio joined in an invitation to Bean to come over and have a visit; and the "court" gravely accepted the invitation. Under this was a deep-laid plot to give Bean a taste of his own medicine. Some wag of the bar, aware of Bean's fondness for wild animals, and knowing that he had a tame bear to which he was much attached, sent a telegram to Bean's son at Langtry:

"Kill the bear and send me the skin. Am broke. Roy Bean."

The son had been taught filial obedience, and he followed copy literally. When the old man got home next day, he saw his pet bear's hide stretched on the wire fence! He could never see any joke in that at all.

These thrice-told tales of Roy Bean show him to have been, after all, a colossal practical joker, with a grudge against life. Some such feeling seems to be at the bottom of most practical joking—a desire to get even with the world for the hardships it has inflicted or the limitations it has imposed. Practical joking does not go with ease and luxury, but with the ruder life where man comes into direct contact with Nature. This sort of thing the West showed at its best, or worst, and much of the old backwoods horseplay endured into a far more recent time. Just before a horse-race in Colorado, where two well-backed ranch favorites were to come together, the owner of one of the horses got across to the stable of the other, and so filled up the rival steed with alfalfa and water that, to use his own speech, he could not have caught an ice-wagon if it was hitched. Considerable amounts of money changed hands.

"I don't understand it," said the puzzled victim of the strategy.

"No, I don't suppose you do," remarked the guilty one. "Some folks can't see a load of hay. Beat me? Why, there ain't a horse in all Colorado that your plug *could* beat, let alone mine."

Another rancher of the same State was annoyed by a neighbor's horse which came and fed at his haystacks regularly. Protests did no good, but at length the errant horse turned up missing, and its owner accused the neighbor of making away with it.

"No, I didn't," he protested. "I seen your ole horse going right off that-a-way, this mornin'."

"I did, too," he added later to a friend; "but I forgot to tell him the horse had a five-gallon lard-can full of loose rocks tied to his tail."

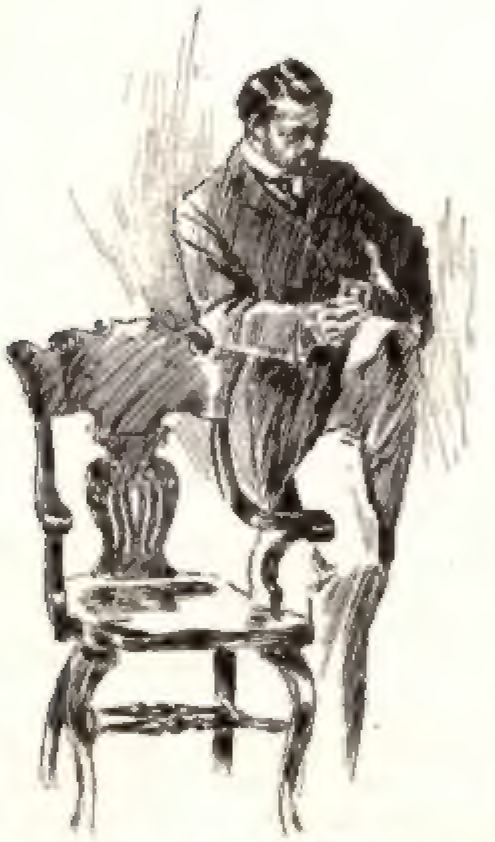
Exaggeration marked Western speech in some cases where exaggeration seemed scarcely possible. All Kansas knows the story of the man who went out from Emporia in a buggy with a real-estate agent who wanted to show him some town lots. They drove and drove at a rapid gait all day long, camped out that night and went on the next day. About noon they saw another buggy, rapidly driven, approaching from the opposite direction,

(Continued on Page 23)

CUPID'S FOLLOW-UP

Faint Ads Ne'er Won Fair Lady

BY HIRAM MOE GREENE



"If I Wanted Her, I'd Telephone, Telegraph, Write to Her"

IF YOU love her, keep after her. Stick at it as though you had something to sell and you simply had to sell it to hold your job."

"But what is a man going to do when the girl he loves says, 'I will not listen'—and then leaves the town and him behind?"

"If I loved her, I wouldn't let her quit me. I would show her a shining example of persistency and tenacity whether she wanted to see it or not. I'd prove to her that I meant business."

"But she would lose her respect for me, and then I wouldn't have a chance on ——"

"She's lost now, isn't she? As far as she is concerned, you are down and out. The gong's sounded. And when you regain consciousness you say, 'I'm done. No more for me. I've been outclassed and outpointed. The solar plexus has been mine. I'm out of the game.' And you don't do a blamed thing to win back all you have lost in your first fight. You're a quitter! I honestly didn't think it of you."

"This isn't a prize-fight. This is ——"

"Well, then it isn't a prize-fight. It is love—perhaps—it depends on whether you pine away and die or keep a-going. If you love the girl and want to marry her, for Heaven's sake *try* to! Don't sit around with a face as long as a rainy Sunday! No one is going to bring her back to you. If I wanted her, I'd telephone, telegraph, write to her. If she got away from me, she would remember that I had been after her to the last day of her life."

After making this speech, Chester Roberts lit his pipe. Every one else in the office of the Advance Commercial Company had gone home. Roberts was the advertising manager, a young man, too, for such a responsible position, but progressive, alert, and, above all, tenacious. Theodore Harwood, Roberts' best friend and the cashier of the company, had told Roberts of the repulse he had received from Gertrude Barton. Roberts was a good listener, but the woeful expression on Harwood's face and the pronouncement of utter failure in the matrimonial quest had irritated him. Roberts had never been in love; he had been too busy.

After a moment or two of silence Harwood began again to explain. "But you don't understand, Chet. She ——"

"Now listen to me, Ted," continued the advertising manager; "you are over seven and really do not need a guardian, but if ——" A new idea came to Roberts. It changed the trend of his speech, and he continued bluntly, almost brutally: "There's nothing to it. She has made you look like one of your simian ancestors. She did it purposely; you know it, and you are just a little sore about it. I don't blame you; but then it isn't love—only your pride that is hurt. You think it's your heart, but it's really your head."

"You know better than that, Chet," Harwood answered hotly, with color rising to his cheeks. "You know that isn't so, not a word of it!"

Harwood got up from his chair and walked to the window overlooking the city. For a moment he gazed out over the housetops; then, turning to Roberts, who sat in his chair before the desk smoking quietly, he said:

"You have just about as much sympathy as a pine board. You are the only one who I thought would give me consolation and—advice."

"But you won't take my advice."

"But there's no chance now, Chet. She's gone."

"Love is business, plain business. You are up against a very ordinary business proposition. You want her, she doesn't want you. Now it's up to you to make her have you."

"But I don't want her if she doesn't want me."

"Make her want you. Follow her up. Treat her just as I handle an answer to one of our advertisements. Act as though she might want you if she knew all about you. It is a simple process. First, get her attention, then arouse her interest in the product, which, in this case, is you. Next create a desire by telling her about the product, what it has done for others" (Harwood winced), "what it can do for her—economical—a labor-saving device—attractive—decorative—useful as well as ornamental. And then, when the psychological moment arrives, drop everything and close the deal."

Harwood hesitated.

"Don't it sound good to you?" Roberts went on, smiling. "I'll write the letters, you sign them. A follow-up system, do you understand? It's your only chance. Nothing to lose, everything to gain. Quick, say 'yes.' It's getting late. Say 'yes' and have it over."

"If you don't make them too strong I'll sign the letters," Harwood answered weakly.

"First one goes in the morning," Roberts responded. "No waits, no delays, going on all the time, you know."

The next morning Roberts called the office-boy and, inclosing a letter in an envelope, sent it down to Harwood's office.

"Tell Mr. Harwood to sign this and return to me. And tell him I must have it *at once*," was Roberts' parting injunction.

Two days later Miss Gertrude Barton received a letter typewritten on the business stationery of the Advance Commercial Company, New York, Chicago and San Francisco. The letter ran:

My dear Madam :

I am pleased to confirm my proposal made you during our delightful interview on Tuesday last, and trust that the details, which you must have given proper consideration by this time, are so clear to you that a contract may be speedily entered into.

As you know, the proposition is indeed a rare one—very exceptional; in fact, I can say that it has been made to no one but you. This, no doubt, you appreciate.

I hope you can see its particular advantages and that a reply, with an acceptance, may reach me by return mail.

I am, Yours very truly,
THEODORE B. HARWOOD.

Miss Barton was surprised first, then amazed, and finally indignant. She tore the letter twice in twain and then patched the pieces together and read it over. It is so hard to remember when one is angry.

Her first impulse was to write Theodore Harwood and tell him just exactly what she thought of him. Once she declared to herself that she would.

"'Speedily entered into; . . . a rare, exceptional proposition; . . . I must appreciate; . . . acceptance by return mail,'" she repeated as she read the letter over. "Oh, the wretch! How I hate him!" she exclaimed—with more or less earnestness. She concluded to ignore the epistle altogether, and wondered for a day if he would be mean enough to write again.

In the mean time, Harwood had called upon Roberts. He entered the office and dropped into a chair with an evident lack of spirit.

"How are they coming, old man?" Roberts asked with a smile.

"Honestly, Chet," Harwood answered slowly, "now just between us—as friends—don't you think that letter was a little too strong? Just remember that I think everything of the girl and I wouldn't do anything to incur her displeasure."

"Of course you wouldn't, for you are a well-meaning young man, Theodore. But just now you are rather weak in the knees."

"So would you be if you were in love. I'm no rare exception."

"Well, all you will have to do is to sign letters."

Harwood did not reply.

"Now, I want to ask you what you said to her when you proposed," said Roberts kindly. "I know it is rather personal, and perhaps embarrassing, but to handle your case intelligently I ought to know about it."

Harwood went to the window and stood with his back to Roberts.

"Do you really have to know?" asked Harwood.

"Honest," replied Roberts, restraining a smile.

"I simply told her that I was unworthy of her and ——"

"That's enough," Roberts interposed. "She doubtless had faith in you and believed your frank confession. I don't blame her for refusing to listen. She was expecting something good and you were starting in to tell her you were only an imitation. Very poor business! Do you suppose I could sell goods if I wrote to prospective purchasers and told them our products were not worthy of a place in their homes? I should say not! Another letter goes to-morrow!"

Miss Barton had about decided that she had heard the last from Theodore Harwood when another letter put in an appearance. She retired to her room before breaking the seal. She read:

My dear Madam :

I am very *much surprised* indeed at *not receiving* a reply to my recent letter to you.

Perhaps there is some *good reason* for your failure to respond, but I am constrained to *believe* that you have either *overlooked the matter*, or the information in your hands is not *as full and complete* as you desire.

Surely *you must know* that this is a matter of *great importance* to you. Your superior intelligence *must have proved* that to you beyond question.

I know *you will not* question the sincerity and *earnestness* of the writer, who *personally* laid the proposition before you. And in fairness *you cannot doubt* his ability to execute to your *complete* and *continuing satisfaction* all the terms and conditions of the *proposed contract*. This *you* have tacitly *admitted*.

A person in your position in life *should not* throw away a *golden* opportunity like this.

It comes *but once* in a lifetime, and life is very, *very short*.

You are *unjust* and *unfair* to yourself to allow this chance *to slip* through your fingers.

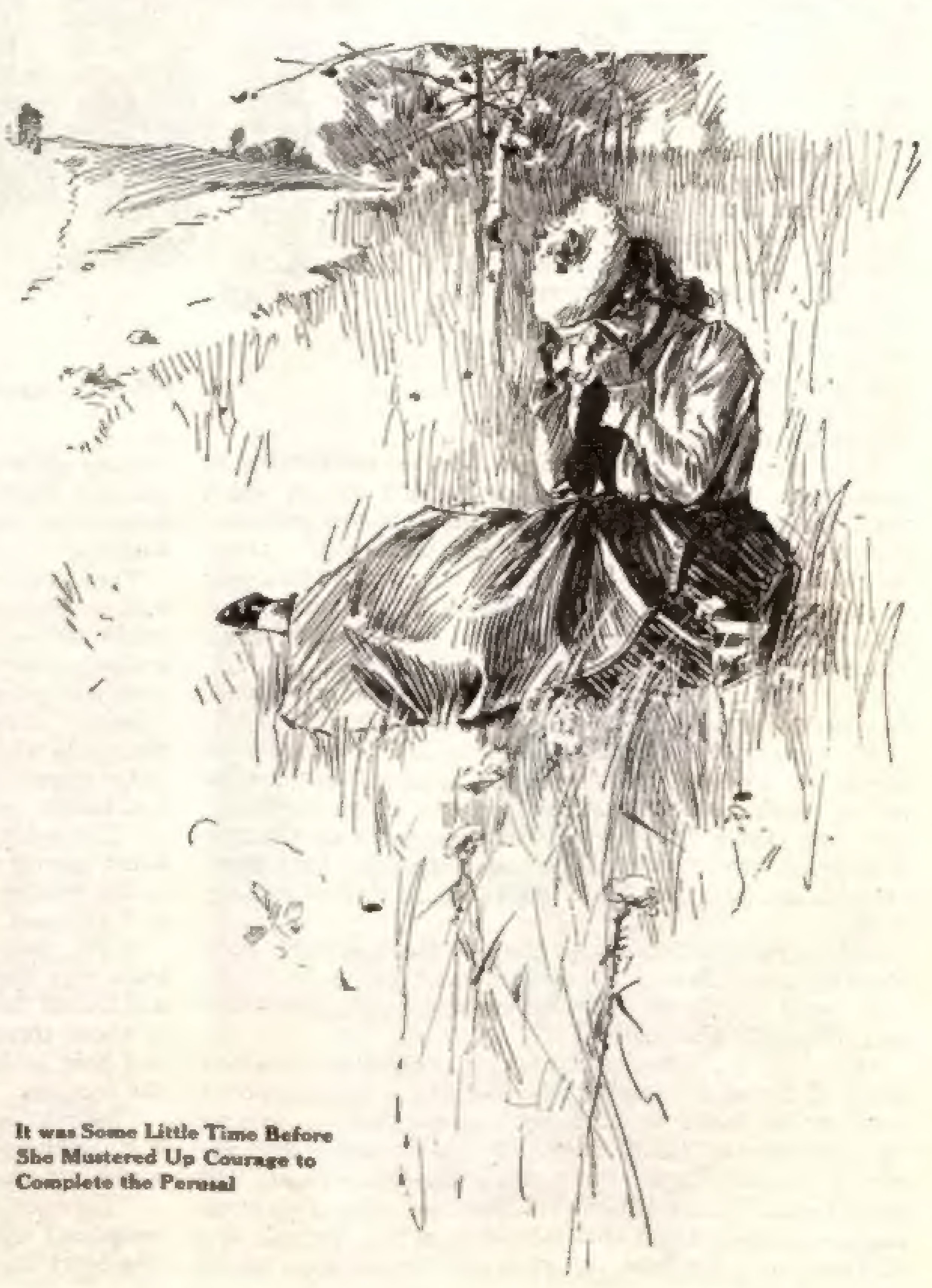
I stand ready to *assume* all the *responsibilities* that may be *imposed* by the contract.

Doesn't this *interest* you?

Delays are DANGEROUS.

Write TO-DAY.
Sincerely yours,
THEODORE B. HARWOOD.

She read the letter over and over again, and noted carefully the underscored words. It was all so true. He was sincere, earnest and able, yes, she would admit that. "But the conceit of the man!" she exclaimed. "Telling me to



It was Some Little Time Before She Mustered Up Courage to Complete the Perusal 'write to-day,' and calling himself 'a *golden* opportunity!' I never, never thought he would treat me like this! He was so good and kind to me. Oh, how can he do it!"

She put the letter down to wipe her eyes, and when she took it up again her gaze became fastened to a single line: "Delays are dangerous," and a lump came in her throat, which she resented and swallowed. She tossed her head. No, she would not write, no matter what the consequences.

Harwood, for his part, was anxious to have the affair over and done for. It annoyed him terribly. He told Roberts that he was ashamed of himself for having entered into such a "despicable scheme."

"Ten days, two letters and nothing doing," he said to Roberts reproachfully. "How much longer do you intend to keep up this game?"

"Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!" Roberts replied merrily. "I've written as many as fourteen follow-up letters and landed the sale finally. That proves I kept them interested, doesn't it? Usually three or four or five do the business. Here, sign this one."

Harwood read it.

"Oh, no, not that! I can't sign that!" he exclaimed.

Roberts folded his arms and surveyed Harwood critically. He meant to look disdainfully upon his friend, but he failed. Harwood looked so solemn and serious that Roberts could not keep from laughing, and despite his irritation Harwood caught the mood and joined in a good hearty laugh over the peculiar situation.

When the laughter had subsided Roberts said seriously:

"Ted, you are not going to quit now. I won't let you. We have gone too far to turn back. You know what the house pays me to write advertisements, handle inquiries, and get up these follow-up letters. It's a fat sum. But I am worth it, for I sell the goods. I can't handle your case as I would some others. I am not able to go on and say this and that and the other thing about you, because she knows you, and you wouldn't sign the letters. Two more letters you must sign—not over three at the most, and then if you say 'stop,' that will be the end of it. Now sign up."

Harwood affixed his signature upon these conditions, and two days later the mail-carrier gave the letter into Miss Barton's trembling hands. She went out into the fields where she could be alone when she read it. She read the first three lines and then threw herself upon the grass and cried. It was some little time before she mustered up courage to complete the perusal, and even then it was punctuated by sobs and sniffles. The letter ran:

My dear Miss Barton:

PERHAPS YOU ARE A BARGAIN HUNTER!
IS IT GREAT RICHES YOU WANT?
PERHAPS YOU ARE SEEKING AN INVESTMENT!

Naturally, you want to get all you can for your investment. This is a human attribute which, very likely, you have developed to the superlative degree.

It would be inspiring to see

A WOMAN AFTER WEALTH,

if one were sure that her eager pursuit would result in

LASTING BENEFITS.

Too often the economies practiced are false and result in an increase in expenditures, not of mere money alone but of nerve and brain force, resultant depletions from worries, cares and heartaches that might easily have been avoided. For instance, it would be the

GROSSEST FOLLY FOR A WOMAN

to buy only that which was high-priced. She must consult her own needs: the uses to which the article desired is to be put, the length of time it is to be in service; and, too, her position in life must have some consideration. A jewel-handled stove-lid lifter is not desirable for the reason that it is expensive.

YOU MUST JUDGE VALUES YOURSELF

and not be wheedled into contracts by false economies.

NOW TO MY PROPOSAL:

I offer you the best that can be had—something stable, durable and lasting—something that way down in your heart you know you want. Ask yourself if any one

CAN OFFER YOU MORE

than I have, and the offer, for a short time only, is yours upon the most equitable terms, upon terms of practically your own making. Your contentment, peace and happiness depend upon your acceptance of my proposition. Do not take my word for it. I may be biased. But explain the proposal to your friends and neighbors who have entered upon similar contracts. Listen to what they have to say about it. There is

NO BETTER INVESTMENT

than the one I offer you. I absolutely guarantee everything. There are no deferred dividends—all participating and cumulative. A secure and continuing contract. Incontestable from date and approved by the pulpit and the press, the President and the Members of Congress.

I HAVE STOOD THE TEST

and can bring you a host of friends who will cheerfully recommend your acceptance of my proposition.

Do not delay. Write me before you put this letter aside.

Think
What
It　　　　　　Write me
Means　　　　　Right Now.
To
You.　　Very cordially yours,
THEODORE B. HARWOOD.

P. S. As I anticipate being able to send you an interesting announcement of my plans very shortly, I shall be grateful to you if you will notify me of any change of address.

After reading the letter, Miss Barton wept again. She did not know why she cried, but she did, and she kept it up for half an hour with occasional recoveries and subsequent relapses.

What announcement did he expect to make shortly? Was he so fickle? She could not believe it of "good old Teddy." He had been so nice to her, always agreed with her. And now—oh, he could not mean, he did not mean ——

With tears in her eyes she returned to the house and went to her little writing-desk, and as she took her seat before it, she saw upon it a portrait of Theodore Harwood. She took it in her hands and smiled as she said half-aloud: "The dear, mean old thing! I just wish I could talk to him!"

Harwood plunged into Roberts' office. His face was flushed and smiling. He struck Roberts a vigorous slap on the back.

"You're a wonder, Chet! You are the best I ever knew! Read this!"

Roberts took the letter with no show of particular interest and read:

My dear Ted:

Please do not write me any more such awful letters. It isn't necessary. I shall be home Thursday noon.

GERTRUDE.

P. S. Will you be up Thursday evening?

"Now," said Roberts, "the psychological moment will arrive at 9:13 Thursday evening. You close the deal."

And Harwood did.

A KANSAS "CHILDE ROLAND"

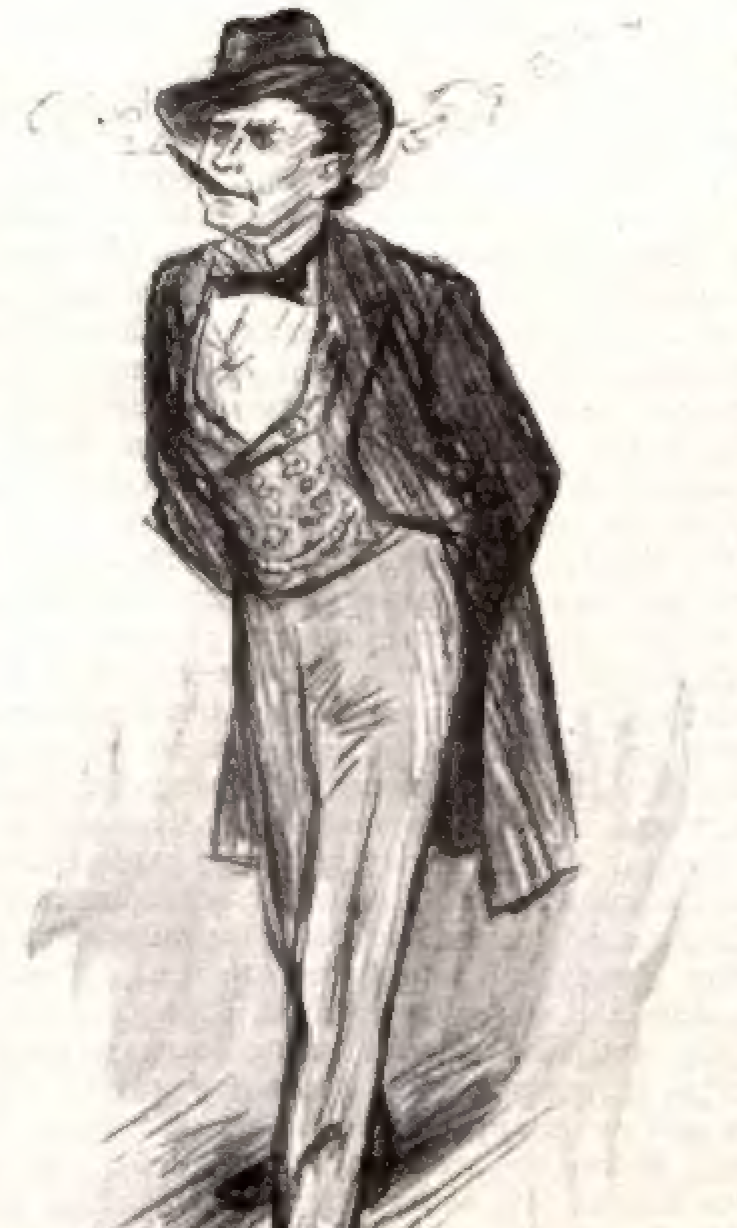
By William Allen White

ONE of the wisest things ever said about the newspaper business was said by the late J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, who declared that a newspaper's enemies were its assets, and the newspaper's liabilities its friends. This is particularly true of a country newspaper. For instance, witness the ten-years' struggle of our own little paper to get rid of the word "Hon." as a prefix to the names of politicians. Every one in town used to laugh at us for referring to whippersnapper statesmen as "Honorable"; because every one in town knew that for the most part these whippersnappers were entirely dishonorable. It was easy enough to stop calling our enemies "Hon.," for they didn't dare complain; but if we dropped the title even from so mangy a man as Abner Handy, within a week Charley Hedrick would happen into the office with twenty or thirty dollars' worth of legal printing, and after doing us so important a favor would pause before going out to say:

"Boys—what you fellows got against Ab Handy?" And the ensuing dialogue would conclude, from old Charley: "Well, I know—I know—but Ab likes it, and it really isn't much, and I know he's a fool about it; I don't care in my own case—but if you can do it I kind of wish you would. Ab's funny that way; he's never given up. He's like the fellow old Browning tells about who has 'august anticipations of a dim splendor ever on before,' and when you fellows quit calling him 'Hon.' it makes him blue."

And old Charley would grow purple with a big, wheezy, asthmatic laugh, and shake his great six-foot hulk and toddle out, leaving us vanquished. For though the whole town reviles Abner Handy, Charley Hedrick still looks after him.

It was said for thirty years that Handy did old Charley's dirty work in politics, and many of the mean things Handy did were unjustly charged to Hedrick. People in a small community are apt to put two and two together and make five. Much of the talk about the alliance between Hedrick and Handy is, of course, downright slander; every lawyer who tries lawsuits for forty years in a country town is bound to make enemies of small-minded people, many of whom occupy large places in the community, and a small-minded man, believing that his enemy is a villain, makes up his facts to suit his belief, and then peddles his story. It is always just as well to discount the home stories on an old lawyer ninety-five per cent. if they are bad, and seventy per cent. if they are good—for he may have saved the fellow from the penitentiary who is telling them. But Abner Handy was never enough of a lawyer to come within this rule. Indeed, they used to say that he was not admitted to the bar at all, but that when he came to town, in 1871, he erased his dead brother's name on a law diploma and substituted his own. Still, he practiced on the law—as Simon Mehronay used to say of Handy—and for twenty years he carried an advertisement in Eastern farm journals proclaiming that his specialty was Kansas collections. He never took a fee less than ninety-five per cent. of the amount he collected. That was the advantage he had as a lawyer, which advantage inspired Colonel "Alphabetical" Morrison to proclaim that a lawyer's diploma was nothing but a license to steal, upon hearing which Charley Hedrick retorted and sent word back to the Colonel that it would take two legal diplomas, working day and night, to keep up with the Colonel's more or less honest endeavors.

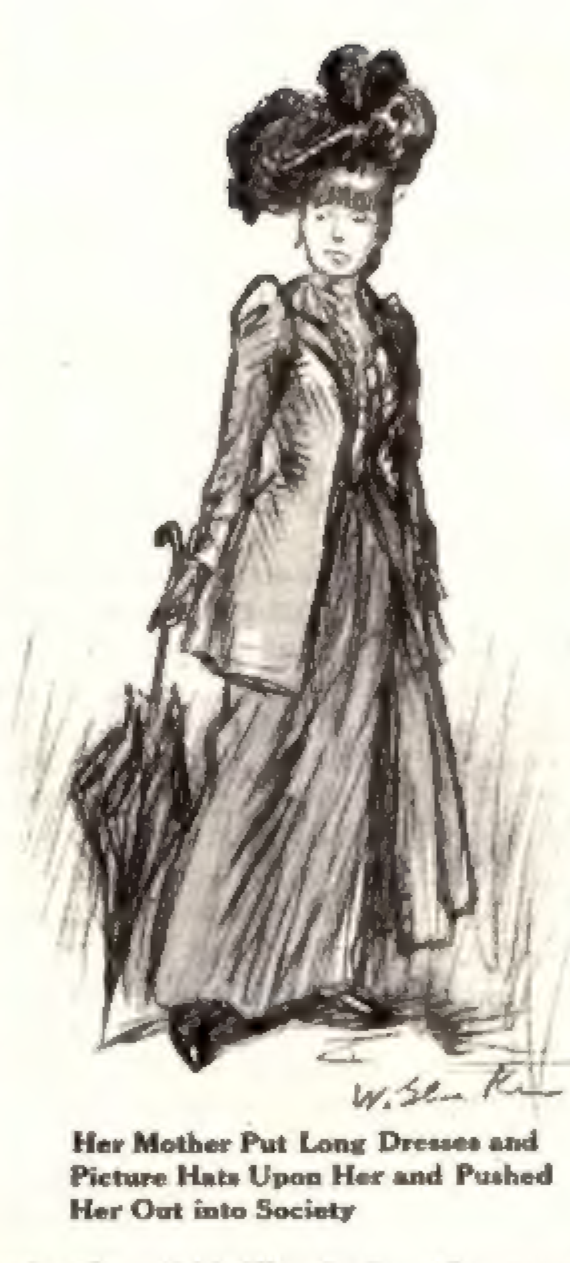


Went About Town with His Cigar Pointing Toward His Hat-Brim

Ab Handy was a lean coyote, who was forever licking his bruises, and ten years later he tried to run for the school-board solely to get the Colonel's daughters dismissed as school-teachers. It was his boast that he never forgot a foe. And for twenty years after Hedrick saved Handy from going to jail for robbing a cattleman of a thousand dollars in "Red" Martin's gambling-room, the only good thing the town knew of Handy was that he never forgot a friend.

During that time, whenever Charley Hedrick needed the votes of the rough element that gathered about our little town to further his ends in a primary or in an election, Abner Handy, card-sharper and jack-legged lawyer, would go forth into the byways and alleys and gather them in. For this service, when Hedrick carried the county—which was about four times out of five—Handy was rewarded by being put on the delegation to the State convention. Thus he made his beginning in State politics, and the second time he attended a State convention Handy swelled up in his Sunday clothes and, by reason of his slight acquaintance with the manipulators of State politics, began patronizing the other members of our delegation—good, honest men, whose contempt for him at home was unspeakable. But when they huddled like sheep in the strange crowd at the convention they often accepted Handy as a guide in important matters. In talking with the home delegation Handy very soon began speaking of the convention leaders familiarly as "Jim" and "Dick" and "Tawm" and "Bill," and sometimes Handy brought one of these dignitaries to the rooms of our delegation and introduced him with a grand flourish to our people. Every time the legislature met, Ab Handy was a clerk in it, and if he was a clerk of an important committee—like the railroad committee or the committee on the calendar—he invariably came home with a few hundred dollars and three suits of clothes and a railroad pass, and no one but Charley Hedrick could live with him for six months afterward.

It was when he returned from one of these profitable sessions that Abner Handy and Nora Sinclair were married. The affinity between them was this: his good clothes and proud manner caught her; and her social position caught him. Every one in town knew, however, that Nora Sinclair had been too smart for Handy. She had him hooked through the gills before he knew that he was more than nibbling at the bait. The town concurred with Colonel Morrison—our only townsman who traveled widely in those days—when he put it succinctly: "Ab Handy is Nora Sinclair's last call for the dining-car."



Her Mother Put Long Dresses and Picture Hats Upon Her and Pushed Her Out into Society

She had such an influence on Abner Handy and his life that it is necessary to record something of the kind of a woman she was before he met her. A woman of the right sort might have made a man of Handy—even that late in life. Strong, good women have made weak men fairly strong, but these women were never girls like Nora. She was a nice enough little girl until she grew boy-struck—as our vernacular puts it. Her mother thought this development of the child was "so cute," and told callers about the boys who came to see Nora—before she was twelve. In those days, and even now in some old-fashioned families in our town, little girls were asked to run and play when the neighbors had to be discussed. But Mrs. Sinclair claimed Nora was "not sugar nor salt nor anybody's honey," and everything was talked over before the child. And we knew at the office from Colonel Morrison that his little girls did not play at the Sinclairs'. Her mother put long dresses and picture hats upon her and pushed her out into society, and the whole town knew that Nora was a mature woman, in all her instincts, by the time she was sixteen. Her mother, moreover, was manifestly proud that the child wasn't "one of those long-legged, gangling tomboy girls, who seem so backward" and wear pigtails and chew slate-pencils and dream.

The gilded youths who boarded at the Hotel Metropole began to notice her. That pleased her mother also, and she said to the mothers of other little girls of Nora's age who were climbing fences and wiping dishes: "You know Nora is so popular with the gentlemen." When the girl was seventeen she was engaged, kept a town fellow, had a college fellow, and acquired her "gentleman friend" in Kansas City. He gave her expensive presents, which her mother took great joy in displaying, and she never objected when he stayed after eleven o'clock. For she thought he was "such a good catch" and such a "swell young man." But Nora shooed him off the front porch in the summer following, because he objected to her having two or three other eleven-o'clock fellows. She said he was "selfish, and would not let her have a good time." At nineteen she knew more about matters that were none of her business than most women know on their wedding day, and the town boys said she was soft. Every time Nora left town she came back with two or three correspondents. She perfumed her stationery, used a seal, adopted all of the latest frills, and learned to write an angular hand. At twenty she was going with the young married set, and was invited out to the afternoon card clubs. She was known as a dashing girl at this time, and traveling men in three States knew about her. Her mother used to send personal items to our office telling of their exalted business positions and announcing their visits to the Sinclair home. There was more or less talk about Nora in a quiet way, but her mother said that "it was because the other girls didn't know how to wear their clothes as well as Nora," and that "when a girl has a fine figure—which few enough girls in this town have, Heaven knows—why, she is a fool if she doesn't make the most of herself."

Then, gradually, Nora went to seed. She became a faded, hard-faced woman, and all the sisters in town warned their brothers against her. She was invited out only when there was a crowd. She took up with the boys of the younger set, and the married women of her own age called her the kidnaper. She was a social joke. About once a year a strange man would show up in her parlor, and she kept up an illusion about being engaged. But in the office we shared the town's knowledge that her harp was on the willows. She was massaging her face at twenty-six and her mother was sniffing at the town and saying that there were no social advantages to be had here. She and the girl went to the Lakes every summer, and Nora always came home declaring she had had the time of her life, and that she met so many lovely gentlemen. But that was all there was to it, and in the end it was Abner Handy or no one.

After their wedding, Nora and Abner Handy set about the business of making politics pay. That is a difficult thing to do in a country town, where every voter is a watch-dog of the county and city treasuries. But Abner gave up his gambling, and he and his wife joined all the lodges in town, and she dragged him into that coterie of people known as Society. She joined a woman's club, and was always anxious to be appointed on the soliciting committee when the women had any public work to do; so when the library needed books, or the trash cans at the street corners needed paint, or the park trees needed trimming, or the new hospital needed an additional bed, or the band needed new uniforms, Mrs. Handy might be seen on the streets with two or three women of a much better social status than she had, making it clear that she was a public-spirited woman and that she moved in the best circles. Whereupon Abner Handy got work in the courthouse—as a deputy, or as a clerk, or as an under-sheriff, or as a juror—and when the legislature met he went to Topeka as a clerk.

No one knew how they lived, but they did live, and every two years they gave a series of parties, and the splendor of these festivals made the town exclaim in one voice: "Well, *how* do they do it?" But Mrs. Handy, who was steaming the wrinkles out of her face, and assuming more or less kittenish airs in her late thirties, never offered the town an explanation. "Hers not to answer why, hers not to make reply, hers but to do and dye," was the way Colonel Morrison put it the day after Mrs. Handy swooped down into Main Street with a golden yellow finish on her hair. She walked serenely between Mrs. Frelinghuysen and Mrs. Priscilla Winthrop Conklin. They were begging for funds with which to furnish a rest room for farmers' wives. And when they bore down on the office, Colonel Morrison folded his papers in his bosom and passed them on the threshold as one hurrying to a fire in the roof of his own house. It was interesting to observe, when the Federation Committee called on us that day, that Mrs. Handy did all the talking. She was as full of airs and graces as an actress, and ogled with her glassy eyes, and put on a sweet babyish innocence of the ways of business and of men—as though men were a race apart, greatly to be feared because they ate up little girls. But she got her dollar before she left the office, and George Kirwin, who happened to be in the front room at the time waiting for a proof, said he thought the performance and the new hair were worth the price.

Five years passed, and in every year Mrs. Handy found some artificial way of deluding herself that she was cheating time. Then Charley Hedrick, who needed a vote in the legislature, and was too busy to go there himself, nominated Abner Handy and elected him to a seat in the lower house. The thing that Hedrick needed was not important—merely the creation of a new judicial district which would remove an obnoxious district judge in an adjoining county from our district, and leave our county in a district by itself. Hedrick hated the judge, and Hedrick used Handy's vote for trading purposes with other statesmen desiring similar small matters, and got the district remade as he desired it.

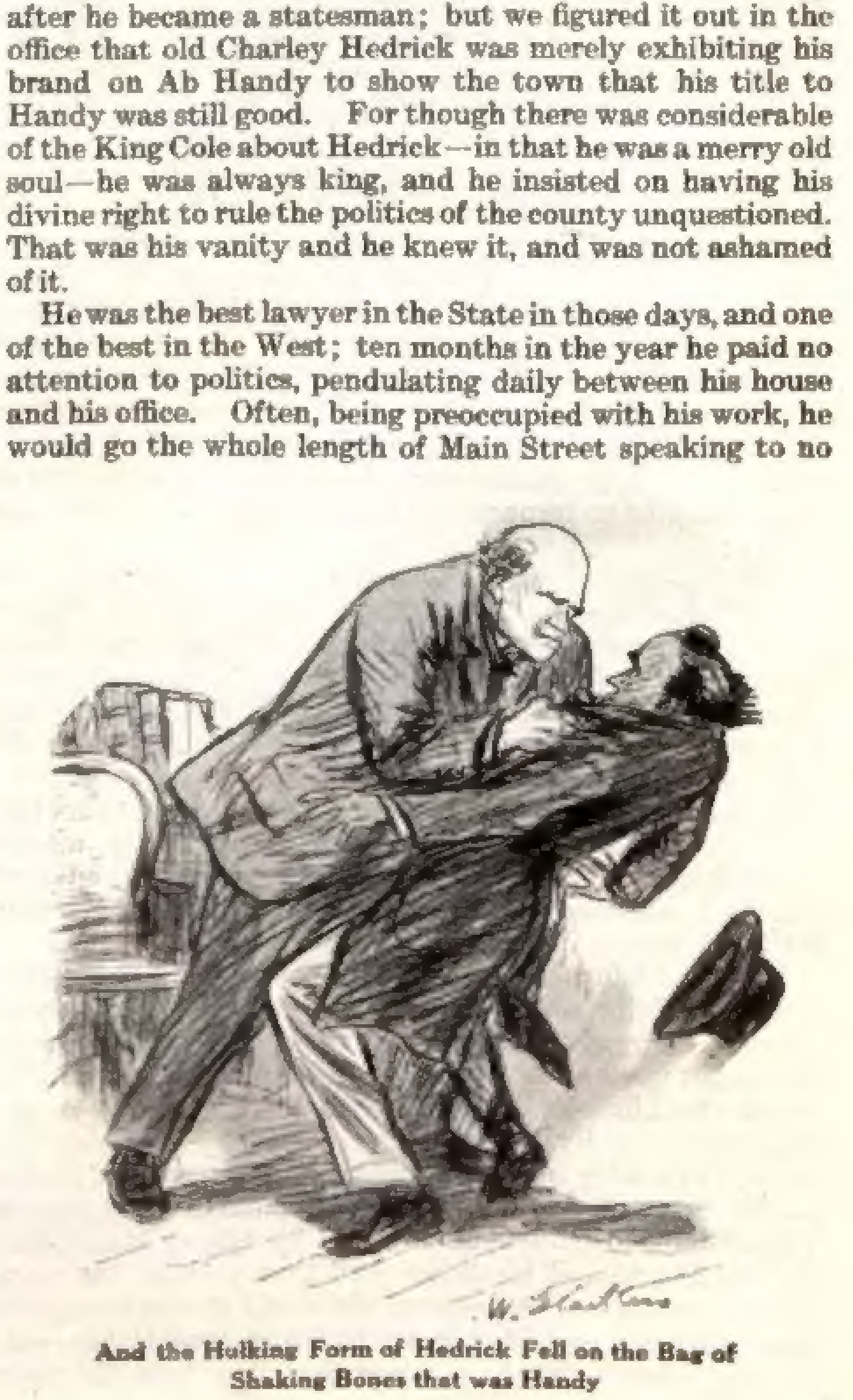
As the Handys started to Topeka for the opening of the session, they began to inflame with importance when the train whistled for the junction east of town, and by the time they actually arrived at Topeka they were so highly swollen that they could not get into a boarding-house door, but went to the best hotel, and engaged rooms at seven dollars a day. The town gasped for two days and then began to laugh and wink. Two weeks after their arrival at the State capital, Abner Handy had been made chairman of the joint committee on the calendar, second member of the judiciary committee and member of the railroad committee, and Mrs. Handy had established credit at a Topeka dry-goods store and was going it blind. She gave her hair an extra dip, and used to come sailing down the corridors of the hotel in gorgeous silk house-gowns with ridiculous trains, and never appeared at breakfast without her diamonds! Before the session was well under way she had been to Kansas City to have her face enameled and had told the other "ladies of the hotel," as the wives of members of the legislature stopping at the hotel were called, that Topeka stores offered such a poor selection. She confided to them that Mr. Handy always wore silk nightshirts, and that she was unable to find anything in town that he would put on. She regarded herself as a charmer, and made great eyes at all the important lobbyists, to whom she put on her baby voice and manner and said that she thought politics were just simply awful, and added that if she were a man she would show them how honest a politician could be, but she wasn't; and when Abner tried to explain it to her it made her head ache, and all she wanted him to do was to help his friends, and she would add coyly: "I'm going to see that he helps you—whatever he does."

And every bill that had a dollar in it was held at the bottom of the calendar until satisfactory arrangements were made with Abner Handy and his friends. When the legislative buccaneers under the black flag sailed after an insurance company, until Ab Handy had been seen their bill remained at the bottom of the calendar in one house or the other, and no one could find out why. And so, in spite of our dislike of the man, our paper was forced to acknowledge that Handy was a house leader. Though he had never had a dozen cases above police court, he came back at the end of the session with the local attorneyship of two railroads, and was chairman of a house committee to investigate the taxes paid by the railroads in the various counties. This gave him a year's work, and he rented an office in the Worthington block and hired a stenographer. Of course, we knew in town how Ab Handy had made his money. But he paid so many of his old debts, and dispensed so many favors with such a lordly hand, that it was hard to stir local sentiment against him. He donned the clothes of a "prominent citizen," and assumed an owlish manner in discussing public affairs that impressed his former associates, and fooled stupid people, who began to believe that they had been harboring a statesman unawares. But Charley Hedrick only grinned when men talked to him of the rise of Handy, and replied to the complaints of the scrupulous that Ab was no worse than he had always been, and if he was making it pay better, no one was poorer for his prosperity but Ab himself, and he added: "Certainly he is a sincere spender." One day when Handy appeared on the street in a particularly fiery red necktie, Hedrick got him in a crowd, and began:

"'Just for a handful of silver he left us—just for a riband to stick in his coat.'" And when the crowd laughed with the joker, Hedrick continued in his thick, gavy-coated voice: "Old Browning's the boy. You fellows that want Shakespeare can have him; but Ab here knows that I take a little dash of Browning in mine. Since Ab's got to be a statesman he's bought all of Webster's works, and is learning 'em by heart. But"—and here Hedrick chuckled and shook his fat sides before letting out the joke which he enjoyed so much—"I says to Ab: as old Browning says, What does 'the fine felicity and flower of wickedness' like you need with Webster? What you want to commit to memory is the penal statutes." And he threw back his head and gurgled down in his abdomen, while the crowd roared and Handy showed the wool in his teeth with a dog-like grin.

No other man in town would have dared that with Handy after he became a statesman; but we figured it out in the office that old Charley Hedrick was merely exhibiting his brand on Ab Handy to show the town that his title to Handy was still good. For though there was considerable of the King Cole about Hedrick—in that he was a merry old soul—he was always king, and he insisted on having his divine right to rule the politics of the county unquestioned. That was his vanity and he knew it, and was not ashamed of it.

He was the best lawyer in the State in those days, and one of the best in the West; ten months in the year he paid no attention to politics, pendulating daily between his house and his office. Often, being preoccupied with his work, he would go the whole length of Main Street speaking to no



And the Hulking Form of Hedrick Fell on the Bag of Shaking Bones that was Handy one. When a tangled case was in his mind he would enter his office in the morning, roll up his desk-top, and dig into his work without speaking to a soul about him until he looked up from his desk during the middle of the morning to say as though he had just left off speaking: "Jim, hand me that 32 Kansas report over there on the table." When he worked, law books sprang up around him and sprawled over his desk and lay half open on chairs and tables about him until he had found his point; then he would get up and begin rollicking, slamming books together, cleaning up his débris and playing like a great porpoise with the litter he had made. At such times—and, indeed, all the time when he was not in what he called a "legal trance"—Hedrick was bubbling with good spirits, and when he left his office for politics he could get out in his shirt-sleeves at a primary and peddle tickets, or nose up and down the street like a fat ferret, looking for votes. So when Abner Handy announced that he desired to go to the State Senate, to fill an unexpired term for two years, he had Hedrick behind him to give strength and respectability to his candidacy. Between the two Handy won. That was before the days of reform, when it was supposed to be considerable of a virtue for a man to stand by his friend; and being a lawyer, naturally Hedrick had the lawyer's view that no man is guilty until the jury is in, and its findings reviewed by the supreme court.

So Senator and Mrs. Senator Handy—as the town put it—went to Topeka as grandly as ever Childe Roland to the dark tower came—to use Hedrick's language. "No one ever has been able to find out what Roland was up to when he went to the dark tower, but," continued Hedrick, "with Ab and his child-wonder it will be different. She isn't taking all that special scenery along in her trunks for nothing. Ab has stumbled on to this great truth—that clothes may not make the man, but they make the crook!"

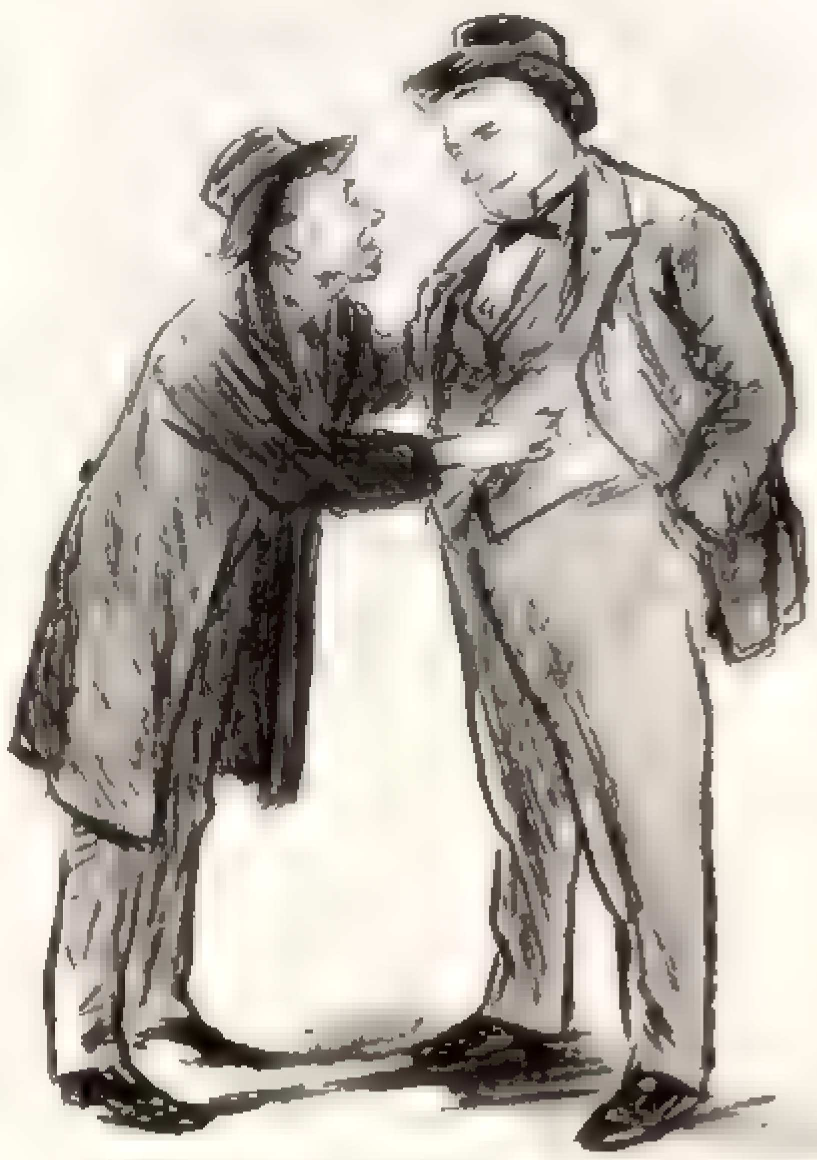
Handy drew a dark brow when he became a Senator, and made a point of trying to look ominous. He carried his chin tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and spoke of the most obvious things with an air of mystery. He never admitted anything; his closest approach to committing himself on even so apparent a proposition as the sunrise, was that it had risen "ostensibly"; he became known of the reporters as "Old Ostensible."

It was his habit to tiptoe around the Senate chamber whispering to other Senators, and then, having sat down, to rise suddenly as though some great impulse had come to him and hurry into the cloakroom. He inherited the chairmanship of the railroad committee, and all employees came to him for their railroad passes. So he was the god of the bluebottle flies of politics that feed on legislatures, and buzz pompously about the capitol doing nothing, at three dollars a day. In that session Handy was for the "peepul." He patronized the State Shippers' Association, and told their committee that he would give them a better railroad bill than they were asking. His practice was to commit to memory a bill that he was about to introduce, and then to go into his committee-room, when it was full of loafers, and pretend to dictate it offhand to the stenographer, section by section, without pausing. It was an impressive performance, and gained Handy the reputation of being brainy. But we at home who knew Handy were not impressed. And in our office we knew that he was the same Ab Handy who once did business with a marked deck; who cheated widows and orphans; who sold bogus bonds; who got on two sides of lawsuits, and whose note was never good at any bank unless backed by blackmail.

When the session closed Abner Handy came home—a statesman with views on the tariff—and ostentatiously displayed his thousand-dollar bills. The Handys spent the summer in Atlantic City, and Abner came home wearing New York clothes of an exaggerated type, and, though he never showed it in our town, they used to say that he put on a high hat when the train whistled for Topeka. Also we heard that the first time Mrs. Handy appeared in her New York regalia at the political hotel, adorned with spangles and beads and cords, the "ladies of the hotel" said she was fixed up like a Christmas tree—a remark that we in the office coupled with Colonel Morrison's reflection when he spoke of Ab's "illustrated vests." At the meeting of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs, Mrs. Handy first flourished her lorgnette, and came home with her wedding ring made over on a pattern after the prevailing style. About this time she made her famous remark to "Aunt" Martha Merrifield that she didn't think it proper for a woman to go through her husband's money with too sensitive a nose; she said that men must work and women must weep, and that she for one would not make the work of her husband any harder by criticising it with her silly morals.

As for Abner Handy, it would have made little difference to him then if she or any one else had tried to check his career. For he was cultivating a loud tone of voice and a regal sweep to his arms. He always signed himself Senator Handy on hotel registers, and the help about the Topeka hotels began to mark him for their hate, for he was insolent to those he regarded as his inferiors. But Colonel Morrison used to say that he wore his vest-buttons off crawling to those in authority. He took little notice of the town. He referred to us as "his people" in a fine feudal way, and went about town with his cigar pointing toward his hat-brim and his eyes fixed on something in the next block. He became the attorney for a number of crooked promotion schemes, and the diamond rings on his wife's fingers crowded the second joint. He had telegraph and express franks, railway and Pullman passes in such quantities that it made his coat pocket bulge to carry them. Often he would spread out these evidences of his shame on his office table, to awe the local politicians, and in so far as they could influence the town opinion, they promulgated the idea that if Ab Handy was a scoundrel—and of course he was—he was a smart scoundrel. So he came to think this himself.

Mrs. Handy threw herself into the work of the City Federation with passionate zeal. Also she kept up her lodge connections, and explained to the women whom she considered of a higher social caste than the lodge women that she was "doing it to help Mr. Handy." She did a little church work for the same reason, but her soul was in the Federation, for it insured her social status as neither lodge nor church could do. So she put herself under the protecting seal-lined wing of Mrs. Julia Neal Worthington—who on account of her efforts to clean the streets we at the office had been taught by Colonel Morrison to know as the Joan of the trash cans. And Miss Larrabee, our society reporter, told us that Mrs. Handy was the only woman in town who did not smile in her handkerchief when Mrs. Worthington, who had trained down to one hundred and ninety-seven pounds five and three-eighths ounces, gave her course of lectures on Delsarte before the Federation



"Say, Charlie, I'm Fooling 'em—
I've Got 'em All Fooled"

It was Mrs. Handy who persuaded Mrs. Worthington to open her salon. But as there were lodge meetings the first three nights in the week, and prayer-meetings in the middle of the week, and as the choirs met for practice and the whist clubs met for business the last of the week, the salon did not seem to take with the town, and so was discontinued. Then Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Handy sought other fields. And the first field they stumbled into was the courthouse square. For fifty years the farmers near our town had been hitching at the racks provided by the county commissioners in the square. But Mrs. Worthington decided that the time had come for a change and that the town was getting large enough to take down the hitch-racks. So, as chairman of the Municipal Improvement section of the City Federation, Mrs. Worthington began war on the hitch-racks. At the Federation meetings for three months there were reports from committees appointed to interview the councilmen; reports of committees to interview the county commissioners—who were obdurate; reports of committees to lease new ground for the hitch-rack stands; reports of the legal committee; reports of the sanitary committee, and through it all Mrs. Worthington rose at every meeting and declared that the hitch-racks must be destroyed. And as she was rated in Bradstreet's report at nearly half a million dollars, her words had much force.

The town was beginning to stir itself. The merchants were with the women—because the women bought the dry goods and groceries—and we forgot about the farmers. To all this milling among the people Handy was oblivious, for he was stepping like a hen in high oats, with his eyes on a seat in Congress. Matters of mere local importance did not concern him. The railroads were for him, and the stars in their courses seemed to him to be pointing his way to Washington. He knew of the hitching-rack trouble only when he had to go with Mrs. Handy to the dinners at the Worthington home given to the councilmen and their wives, who were lukewarm on the removal proposition.

In the spring before the election of 1902 Mrs. Worthington had a majority in the council, and one Saturday night the hitching-racks were taken down by the street commissioner, and within a week the town was on the verge of civil war. For the farmers of the county rose as one man and demanded the blood of the offenders. But Abner Handy knew nothing of the disturbance. The county attorney had the street commissioner and his men arrested for trespassing upon county property; farmers threatened to boycott the town. But Abner Handy's ear was attuned to higher things. Merchants who had signed the petition asking the council to remove the racks began to denounce the removal as an act of treason. And Abner Handy conferred with State leaders on great questions, and the city attorney, who was a candidate for county attorney that fall, did not dare to defend the street commissioner. The council got stubborn, and Colonel Morrison, before whom as justice of the peace the case was to be tried, fearing for the professional safety of his three daughters in the town schools and his four daughters in the county schools, took a trip to his wife's people, and told us he was enlisted there for "ninety days or during the war"; and still Abner Handy looked at the green hills afar.

We are generally accounted by ourselves a fearless newspaper; but here we admitted that the situation required discretion. So we straddled it. We wrote cautious editorials in carefully-balanced sentences demanding that the people keep cool. We advised both sides to realize that only good sense and judgment would straighten out the tangle. We demanded that each side recognize the other's rights—and made both sides angry; whereas General Durham, of the Statesman, made his first popular stroke in a dozen years by insisting, in double leads and italics, that the tariff on hides was a divine institution, and that humanity called upon us to hold the Philippines. Charley Hedrick knew better than any one else in town what a tempest was rising. He might have warned Handy—but he did not; for Handy had reached a point in his career where he considered that a mere county boss was beneath his confidence. More than that, Hedrick had refused to indorse Handy's note at the bank. Handy needed money, and, being a shorn lamb, the wind changed in his direction in this wise:

In the midst of the furore that week, Mrs. Worthington gave an evening reception for the Federation and its husbands at her mansion, fed them sumptuously, and, after Mrs. Handy had tapped a bell for silence, Mrs. Worthington rose in her jet and passementerie and announced that our town had come to a crisis in its career; that we must now decide whether we were going to be a beautiful little city or a cow pasture. She said that beauty was as much an essential to life as money and that we would be better off with more beauty and less trade, and that with the courthouse square a mudhole the town could never rise to any real consequence. As the men of the town seemed to be moral cowards she was going to enlist the women in this war, and as the first step in her campaign she proposed to hire the Honorable Abner Handy to assist the city attorney in fighting this case, and as a retainer she would herewith and now hand him her personal check for five hundred dollars. Whereat the women clapped their hands, their husbands winked at one another, and there was a sound of revelry by night. The check was put on a silver card-tray by Mrs. Worthington and set on a table in the midst of the company waiting for Handy to come forward and take it. After the town had looked at the check, Mrs. Handy seemed to cut his leashes and Abner went after it. He was waiting at the Worthington bank the next morning at nine o'clock to cash it—and all the town saw that also.

Whereupon the town grinned broadly that evening when it read in the Statesman a most laudatory article about "our distinguished fellow-townsman." The article declared that it was "the duty of the House" to send Honorable Abner Handy to the halls of Congress. The Statesman contended that "Judge Handy had been for a lifetime the defender of those grand and glorious principles of freedom and protection and sound money for which the Grand Old Party stood." The General proclaimed that "it shall be not only a duty, but a pleasure, for our citizens to lay aside all petty personal and factional quarrels, and rally round the standard of our noble leader in this great contest."

If Handy ever went to the city attorney's office to look after Mrs. Worthington's lawsuit, no one knew it. He smiled wisely when asked how the suit was progressing, and one day John Markley, who during the life of Ezra Worthington hated him with a ten-horse-power hate and loaded it on to his widow's shoulders and the Worthington bank which she inherited—John Markley called Handy into the back room of the Markley Mortgage Company, and when Handy passed the cashier's window going out he

(Continued on Page 30)

"JOHN BURNS OF BATTERSEA"

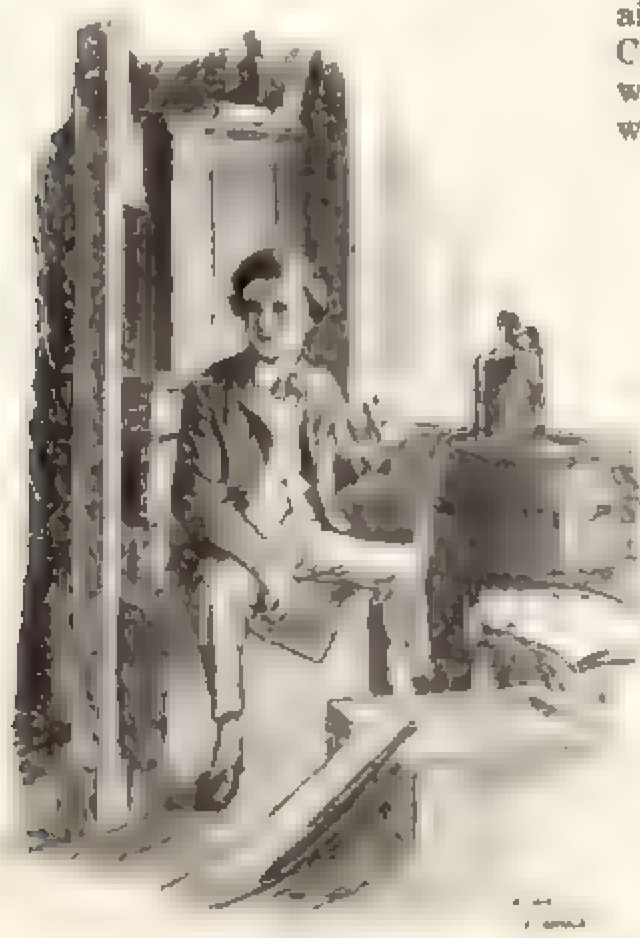
A Man of the People

By W. T. STEAD

"MR. BURNS," said the editor of The Speaker, when commenting upon Burns' first speech as Cabinet Minister, "is in some respects the most finished orator in England. There is nothing slovenly or ragged or fragmentary in his speeches; they are all models of terse and powerful English. Nobody living wields phrases that are more pointed and piercing, and his admirable style gains not a little of its effect from the fact that none of its energy is wasted on epigrams that ring false or miss their mark. He has nothing in common with the legendary demagogue."

There are not many finished orators in Great Britain. Accepting the verdict of The Speaker as to John Burns, there are three, or perhaps four. Each nationality contributes one. Lord Hugh Cecil, the son of the late Lord Salisbury and future leader of the Conservative party, stands for England, Tim Healy for Ireland, Lloyd George for Wales and John Burns for Scotland. Of the four, the first alone enjoyed the advantages of a university training. None of the others went to college. So far as their eloquence was not a native wood-note wild, they learned it in the rough collegiate course of the workaday world.

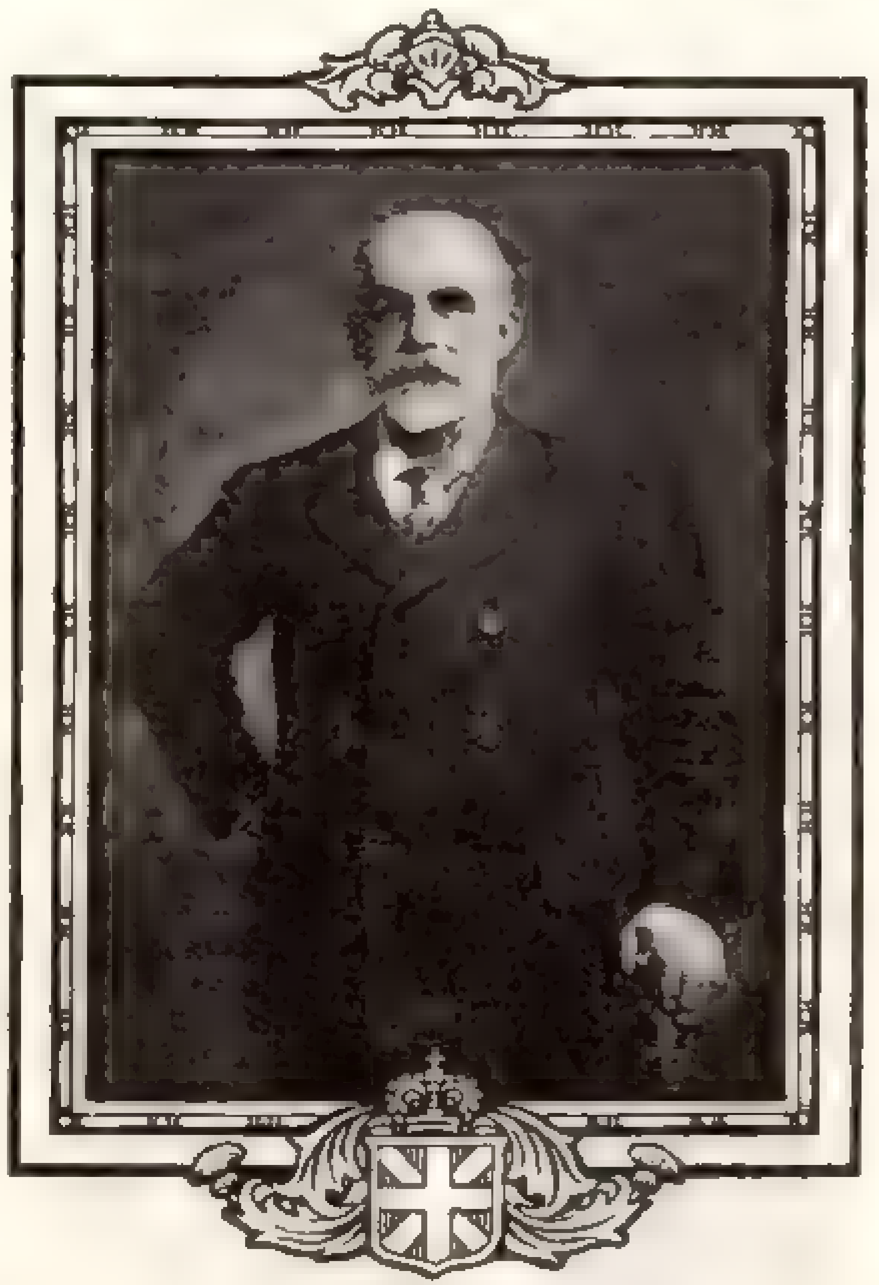
Of the four, John Burns—who is far and away the most popular of the quartette—had the roughest training. His schooling ended at the age of ten, when he was taken from school and put to work at a candle factory to help to keep himself in food and clothing. But, from his youth up, he practiced—chiefly in the open air—the fine and difficult art of oratory. His studies were sometimes rudely interrupted. Very soon after he attained his majority he was addressing an open-air demonstration on Clapham Common when his eloquence was cut short by the police, who broke up the meeting and carried the youthful orator off to the cells. At that time he was locked up only for the night. The magistrate set him free the next morning, and he addressed himself with redoubled energy to the mastery of popular audiences. He had a good, carrying, musical voice which had been trained in melody when he was a chorister boy, an iron constitution, and the instinct of an expert boxer as to the best way to reach his adversary's head. There was a forthright, downright, upright style upon the sturdy young engineer, which, combined with a picturesque imagination and a great command of vigorous English, soon gave him the first place among those who sway the fierce democracy of London on Tower Hill, in Trafalgar Square and in Hyde Park.



At Ten He was Put to Work at a Candle Factory

He was "the Man with the Red Flag," the banner-bearer of the Social Revolution, who of necessity was before long furnished with the platform from which all adventurous reformers are able to address with the greatest effect the greatest audience. In other words, he was arrested and tried for inciting to riot, for his share in the West End looting of 1886. He was triumphantly acquitted, but not before his speech from the dock made him famous throughout the land. Two years later he was again in the dock, and this time, despite his masterly vindication of the popular right of meeting in Trafalgar Square, he was convicted and sent to improve his mind by solitary meditation while he picked oakum as a criminal convict in Pentonville Prison. He came out of prison in jubilant spirits, and called upon me on his way home. As an old jail-bird, I shared his enthusiasm, and entirely agreed with him when he declared there was no better school for training a public man than a public prison—when the imprisonment is suffered in the service of the people.

By that time John Burns was a made man. He did not need the éclat of the second prosecution and the aureole of the prisoner to mark him out as one of the leaders of the people. From the day when he jumped upon a lemonade box in Battersea Park to expound the Wage-workers' Gospel to a miscellaneous crowd, down to the time when he kissed hands as a member of the King's Most Honorable Privy Council, his career was one of almost unbroken success. It had its ups and downs, but the downs were of short duration and were always followed by a rapid rise. His imprisonment, for instance, was immediately followed by his election to the County Council, and his unpopularity as a pro-Boer opponent of the South African War was followed by his selection as the first workingman who was called to the Cabinet.



John Burns

He is not yet fifty years of age, but he has been three months in jail, fourteen years in Parliament and seventeen years in the London County Council. He is now, as President of the Local Government Board, at the head of the local administration of England and Wales. It is a tolerably proud position for a man who, until his mates subscribed to allow him twenty-five dollars a week while he looked after their interests in the County Council and in Parliament, earned his living as a working engineer, and who is ready to earn it in the same way again.

For John Burns is a workingman who is as proud of his order as any patrician. When he addressed his fellow-citizens of Battersea after his appointment, he told them that he had been aided in his upward march by "a strong physique, a sober mind, and, better than all, the untainted instincts of the working-classes." That there are many working-class leaders who are jealous of him is true. A man who suddenly becomes Minister of the Crown with a salary of $7500 a year presents too shining a mark for envy and detraction to spare their shafts. But on the whole there has been very little enmity expressed. His old colleagues of the Social Democratic Federation shake their heads and shoot out their tongues. Some of the Independent Labor party bemoan "Another good man gone wrong."

But, after all, there was an astonishing unanimity in the chorus of acclamation which hailed the appointment of Burns of Battersea to a seat in the Cabinet. On the appointment being announced he received no fewer than four thousand telegrams from all sorts and conditions of men at home and abroad, and in none of them was a single word of reproach or of regret. It was, as he said, the most overwhelming triumph of his life. But even this deluge of congratulatory telegrams is less significant than the fact that his name is cheered almost as heartily at Tory demonstrations as at Liberal meetings. "Good old Burns!" followed by rounds of cheers interrupted Mr. Balfour when he named the President of the Local Government Board at the Queen's Hall at a meeting packed from floor to ceiling with his own partisans.

The popular tribute is well deserved. For John Burns is an honest man, a good man, an able man, and one who, to the uttermost of his ability, has spent his life in the service of the state.

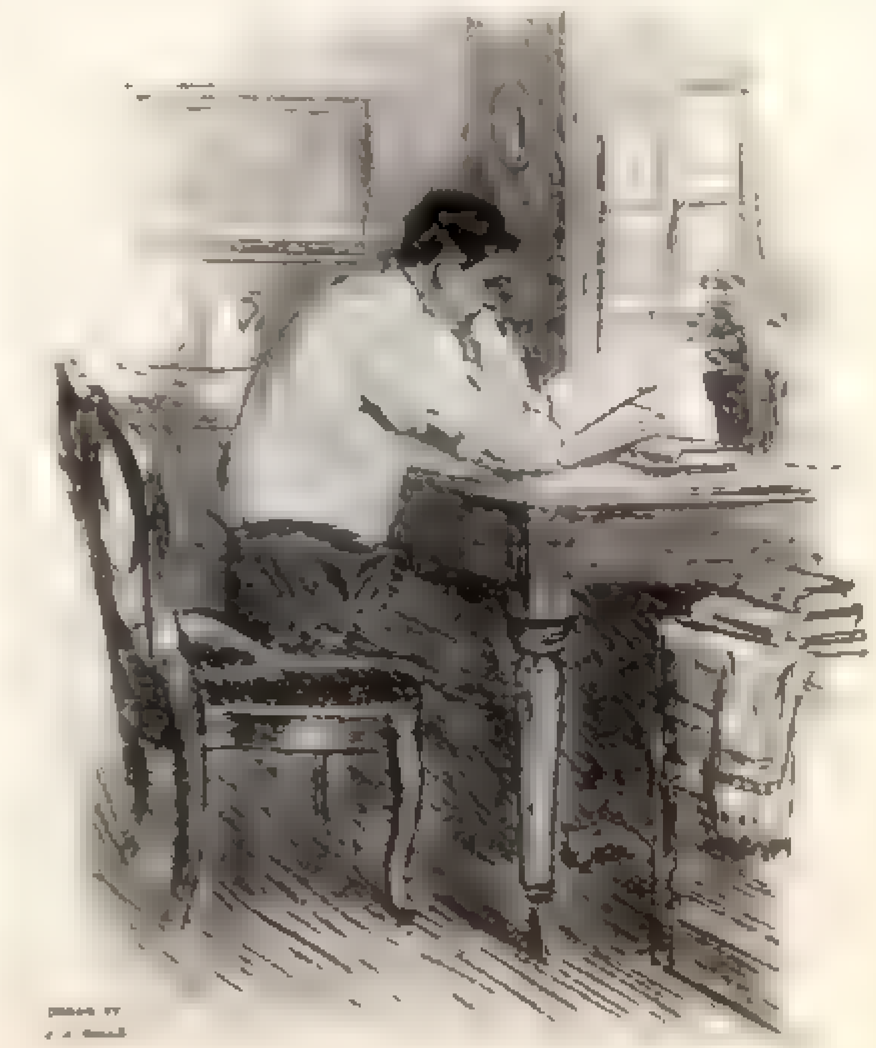
Yet John Burns is a Socialist. He has always been a Socialist since the day when, as a lad in his teens, he read John Stuart Mill's dissertation against Socialism. Before that book came his way, he said, he had socialistic leanings: "I lingered trembling on the brink and feared to launch away. But when I had read all that so able a writer as Mill could allege against it, I saw I had no further reason to shrink from taking the plunge. I became a Socialist and am a Socialist to this day."

His first bias in the direction of Socialism came from his early devotion to the writings of Robert Owen, the founder of New Lanark, a pioneer in coöperation—and spiritualism. John Burns took kindly to Owen's coöperative socialism, but he passed by his spiritualism on the other side. Mr. Burns confines his outlook within the horizon of the grave. In my book of autographs he wrote that the saying which had most influenced him during his life was Paine's famous dictum: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion." Beyond that point John Burns has never budged.

The books that influenced him most were Paine's Age of Reason, Owen's Coöperation, Cobbett's Weekly Register, Mill's Dissertations, and the writings of Ruskin and Carlyle. His physical development, he always asserts, he owes most to a Life of Charles the Twelfth which he bought for a penny at a second-hand book-stall in the East of London. The hero who perished at Pultowa is well-nigh forgotten, but his heroic resolution to rise superior to all physical weakness and suffering fired the imagination of the London-born Scot. "What he did that I may do also" was the moral he drew from the story of the gallant Swede, and the result proved that he was right.

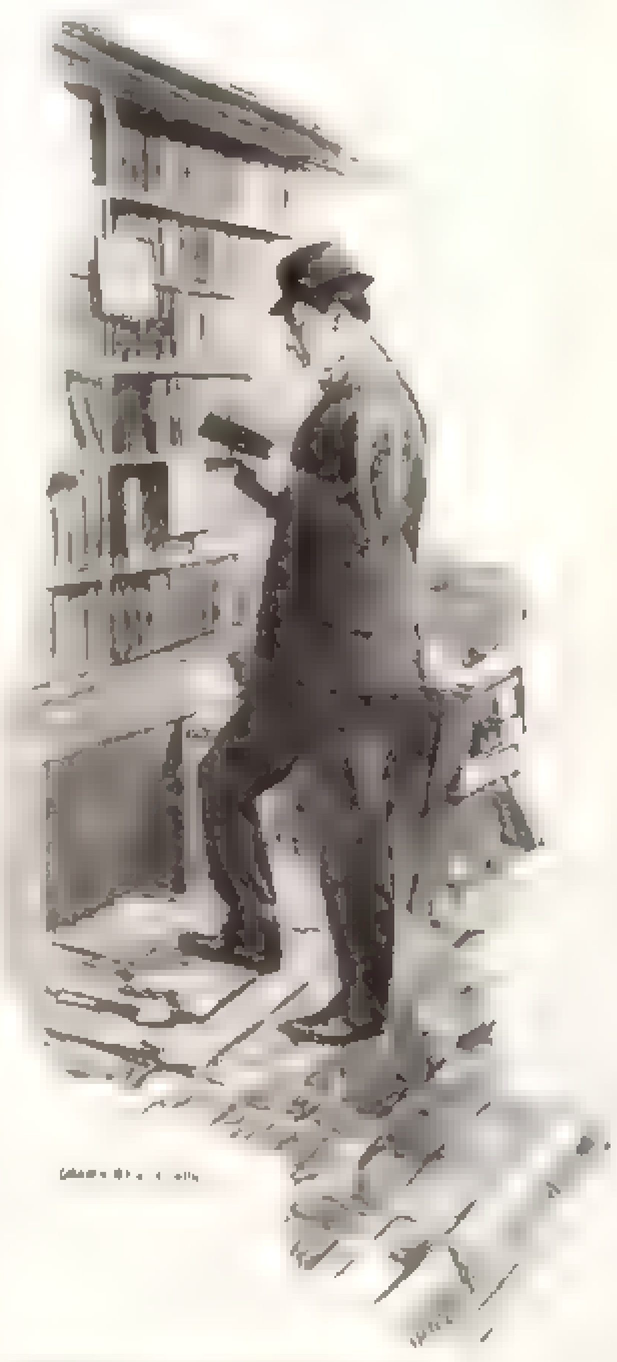
John Burns' mind stands no nonsense from John Burns' body. It was early given to understand that it had to obey orders. He has treated it without mercy. He spent a year in the malarious West Coast of Africa and came off scot-free. In the bitterest weather he refuses to wear any but his usual blue serge suit. When he struck a blizzard in America twelve years ago, he did not feel he needed to wear the top-coat with which some kind friend had provided him against the rigors of the Northern winter. He simply does not feel cold or heat; such sensations are luxuries sternly denied to his physical frame.

Not that John Burns is an ascetic. But he keeps his body under, believing that it is a good servant, but a mighty bad master. He is a strict temperance man, and he abjures tobacco as vigorously as alcohol. He married young a charming girl whom he fell in love with when only seventeen, and the breath of scandal has never attached itself to his name. Not having sown any wild oats, he is now harvesting a much more profitable kind of crop. Although not orthodox, he is a great preacher of righteousness. No prophet of Israel blazed out with more consuming indignation against the vices which are the cancers of society. His philippics against drunkenness and gambling and general slackness might have been preached from a Puritan pulpit. It is rather curious that the two men in the Cabinet who



As a Lad in His Teens He Read John Stuart Mill most resemble Puritan pulpiteers in their zeal for righteousness and their stern enforcement of the moral law. John Morley and John Burns, are both freethinkers.

Charles Kingsley, in one of his finest essays, addressed himself to the demolition of the popular notion that a Puritan of the time of the Commonwealth was a crabbed, unsociable, uncultured creature. His use of John Milton and Colonel Hutchinson as typical Puritans was exceedingly effective. We might make a similar use of John Burns. Here is an austere moralist who neither drinks, smokes, bets nor swears, and who constantly urges by precept and practice the avoidance of all the "pleasant vices" out of which the gods "make instruments to plague us." But, far from being a goody-goody, sanctimonious prig, preaching a cloistered virtue, John Burns is probably the best illustration that could be found of the joy of life; for him there is no phase of life which is not full of interest and of entertainment. He is a first-class boxer, a respectable oarsman, a keen cricketer, and he is at home in the football field and on the lawn-tennis ground. He does not ride either horses or bicycles, but he is a famous walker. He has a keen ear for music, is a capital singer and very clever amateur actor. He is, as has been observed, in the first flight of English orators. As an administrator he takes the keenest interest in the beauty of the public parks, the splendor of public edifices. Like Milton, he made the grand tour in his youth, and like the great Puritan poet he is full of patriotic pride and of devotion to his country, although no one can be sterner than he in condemning the Orientalized imperialism which bore rotten fruit in the South African War.


His Physical Development, He Always Asserts, He Owes Most to a Life of Charles the Twelfth Which He Bought for a Penny at a Second-hand Book-Stall

Burns has always been a trades unionist, but therein he but resembles many other popular leaders. His distinction lies in having seen more clearly and expressed more strongly than any other man the duty of trades unions to go into municipal and national politics. To quote his own words, which, by-the-by, he addressed to an American audience at the Cooper Union twelve years ago:

> It is the duty of wage-workers in the first place to form and maintain trades unions. That being accomplished, it is then their duty to combine and act together for civic and political ends. They are from their poverty alone compelled to endure the greater part of the evils of municipal misrule with all its vice, filth, overcrowding, police oppression and other horrors. They must then, as a class-force, be always ready to compel, through agitation and their votes, the changes which the lives of their children and the decency of their homes so imperatively demand.

This is the doctrine which he preached first of all in Battersea (Battersea is one of the boroughs into which London is divided for municipal purposes; it has a population of 180,000 and lies to the south of the Thames, opposite Chelsea) and afterward in London proper, and in the nation at large. The Battersea Labor League was his creation. He founded it for the purpose of securing the direct representation of Labor in Parliament, in the County Council, the School Board, the Board of Guardians, the Borough Council and other administrative bodies. In five years' time the League had secured the election of workingmen to every one of these bodies, and on the Vestry, now superseded by the Borough Council, Labor returned sixty-six out of one hundred and twenty members. John Burns was the first workingman elected to the London Council when that Parliament with five million subjects was created in 1889.

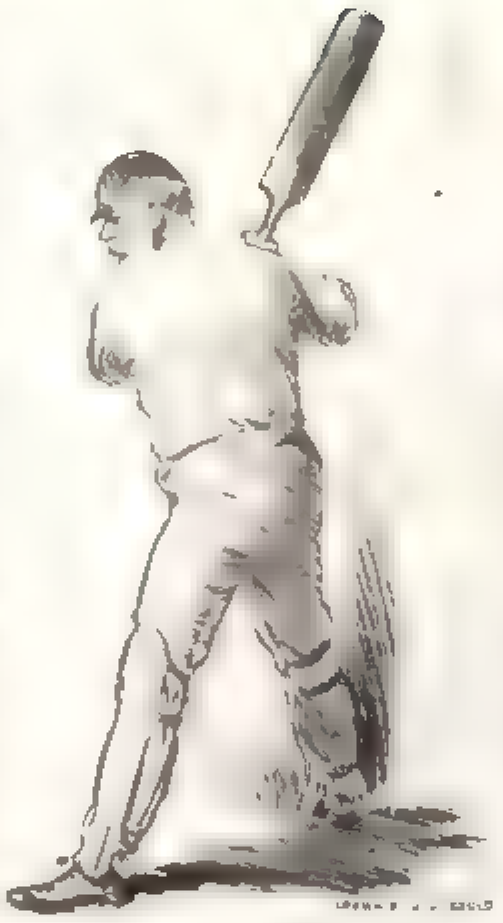
Both in Battersea and in London at large the influence of organized labor has been most beneficial. The borough and the city have been rendered more habitable, cleaner, more healthy. Not even the most bigoted of the old Tories who defend vested interests and obstruct all progress will deny that the influence of John Burns, and the school which he created, has been a wonderful agency in reviving civic enthusiasm and in quickening public interest in municipal work. Life is better worth living in London to-day, for the poorest of the poor as well as for the wealthiest of the rich, because of the passionate enthusiasm with which Burns flung himself into the cause of civic progress. Nor can his most strenuous opponent deny that the standard of civic morality has been raised to a very high pitch under the reign of the progressive party of which John Burns is the most conspicuous leader.

It would be impossible to describe here the numberless ways in which the London County Council has revived the faith of the democracy in the effectiveness of municipal administration as an instrument of social reform. It has given a great impetus, which has been felt all over the world, to the municipalization of the public services. The L. C. C., as it is called, has bought up the tramways, built and operates the river steamers, established a Works Department, which, notwithstanding a tornado of denunciation, has proved that the greatest municipality in the world is capable of organizing its own labor, and providing for its requirements, with an efficiency and an economy not to be excelled by any private firm.

But from its birth the L. C. C. has been checked, hampered and hindered by the jealousy of the Conservatives. The Conservatives created the County Council, but ever since they brought it into being they have acted as a cruel stepmother to their own offspring. From 1888 down to the present day, the Conservatives—Moderates as they call themselves—have been in a permanent minority on the Council. During the whole of that period, with the exception of three years from 1892 to 1895, they have been in a permanent majority in the Imperial Parliament. They are always in a permanent ten-to-one majority in the House of Lords. Hence the L. C. C. might propose, but the Conservative majority in another place disposed. Year after year the House of Lords vetoed the innocent request of the County Council to be allowed to utilize the Thames as a highway for steamboat traffic. Down to the present day the House of Lords forbids the Council to bring the tramways across the bridges or to carry the rails along the Thames Embankment. In every direction the Conservative classes have used their power to prevent the spokesmen of the London masses from obtaining the conveniences and privileges which the County Council demanded.

It is this which gives such significance and point to the selection of John Burns as President of the Local Government Board. Heretofore this Minister has acted as if he held a watching brief for the interests of the classes, and he was ever swift to interpose the immense obstacle of departmental obstruction in the way of the eager reformers of the L. C. C. Nothing could more significantly show the change, the revolution, that has been effected by the substitution of the Liberals for the Unionists in the Government of Great Britain than the fact that the supreme control under Parliament of the Local Government Board has passed into the hands of the stoutest and most intrepid Progressive on the London County Council. In his first speeches as Cabinet Minister, Mr. Burns made the significant declaration that he would do his best to relieve municipal activity from the conscious bias that had operated against it too long. All Americans who are interested in the municipalization of the great public services—trams, railways, gas, water, electricity and steamers—will do well to keep an attentive eye on the doings of John Burns of Battersea now that he is President of the Local Government Board of all England.

John Burns has visited the United States at least once. He was there as a delegate from the Trades Union Congress in 1894. He did not bring back with him a very pleasant impression of the rule of the Bosses. Chicago, he said, was "a pocket edition of Hell," and the United States seemed to him "a Plutocratic Republic run by concentrated capital." Like most English reformers, he has a holy horror of Tammany. He declared years ago that if he thought Trades Unionism meant the beginning of Tammany he would fight against the very men from whom he drew his salary. He is a just man and honest withal, and, although he has ever insisted upon a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, he has been as severe in exacting the latter in the interest of the ratepayer as he was in demanding the former in the interest of the workmen.


He is a Keen Cricketer

It was John Burns who, in the first days of the London County Council, was intrusted with the framing of what is known as the Magna Charta of Labor in Great Britain. This was formally enacted by the following resolution, passed first by the London County Council, March 5, 1889, and afterward by almost all the more liberal local governing bodies in Great Britain. The resolution runs as follows:

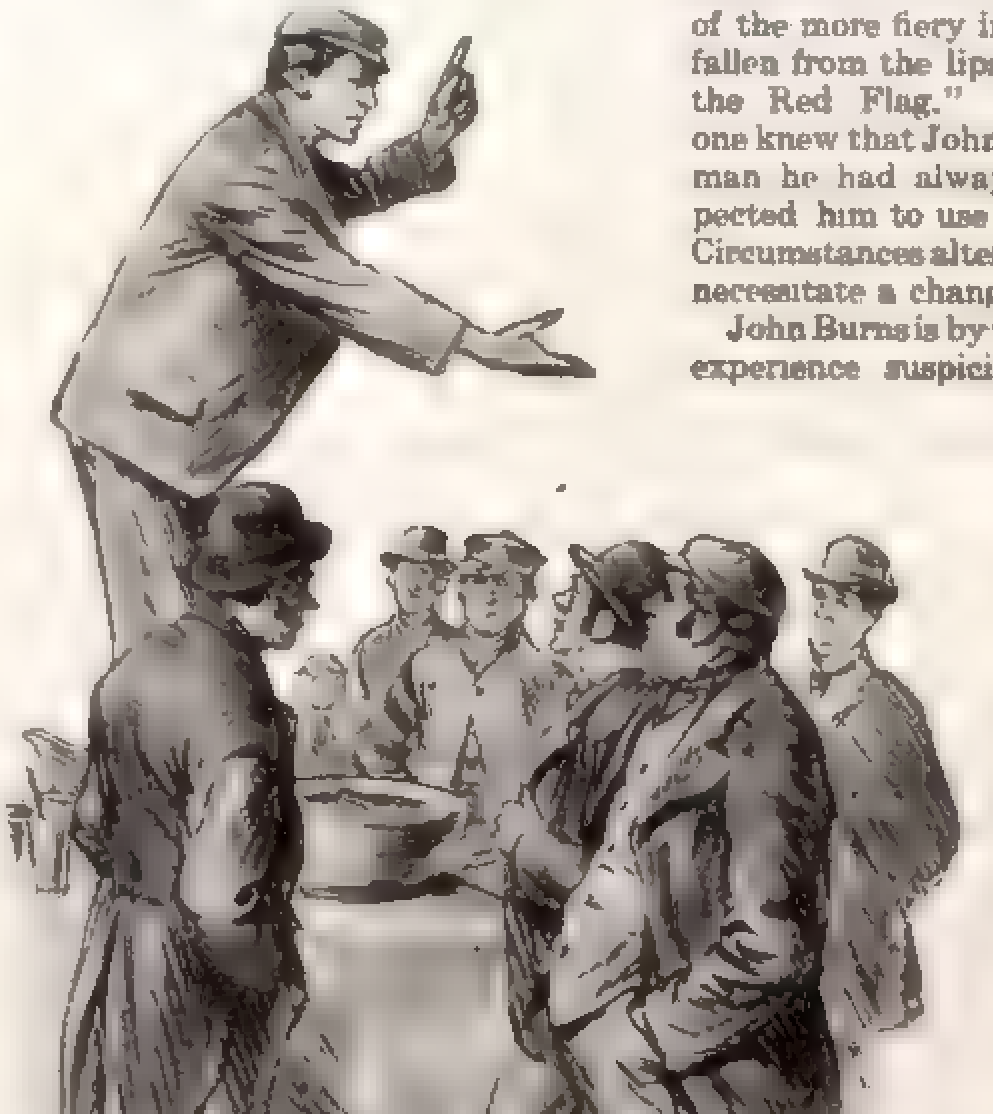
> That this Council shall require from any persons formally tendering for any contract to the Council a declaration that they will pay such rate of wages and observe such hours of labor as are generally accepted as fair in their trade; and, in the event of any charges to the contrary being established against them, the tender should not be accepted.

The effect of this resolution was to secure for all workmen employed by any firms doing business with the Council: One day's rest in seven; no more than fifty-four hours' work a week; "fair" wages at trades union rates; no overtime; no contract labor; and, when continuous labor is necessary, three eight-hour shifts, substituted for two of twelve hours each. The principle that the Government, whether national or municipal, should be an ideal employer of labor was affirmed at the Berlin International Congress of Labor. It has probably received more practical application in the London County Council than in any other public body in Great Britain.

Before passing on to consider John Burns as a politician, it may be well to advert briefly in passing to the part—the heroic part—which he played in the great dock strike of 1889, in which he roused, organized and controlled one of the most dangerous of industrial uprisings with marvelous courage, energy and resource, which was crowned at last by complete success. He has never been an advocate of strikes. But he has ever done his best to aid his fellow-workers when they have embarked upon a conflict with capital.

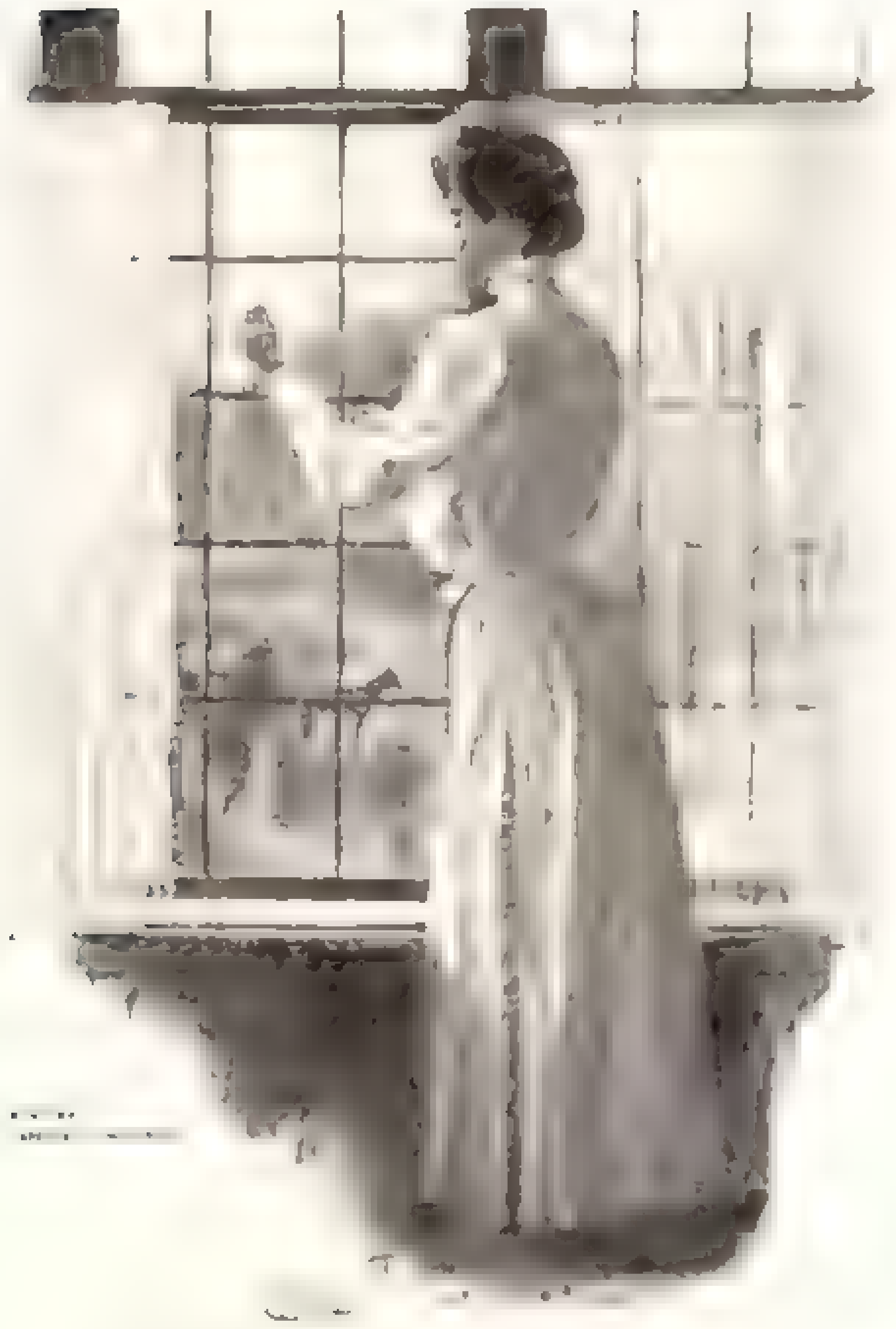
Burns is a practical man. He has long since left behind him the days when he horrified Mr. Arthur Balfour by declaring "that it was as idle to talk about moralizing capital as it would be to talk about moralizing a boa-constrictor or taming a tiger." His old Social Democratic comrades amused themselves on his accession to office by reprinting some of the more fiery invectives which had fallen from the lips of "the Man with the Red Flag." But, though every one knew that John Burns was the same man he had always been, no one expected him to use the same language. Circumstances alter cases, and they also necessitate a change in vocabularies.

John Burns is by temperament and by experience suspicious of the purveyors of nostrums, socialistic or otherwise. To quote his own phrase: "The pushful philanthropist, the economical amateur, the industrial quack, the purveyor of social nostrums and charitable schemes," would have a stern critic in him. What was more, he would not trouble his mind with the over-consideration or disproportionate attention to pauperizing palliatives that were illusory or extravagant. Whoever


Jumped upon a Lemonade Box to Expound the Wage-workers' Gospel

(Continued on Page 25)

The Incomplete Amorist



Betty Set Her Teeth and Waited Anxiously

BY E. NESBIT

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VI—THE CRIMINAL

IF YOU have found yourself, at the age of eighteen, a prisoner in your own bedroom you will be able to feel with Betty. Not otherwise. Even your highly-strung imagination will be impotent to present to you the ecstasy of rage, terror, resentment that fills the soul when locked door and barred windows say, quite quietly, but beyond appeal: "Here you are, and here, my good child, you stay."

All the little familiar objects, the intimate associations of the furniture of a room that has been for years your boudoir as well as your sleeping-room, all the decorations that you fondly dreamed gave to your room a *cachet*—the mark of a distinctive personality—these are of no more comfort to you than would be strange, bare stone walls and a close, unfamiliar iron grating.

Betty tried to shake the window bars, but they were immovable. She tried to force the door open, but her silver buttonhook was an insufficient lever, and her toothbrush handle broke when she pitted it in conflict against the heavy, old-fashioned lock. We have all read how prisoners, outwitting their jailers, have filed bars with their pocket nail-scissors, and cut the locks out of old oak doors with the small blade of a penknife. Betty's door was only of pine, but her knife broke off short; and the file on her little scissors wore itself smooth against the first unmoved bar.

She paced the room like a caged lioness. We read that did the lioness but know her strength her bars were easily shattered by one blow of her powerful paw. Betty's little pink paws were not powerful like the lioness', and when she tried to make them help her, she broke her nails.

It was this moment that Letitia, the maid, chose for rapping at the door.

"You can't come in. What is it?" Betty was prompt to say.

"Mrs. Edwardes' Albert, Miss, come for the maternity bag."

"It's all ready in the schoolroom cupboard," Betty called through the door. "Number three."

She resisted an impulse to say that she had broken the key in the lock and to send for the locksmith. No; there should be no scandal at Long Barton—at least not while she had to stay in it.

She did not cry. She was sick with fury, and anger made her heart beat as Vernon had never had power to make it.

"I will be calm. I won't lose my head," she told herself again and again. She drank some water. She made herself eat the neglected breakfast. She got out her diary and wrote in it, in a handwriting that was not Betty's, and with a hand that shook like totter-grass.

"What will become of me? What has become of *him?* My stepfather must have done something horrible to him. Perhaps he has had him put in prison; of course he couldn't do that in these modern times, like in the French Revolution, just for talking to some one he hadn't been introduced to, but he may have done it for trespassing, or damage to the crops, or something. I feel quite certain something has happened to him. He would never have deserted me like this in my misery if he were free. And I can do nothing to help him—nothing. How shall I live through the day? How can I bear it? And this awful trouble has come upon him just because he was kind to another artist. The world is very, very, very cruel. I wish I were dead!" She blotted the words and locked away the book. Then she burnt that farewell note and went and sat in the window-seat to watch for her stepfather's return.

The time was long. At last he came. She saw him open the carriage door and reach out a flat foot, feeling for the carriage step. He stepped out, turned and thrust a hand back into the cab. Was he about to hand out a stern-faced Protestant sister, who would take her to Westerham, and she would never be heard of again? Betty set her teeth and waited anxiously to see if the sister seemed strong. Betty was, and she would fight for her liberty—with teeth and nails if need were.

It was no Protestant sister to whom the Reverend Cecil had reached his hand. It was only his umbrella. Betty breathed again.

"Well, now at least he'll come and speak to me: he must come himself; even *he* couldn't give the key to the servants and say: 'Please go and unlock Miss Lizzie and bring her down!'"

Betty would not move. "I shall just stay here and pretend I didn't know the door was locked," said she.

But her impatience drove her back to the caged-lioness walk, and when at last she heard the key turn in the door she had only just time to spring to the window-seat and compose herself in an attitude of graceful defiance.

It was thrown away.

The door only opened wide enough to admit a dinner tray pushed in by a hand she knew. Then the door closed.

The same thing happened with tea and supper.

It was not till after supper that Betty, gazing out on the pale, watery sunset, found it blurred to her eyes. There was no more hope now. She was a prisoner. If He was not a prisoner he ought to be. It was the only thing that could excuse his silence. He might at least have gone by the gate or waved a handkerchief. Well, all was over between them, and Betty was alone in the world. She had not cried all day, but now she did cry.

. . . .

Vernon always prided himself on having a heart for any fate, but this was one of the interviews that one would rather have avoided. All day he had schooled himself to resignation, had almost reconciled himself to the spoiling of what had promised to be a masterpiece. Explications with Betty would brush the bloom off everything. Yet he must play the part well. But what part? Oh, hang all meddlers!

"Miss Desmond," said the landlady; and he braced his nerves to meet a tearful, an indignant or a desperate Betty.

But there was no Betty to be met; no Betty of any kind.

Instead, a short, squarely-built, middle-aged lady walked briskly into the room, and turned to see the door well closed before she advanced toward him.

He bowed with indescribable emotions.

"Mr. Eustace Vernon?" said the lady. She wore a sensible short skirt and square-toed brown boots. Her hat was boat-shaped, and her abundant hair was screwed up so as to be out of her way. Her face was square and sensible, like her shoulders and her boots; her eyes dark, clear and near-sighted. She wore gold-rimmed spectacles and she carried a crutch-handled cane. No vision could have been less like Betty.

Vernon bowed, and moved a chair toward her

"Thank you," she said, and took it. "Now, Mr. Vernon, sit down too, and let's talk this over like reasonable beings. You may smoke if you like. It clears the brain."

Vernon sat down and mechanically took out a cigarette, but he held it unlighted.

"Now," said the square lady, leaning her elbows on the table and her head on her hands, "I am Betty's aunt."

"It is very good of you to come," said Vernon helplessly.

"Not at all," she briskly answered. "Now tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," said Vernon.

"Perhaps it will clear the ground a little if I say at once that I haven't come to ask your intentions, because, of course, you haven't any. My reverend brother-in-law, on the other hand, insists that you have, and that they are strictly dishonorable."

Vernon laughed, and drew a breath of relief.

"I fear Mr. Underwood misunderstood," he said, "and "

"He is a born misunderstander," said Miss Julia Desmond. "Now I'm not. Light your cigarette, man; you can give me one if you like, to keep you in countenance. A light—thanks. Now will you speak, or shall I?"

"You seem to have more to say than I, Miss Desmond."

"Ah, that's because you don't trust me. In other words, you don't know me. That's one of the most annoying things in life: to be really an excellent sort, and to be quite unable to make people see it at the first go-off. Well, here goes. My worthy brother-in-law finds you and my niece holding hands in a shed."

"We were not," said Vernon. "I was telling her fortune ——"

"It's my lead now," interrupted the lady. "Your turn next. He being what he is—to the pure all things are impure, you know—instantly draws the most harrowing conclusions, hits you with a stick —— By the way, you behaved uncommonly decently about that."

"Thank you," said Vernon, smiling a little. It is pleasant to be appreciated.

"Yes, really very decently, indeed. I dare say it wouldn't have hurt a fly, but if you'd been the sort of man he thinks you are —— However, that's neither here nor there. He hits you with a stick, locks the child in her room —— What did you say?"

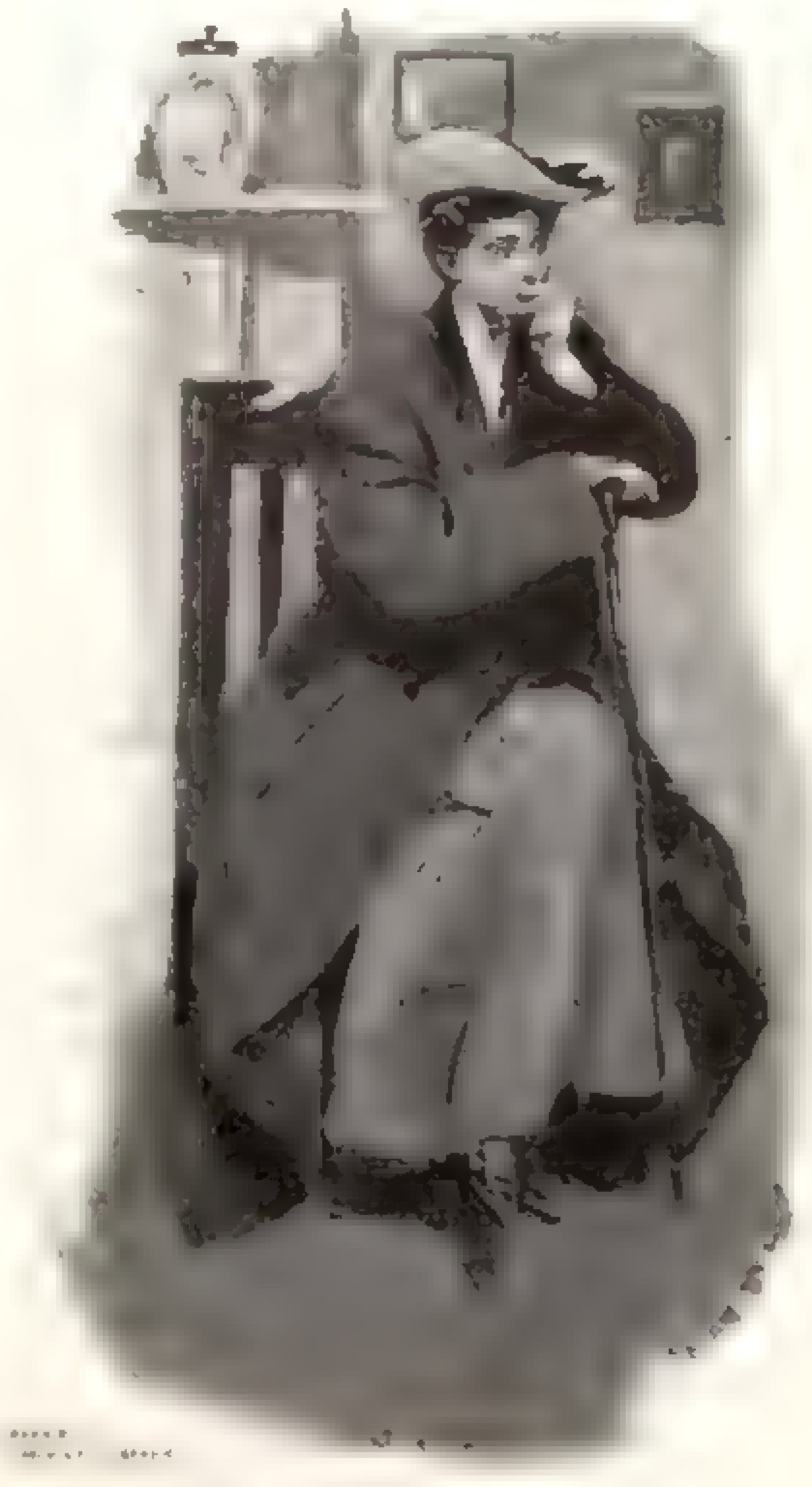
"Nothing," said Vernon.

"All right. I didn't hear it. Locks her in her room, and wires to my sister. Takes a carriage to Sevenoaks to do it, too, to avoid scandal. I happen to be at my sister's on my way from Cairo to Norway, so I undertake to run down. He meets me at the station, and wants me to go straight home and blackguard Betty. But I prefer to deal with principals."

"You mean ——"

"I mean that I know as well as you do that whatever has happened has been your doing and not that dear little idiot's. Now, are you going to tell me about it?"

He had rehearsed already a form of words in which "brother artists" should have loomed large. But now that he rose, shrugged his shoulders and spoke, it was in words that had not been rehearsed.



No Vision Could Have Been Less Like Betty

"Look here, Miss Desmond," said he, "the fact is, you're right. I haven't any intentions—certainly not dishonorable ones. But I was frightfully bored in the country, and your niece is bored, too—more bored than I am. No one ever understands or pities the boredom of the very young," he added pensively.

"Well?"

"Well, that's all there is to it. I liked meeting her, and she liked meeting me."

"And the fortune-telling? Do you mean to tell me you didn't enjoy holding the child's hand and putting her in a silly flutter?"

"I deny the flutter," he said, "but—well, yes, of course I enjoyed it. You wouldn't believe me if I said I didn't."

"No," said she.

"I enjoyed it more than I expected to," he added with a frankness that he had not meant to use; "much more. But I didn't say a word of love—only perhaps ——"

"Only perhaps you made the idea of it underlie every word you did speak. Don't I know?" said Miss Desmond. "Bless the man, I've been young myself!"

"Miss Betty is very charming," said he, "and—and if I hadn't met her ——"

"If you hadn't met her some other man would. True; but I fancy her father would rather it had been some other man."

"I didn't mean that in the least," said Vernon with some heat. "I meant that if I hadn't met her she would have gone on being bored, and so should I. Don't think me a humbug, Miss Desmond. I am more sorry than I can say that I should have been the means of causing her any unhappiness."

"'Causing her unhappiness'—poor little Betty, poor, little, trusting, innocent, silly little girl! That's about it, isn't it?"

It was so like it that Vernon hotly answered "Not in the least!"

"Well, well," said Miss Desmond, "there's no great harm done. She'll get over it, and more's been lost on market days. Thanks."

She lighted a second cigarette and sat very upright, the cigarette in her mouth and her hands on the handle of her stick.

"You can't help it, of course. Men with your colored eyes never can. That green hazel—girls ought to be taught at school that it's a danger-signal. Only, since your heart's not in the business any more than hers is—as you say, you were both bored to death—I want to ask you, as a personal favor to me, just to let the whole thing drop. Let the girl alone. Go right away."

"It's an unimportant detail, and I'm ashamed to mention it," said Vernon, "but I've got a picture on hand. I'm painting a bit of the Warren."

"Well, go to Low Barton and put up there and finish your precious picture. You won't see Betty again unless you run after her."

"To tell the truth," said Vernon, "I had already decided to let the whole thing drop. I'm ashamed of the trouble I've caused her and—and I've taken rooms at Low Barton."

"Upon my word," said Miss Desmond, "you are the coldest lover I've ever set eyes on!"

"I'm not a lover," he answered swiftly. "Do you wish I were?"

"For Betty's sake, I'm glad you aren't. But I think I should respect you more if you weren't quite so arctic."

"I'm not an incendiary, at any rate," said he; "and that's something, with my colored eyes, isn't it?"

"Well," she said, "whatever your temperature is, I rather like you. I don't wonder at Betty in the least."

Vernon bowed.

"All I ask is your promise that you'll not speak to her again."

"I can't promise that, you know. I can't be rude to her. But I'll promise not to go out of my way to meet her again." He sighed.

"Ah, yes—it is sad—all that time wasted and no rabbits caught." Again Miss Desmond had gone unpleasantly near his thought. Of course he said:

"You don't understand me."

"Near enough," said Miss Desmond; "and now I'll go."

"Let me thank you for coming," said Vernon eagerly; "it was more than good of you. I must own that my heart sank when I knew it was Miss Betty's aunt who honored me with a visit. But I am most glad you came. I never would have believed that a lady could be so reasonable and—and ——"

"And gentlemanly?" said the lady. "Yes—it's my brother-in-law who is the old woman, poor dear! You see, Mr. Vernon, I've been running round the world for five-and-twenty years, and I've kept my eyes open. And when I was of an age to be silly, the man I was silly about had your colored eyes. He married an actress, poor fellow—or rather, she married him, before he could say 'knife.' That's the sort of thing that'll happen to you unless you're uncommonly careful. So that's settled. You give me your word not to try to see Betty?"

"I give you my word. You won't believe in my regret ——"

"I believe in that right enough. It must be simply sickening to have the whole show given away like this. Oh, I believe in your regrets!"

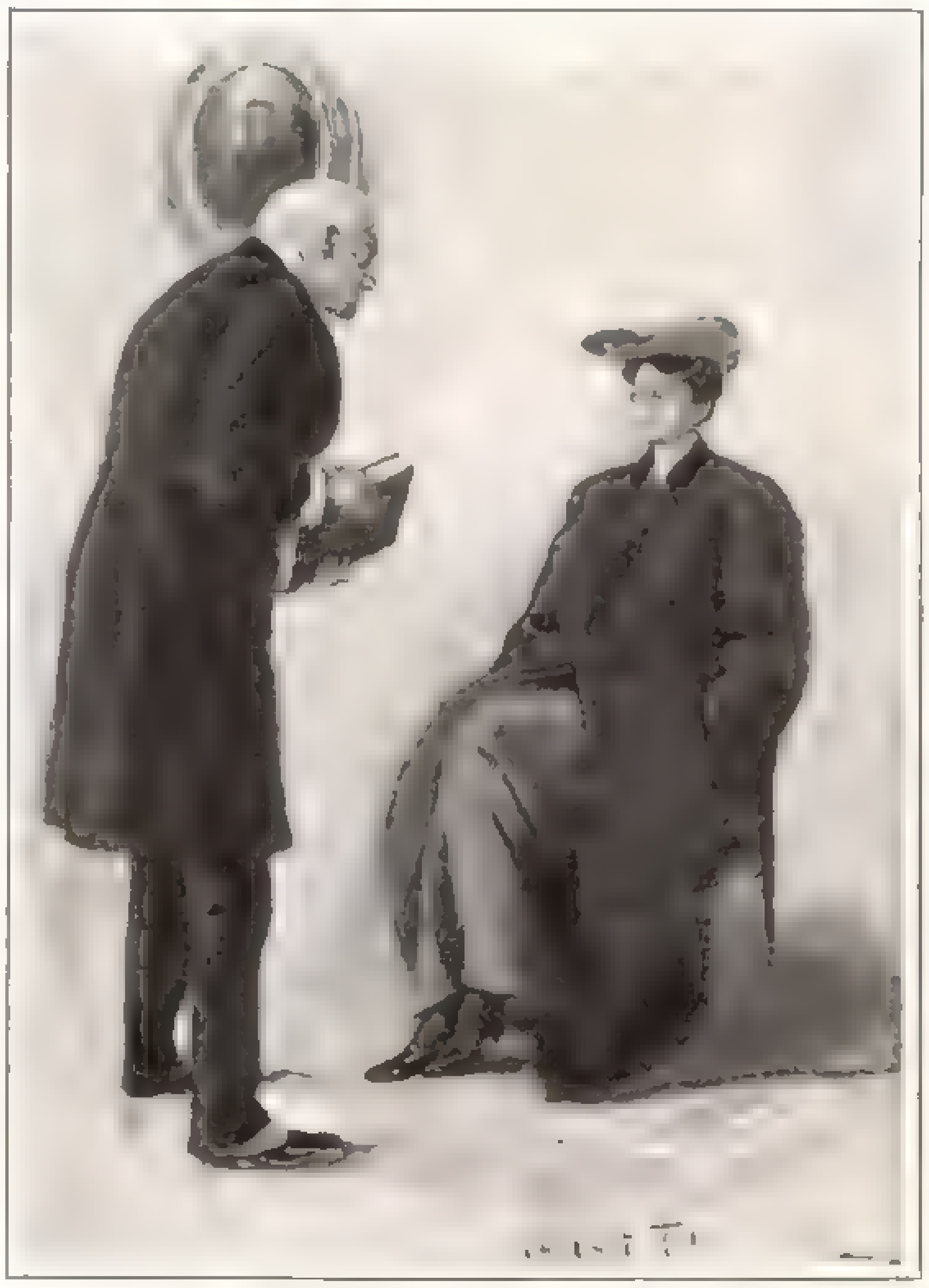
"My regret," said Vernon steadily, "for any pain I may have caused your niece. Do please see how grateful I am to you for having seen at once that it was not her fault at all, but wholly mine."

"Very nicely said; good boy!" said Betty's aunt. "Well, my excellent brother-in-law is waiting outside in the fly, gnashing his respectable teeth, no doubt, and inferring all sorts of complications from the length of our interview. Good-by. You're just the sort of young man I like, and I'm sorry we haven't met on a happier footing. I'm sure we should have got on together. Don't you think so?"

"I'm sure we should," said he truly. "Mayn't I hope ——"

She laughed outright.

"You have indeed the passion of acquaintance without introduction," she said. "No, you may *not* call on me in town. Besides, I'm never there. Good-by. And take care of yourself. You're bound to be bitten some day, you know, and bitten badly."



"I was So Alarmed, So Shaken Myself," He Began

"I wish I thought you forgave me."

"Forgive you? Of course I forgive you! You can no more help making love, I suppose—no, don't interrupt: the thing's the same whatever you call it—you can no more help making love than a cat can help stealing cream. Only one day the cat gets caught, and badly beaten. And now I'll go and unlock Betty's prison, and console her. Don't worry about her. I'll see that she's not put upon. Good-night. No, in the circumstances you'd better *not* see me to my carriage!"

She shook hands cordially, and left Vernon to his thoughts.

Miss Desmond had done what she came to do, and he knew it. It was almost a relief to feel that now he could not try to see Betty however much he wished it—however much he might know her to wish it. He shrugged his shoulders and lit another cigarette.

Betty, worn out with crying, had fallen asleep. The sound of wheels roused her. It seemed to rain cabs at the rectory to-day.

There were voices in the hall, steps on the stairs. Her door was unlocked and there entered no tray of prisoner's fare, no reproachful stepfather, no Protestant sister, but a brisk and well-loved aunt, who shut the door, and spoke.

"All in the dark?" she said. "Where are you, child?"

"Here," said Betty.

"Let me strike a light. Oh, yes, there you are!"

"Oh, aunt, has he sent for you?" said Betty fearfully. "Oh, don't scold me, auntie! I am so tired. I don't think I can bear any more."

"I'm not going to scold you, you silly little kitten," said the aunt cheerfully. "Come, buck up! It's nothing so very awful, after all. You'll be laughing at it all before a fortnight's over."

"Then he hasn't told you?"

"Oh, yes, he has; he's told me everything there was to tell, and a lot more, too. Don't worry, child. You just go straight to bed and I'll tuck you up, and we'll talk it all over in the morning."

"Aunty," said Betty, obediently beginning to unfasten her dress, "did he say anything about *Him?*"

"Well, yes—a little."

"He hasn't—hasn't done anything to him, has he?"

"What could he do? Giving drawing lessons isn't a hanging matter, Bet."

"I haven't heard anything from him all day—and I thought ——"

"You won't hear anything more of him, Betty, my dear. I've seen your Mr. Vernon, and a very nice young man he is, too. He's frightfully cut up about having got you into a row, and he sees that the only thing he can do is to go quietly away. I needn't tell you, Betty, though I shall have to explain it very thoroughly to your father, that Mr. Vernon is no more in love with you than you are with him. In fact, he's engaged to another girl. He's just interested in you as a promising pupil."

"Yes," said Betty, "of course I know that."

VII—THE ESCAPE

BETTY was going to Paris.

There had been much talk about the project. Now it was to be.

There had been interviews.

There was the first, in which the elder Miss Desmond told her brother-in-law in the plain speech she loved exactly what sort of a fool he had made of himself in the matter of Betty and the fortune-telling.

When he was convinced of error—it was not easily done—he would have liked to tell Betty that he was sorry, but he belonged to a generation that does not apologize to the next.

The second interview was between the aunt and Betty. That was the one in which so much good advice was given.

"You know," the aunt wound up, "all young women want to be in love, and all young men, too. I don't mean that there was anything of that sort between you and your artist friend. But there might have been. Now look here—I'm going to speak quite straight to you. Don't you ever let young men get monkeying about with your hands; whether they call it fortune-telling or whether they don't, their reason for doing so is always the same—or likely to be. And you want to keep your hand—as well as your lips—for the man you're going to marry. That's all, but don't you forget it. Now what's this I hear about your wanting to go to Paris?"

"I did want to go," said Betty, "but I don't care about anything now. Everything's hateful."

"It always is," said the aunt, "but it won't always be."

"Don't think I care a straw about not seeing Mr. Vernon again," said Betty hastily. "It's not that."

"Of course not," said the aunt sympathetically.

"No—but Father was so hateful—you've no idea. If I'd—if I'd run away and got married secretly he couldn't have made more fuss."

"You're a little harsh—just a little. Of course you and I know exactly how it was, but remember how it looked to him. Why, it couldn't have looked worse if you really *had* been arranging an elopement."

"He *hadn't* got his arm round me," insisted Betty; "it was somewhere right away in the background. He was holding himself up with it."

"Don't I tell you I understand all that perfectly? What I want to understand is how you feel about Paris. Are you absolutely off the idea?"

"I couldn't go if I wasn't."

"I wonder what you think Paris is like," mused the aunt. "I suppose you think it's all one wild razzle-dazzle—one delirious round of—of museums and picture-galleries."

"No, I don't," said Betty rather shortly.

"If you went you'd have to work."

"There's no chance of my going."

"Then we'll put the idea away and say no more about it. Get me my Continental Bradshaw out of my dressing-bag; I'm no use here. Nobody loves me, and I'll go to Norway by the first omnibus to-morrow morning."

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

❡ Advertising a lie makes it bigger.

❡ Every man has a world to conquer.

❡ Our Morocco diplomacy will be well tanned.

❡ Only the excellent wins; only the superlative endures.

❡ When a man's success makes him unhappy he has failed.

❡ The cloven foot and the cloven breath belong to the same society.

❡ It is better to seek perfection in others than to fancy it in yourself.

❡ Modern life is best. When Homer nodded he couldn't blame it on the proofreader.

Food for Our Snobs

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD of late years has fallen down in worship of "good society." Mrs. Ward once wrote a book called Robert Elsmere, which had a great vogue—an honest if ponderous story about middle-class people who had trouble with their religion. Then followed David Grieve and other honest books about ordinary people. After a time, British aristocracy opened its doors to the successful novelist of the British middle-class. Then came Lady Rose's Daughter and The Marriage of William Ashe, which are the novelist's grateful response to the privilege of associating with dukes and duchesses. Some day these novels will be amusing because of their ingenuous snobbery. To-day they are immensely popular in America. They are bought and read by American women who luxuriate in the atmosphere of the best London society. Both Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Wharton feel the same insatiable instinct in the feminine breast, the instinct for fashionable life.

"Beloved Employees"

ONCE a year or so sensible residents of large cities have their stomachs turned by a showy ball, kirmess or the like, ostensibly for charity, but really to give the local smart set an opportunity to parade its names and pictures at small expense in the complaisant newspapers. Yet the fashionables who get up these things think they are doing a good work.

The New York Financial Chronicle, a perfectly sincere organ of high finance, learns that the executive committee of the New York Central has appointed a sub-committee to consider the subject of pensions for employees—an action, it observes, that "illustrates anew the kindly and enlightened interest which the controlling spirits in railroad affairs take in the welfare of their employees." It adds: "The dominant interests in the Central have from the first provided with tender care for their employees," in proof of which it points out that the late Cornelius Vanderbilt once gave $100,000 to establish a railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A., and that the libraries for Central workmen now contain 22,471 volumes.

Of course, the tender care which expresses itself in free libraries did not prevent the railroads generally from fighting the enforced introduction of automatic couplers to protect the lives and limbs of their beloved employees. Last year 278 railroad employees were killed and 3441 injured in coupling accidents alone; other accidents, mostly preventable, raised the number of employees killed to 3367 and of injured to 43,266. Perhaps the ratio is about four free books to each cripple. Although the various pension schemes are inspired by pure benevolence, in practice they generally work out as a sort of anti-strike insurance, the employees themselves paying most of the premiums. But undoubtedly the railroads agree with the Chronicle's view that they are most enlightened and kindly employers.

So much depends upon the point of view. The Steel Corporation was sincerely proud of its philanthropy in permitting its workmen to buy shares of the preferred stock at a price considerably above that at which they could have subsequently bought the same shares in the open market. George M. Pullman, who built model cottages for his operatives, was profoundly grieved when it was pointed out that he was paying the model-cottagers starvation wages. Very, very few men are not good fellows—as they look at it.

The Lost American Home

A WITTY Irish American (who was also, by the way, a great American boss) once suggested as a suitable motto for a party of tourists, "Anywhere but Here." It might take the place for a national sentiment of the youth's "Excelsior." As a people we are much given to running about. Moving-day is a national joke. The well-to-do seem to build houses in order to live somewhere else. The flat hunter pursues a vanishing ideal. Friends in passage greet one another as they flit to California or Cuba or Alaska or Japan. We are a country of vast hotels, homes for the day or week, resting-places in endless voyages. We have made travel first endurable, then comfortable, now luxurious. Not only the rich are restless: the comparatively poor make long journeys in the quest of pleasure, in the hope of betterment. The farmer from Dakota moves to Virginia. The old Virginian tries it out in Mexico or Colorado. Even the Italian immigrant goes home to winter in Calabria or Sicily. Our country is a moving ant-heap.

The dangers of this sort of restless cosmopolitanism are easy to see. The old word friend is exchanged for acquaintance. Nobody stays long enough in one spot to get roots far down. No village or town or city or block knows for long its dwellers. Children grow up without that sentiment which defies time for any home—a spot idealized out of all real proportion because known for many years. A modern child is often hard put to it to tell where he comes from. He is geographically experienced, but spiritually weakened through a long course of wanderings from flat to flat, house to house, city to city.

Better a familiar and deep knowledge of any place than this superficial sliding across broad spaces. Man was made to grow in one environment, to sink his roots and tie himself to the soil that has nurtured him. Let us stay at home—for a while.

Bill-Makers to the President

ONE can imagine the bewilderment of a diligent reader of the daily papers who considers the mass of proposed legislation that is "indorsed by the President," "approved at the White House," "heartily supported by Mr. Roosevelt," and the like. Taking the indorsements at their face value, it would appear that the Executive must put in quite half his time studying and approving bills for all sorts of purposes. Of course he doesn't.

The innocent visitor to London wonders at the omnivorous trading capacity of the royal family and the catholicity of the royal taste. Every third shopman is "hatter to the King," "furrier to the King," "picklemaker to the King." But the King no more wears the hats and eats the pickles than the President digests the bills. In England the loyal tradesman pays a certain fee and is then graciously permitted to represent himself as ministering to the royal needs in the boot, haberdashery, ham, tea or any other respectable line. Nearly everybody knows that it means nothing; but the pretention is some way pleasing to the British mind. Besides, it brings in an acceptable little revenue.

We do it less systematically. The statesman with a bill providing that all life-preservers containing iron sinkers shall be painted black betakes himself to the White House and explains his measure, as best he can, in the two-minute interview vouchsafed him. "That's a good idea," says the President, smiling, and passes to the next caller. Then the statesman hastens to the correspondent of the friendliest newspaper in his section, and such portion of the world as will listen is duly informed of the President's indorsement.

The process is rather cumbrous. As the fashion of having "a White House O.K." seems to be growing, it may, even at two minutes per approval, seriously encroach upon the President's time. Probably the English fee system would not be acceptable here; but there seems no good reason why the indorsement should not be given by a secretary with a rubber stamp.

The Sanction of Type

AN EMINENT Southern editor has been enjoined from praising and boosting himself in his own paper. The complaining stockholder insinuates that the sheet had become a mere tail-piece to the editor's political ambition, and alleges that "any dreary drivel can find its way to the editorial page if only it begins, 'I have read your brilliant editorial,' or, 'Having heard your eloquent speech.'" It is not for us to question the soundness of the court which issued the injunction; but if this is good law there is likely to be a positively frightful slump in the newspaper business in the United States.

The drivel complained of is not dreary to the editor, but so precious that many gentlemen in many towns will maintain organs of public opinion without hope of pecuniary gain for the purpose of so driveling at themselves. Type is a strange thing; but its strangeness is most remarkable in this: that men who have the strongest grounds for believing to the contrary seem to become convinced that they are wise, witty, learned and virtuous when they tell themselves so in print.

There are plenty of ways in which a man may prove that he is an egregious ass. Probably the most effective is to indulge in self-praise. But there seems to be a pervading idea that a man can prove himself a modest sage by declaring it in type. Many communities have leading citizens who are called benevolent patriots in the newspaper which they admittedly own, and sharks everywhere else. Such a newspaper commonly changes nobody's opinion—unless it be that of the proprietor, who might have suspected that the majority was right before he told himself to the contrary on his own editorial page. Strange is type.

How to Catch the Railroads

PERHAPS the President is unfortunate in the title which has been popularly affixed to his propaganda for extending governmental control over interstate carriers. Some men who are earnest in their advocacy of his policy are frank enough to say that the real object is to prevent rebating and like discriminations. If the Administration bill gets through the Senate in a tolerably unmutilated condition—as now seems quite likely—that, probably, will be its most important result.

The bill, it is true, provides that when the Interstate Commerce Commission, upon investigating a specific complaint, finds that a certain rate is unreasonable, it may prescribe a reasonable maximum rate which shall go into effect after a given time—unless the railroad meantime gets an injunction, which it would most likely do.

As an investigation by the Commission takes the form of a court trial, with introduction of voluminous testimony, arguments and the like, and as the railroads make new freight schedules at the rate of several hundred a day, the corrective process would, evidently, be very slow.

But the bill also empowers the Commission to prescribe the form in which, alone, railroad accounts and records shall be kept, and provides that the books shall always be open to Government agents. In short, it gives the Government the same powers of inspection with regard to railroads which it now exercises with regard to national banks. With the books thus open, rebating and other forms of discrimination in rates would, no doubt, soon cease. The fact that a road had given one shipper a lower rate would be taken as prima-facie evidence that that rate was reasonable, and the Commission could order it extended to all other shippers—which would be highly discouraging to rebating. The bill may secure this important result. Any further effects are problematical.

Doddering Justice

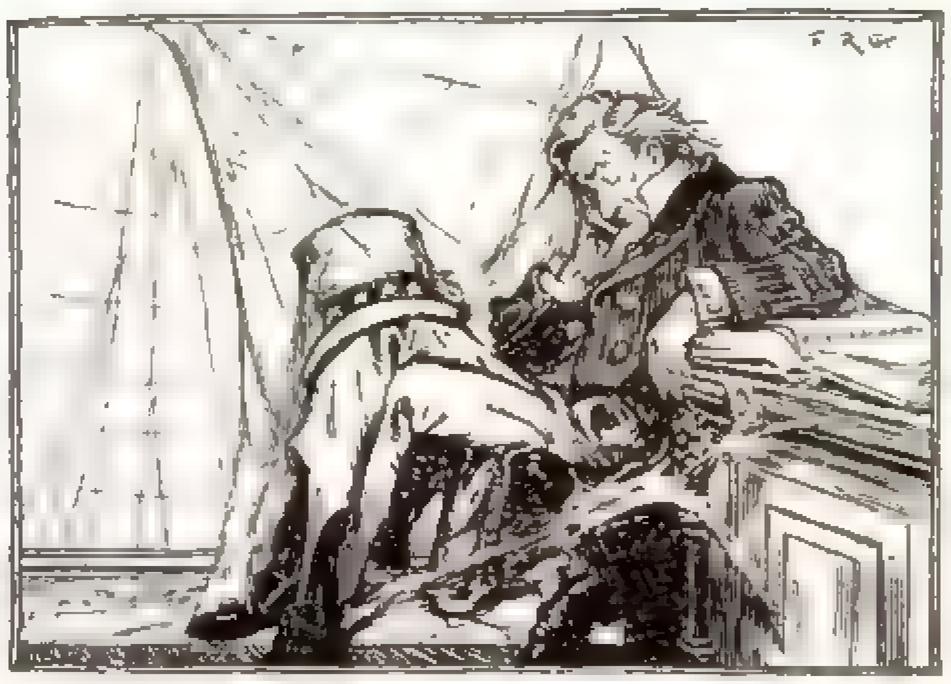
A LOT of far-and-wide pickpockets, of rascals dropsical with plunder, were caught in the very act, caught so completely that they simply had to confess. Forward stepped the officer of justice. "These fellows look guilty, my fellow-citizens," said he. "But are we calm? Are we not heated from the chase? Are we not unduly excited by our losses? Yes, we are. So, fellow-citizens, let us not proceed against these men. Let us release them. Let us wait until we are calm and they recover breath."

If a common, every-day burglar is caught in a citizen's bedroom, pockets full of swag, jimmy in hand, the quicker he is rushed off to the penitentiary the better everybody feels.

But if, when the burglar's mask is torn off, the features of some slimy hypocrite who has been mocking his fellow-men and trying to mock Almighty God for years are disclosed—why, then, let us be calm, let us do nothing but dodder until all the witnesses are dead and the evidence is mildewed and is undecipherable!

Uncle Sam as a Business Man

BY WILL PAYNE



EVERY now and then somebody proposes to abolish the Senate. Logically, the proposal should go a step—a very little steplet—further and include abolition of Congress. The Senate, one must regretfully confess, is not free from blemish; but it cannot be coerced as, about nine times out of ten, the House can. It is rather the more honest body of the two. True, some of its most puissant members are badly out of touch with the mysterious thing called the people's will. They represent certain combinations of regnant interests which, in their States, actually constitute the Government. The Senate must represent interests, popular or corporate, not States. The State, as a political division, has lost all meaning. It is a mere husk. It is dead. Nobody knows, except by consulting a map, where Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Tennessee or Mississippi begins or ends. No State nowadays has a national political policy in any wise different from any other except as some dominant interest may shape it. As a matter of course, the Senators' sympathies and convictions are with those interests. The convictions, no doubt, are quite honest, too. They think the way to do it is to nourish the big interests and let them hand on the benefits to the people. As a matter of historical fact, it has always been done that way, and your Senator is a very great stickler for precedent. Whether his convictions are right or wrong, he stands for them and doesn't sell them out for a post-office or a consulship. The spectacle of members of a great representative body giving up their expressed convictions because they fear they will lose their patronage, or injure their chances of preferment, can hardly be edifying to the thoughtful student of political morality.

The Upper House is slow and generally obstructive; but deliberateness in law-making is by no means an unmixed evil. A year ago, when the subject was brought up, the Lower House passed the Administration's railroad rate bill by a vote of 326 to seventeen—its popularity being evident. The Senate turned the subject over to the Elkins Committee, which gravely devoted the summer to hearings and investigations, thereby putting off action for a year. The purpose of this delay was to permit the Senate to find out whether the people really meant it; whether there was such a big, permanent, insistent popular demand for rate regulation that the success of the Republican party would be imperiled by ignoring it. At this writing it looks decidedly as though the Senate were making up its mind in the affirmative, and that, accordingly, it will pass a bill substantially meeting the President's views. The delay provoked much criticism. Nevertheless, if we always waited a year before making a law, the result, on the whole, might be to improve the system. To have one deliberative House that really deliberates, even if it overdoes it, is not intolerable. The President shows his own sense of the respective weight of the two Houses by giving as much of the patronage as possible to the Senate.

Much hard feeling was engendered the other day because the President appointed Senator Beveridge's man surveyor of the port of Indianapolis, instead of Congressman Overstreet's man. The duties of a surveyor of a port are carefully prescribed by law. They consist in reporting the arrivals and cargoes of foreign ships and otherwise assisting the collector of the port in collecting customs' duties. In the good port of Indianapolis these duties could not be described as onerous. The total amount of customs collected last year by the collector, the surveyor and four able subordinates was $157,119—say $130 per day per man. But from the Treasury Department's point of view the thriving capital of Indiana is a model port: the receipts exceed the expenditures.

The United States maintains ten "ports" for the collection of customs which failed to collect a single dollar last year, and forty-one others, scattered over the country, the expenses of which largely exceed the total receipts. In Texas, Brownsville's $40,131 establishment succeeded in collecting $5594—that is, every dollar of customs' receipts taken in at this gallant port cost the Government $7.17 in salaries and other expenses. At Burlington, Iowa, the Government paid $2.58 in expenses for each dollar of receipts; at Chattanooga, Tennessee, $11.76; at Somers Point, New Jersey, $26.81; at La Crosse, Wisconsin, $14.23; at Grand Haven, Michigan, $1.44; at Astoria, Oregon, $1.03. Elizabeth City, North Carolina, takes the palm, with total expenses of $1607 and total receipts of five dollars, costing the Government $321.40 for every dollar collected. But in half a dozen ports the average is a hundred dollars in expenses for each dollar received. The names above are taken at hazard, merely to show that about all parts of the country are favored with "ports" which exist only to give jobs to patriots.

I mention this because from time to time somebody arises and declares that the operations of the Government ought to be put on a "business" basis—meaning that the departments ought to be conducted as efficiently and economically as a model private enterprise. The declaration is popular and is received with solemn approval. The President's appointment, nearly a year ago, of the Keep Commission to investigate and improve departmental methods was hailed as bringing this desirable state well within view.

The fact is, as everybody entitled to hold an opinion knows, that talk of running the Government on "business principles" in this sense is all poppycock. It never has been and never will be run that way. Its constitution is essentially different.

For example, Armour & Co. would not maintain branch houses whose expenses always largely exceeded their receipts, as the Treasury Department does in this matter of maintaining ports for customs' collections. Armour & Co. are not engaged in tickling local pride, or in providing patronage for party leaders. From time to time the Secretary of the Treasury mildly points out that the department has a lot of ports which cost more than they take in—and there the matter rests. Who would have the hardihood to wound the local pride of the excellent towns I have mentioned, and scores of others, by striking them from the lists of ports? And if anybody did have that hardness of heart, what good would it do when not only the Senators and Congressmen whose patronage is directly affected, but other Senators and Congressmen with patronage to protect, would stand by to prevent the affront? There are eighty-five ports whose expenses exceed twenty per cent. of their gross receipts—a percentage which any private business would probably consider the limit.

At Washington the Government employs 25,000 persons and spends for wages and supplies about $25,000,000 a year. No doubt a model private enterprise would produce corresponding results more cheaply. But the departments at Washington can never conform to model private practice.

It isn't in their nature. The chief of the department changes about once in four years. His immediate subordinates usually change with him. Thus the higher offices are always filled by men who know little of the business of the department. Suppose Armour & Co. or the Pennsylvania Railroad tried that system?

The result is that the departments, for their everyday business, must be practically automatic, capable of running themselves. They are divided into many little units, each having its own special little function to perform. Exploring one of the huge Government piles, you find door after door, each duly labeled as such and such a "bureau" or "division." In each a head clerk and his staff conduct that particular bit of work. In one modest office, lost in a great department building, sits a head clerk at $1800 a year. One of his duties is to prepare the annual report of the department. At a certain time each year he takes the proofs of the report to the honorable secretary, who writes a little introduction. If the secretary happened to be in Halifax, his report would be prepared in exactly the same way at just the same time. So with all the immense mass of everyday business. It runs itself. You cannot make any business automatic in this way without binding it up pretty stiffly in red tape and precedent. The Government departments can never possibly have the elasticity of private business, or get the same results with the same expenditure. Some very palpable wastes, especially in the purchase of supplies, and in printing, can be corrected, and the work of the Keep Commission will doubtless result in such economies. But to talk of making the departments as economical and efficient as the best private establishments is to talk buncombe.

The departments are not run for profit. In some particulars they are run for politics. It costs about $7,000,000 a year to operate the Government printing-office. The output last year was 73,000,000 copies. It printed 22,000,000 frank-envelopes for the use of Members of Congress, mostly to mail their speeches to delighted constituents. If you wish to make friends with a Member of Congress, tell him of some one to whom he can mail a speech. Not all the public documents are given away. Some are sold. Receipts from such sales last year were $12,608—only six million and odd dollars below the expenditures.

The Department of Agriculture has some useful functions, such as analyzing soils, inventing fertilizers, and inspecting meat. Its most conspicuous activities, however, are making crop reports and disseminating agricultural literature. Some of the subjects, taken at hazard, on which it favored the rural population with learned pamphlets last year, are: The Angora Goat, Conformation of Beef and Dairy Cattle, Cow-peas, Dry Rot of Potatoes Due to Fusarium Oxysporum, Eggs and Their Uses as Food, A Form of Hog Cholera Not Due to Hog Cholera Bacillus, Report on an Enzootic Among Cattle Caused by a Bacillus of the Enteritidis Group, Soft Rot of the Calla Lily, Takosis, a Contagious Disease of Goats, Usefulness of the American Toad. It issued more than 5000 pamphlets on these and like subjects, of which over 11,000,000 copies were printed and distributed. If you are interested, have your Congressman put you on the list. The expense is large. Perhaps if the agricultural brain could be weighed and measured annually and the expansion noted, the results would be found commensurate. The department has an appropriation of $290,000 for free seed distribution. Your Congressman will gladly put you on the list for this, too.

Naturally, a good deal of the Government's literary output is statistical. This brings up the painful subject of crop reports—which I mention merely to show the difficulty of coördinating the work of the Government as the work of any well-managed private business would be coördinated. The statistical bureau of the Department of Agriculture reports each year the acreage and yield of the principal crops. The census bureau made a report of the crops of 1899, based on an actual farm-to-farm enumeration. The census gave the wheat crop as 658,534,252 bushels; the department as 547,303,846 bushels—a difference of 111,230,406 bushels. The census gave the wheat area as 52,588,574 acres; the department as 44,592,516 acres—a difference of 7,996,058 acres. As to corn, the census report was larger than the department's by 12,808,324 acres and 588,296,346 bushels.

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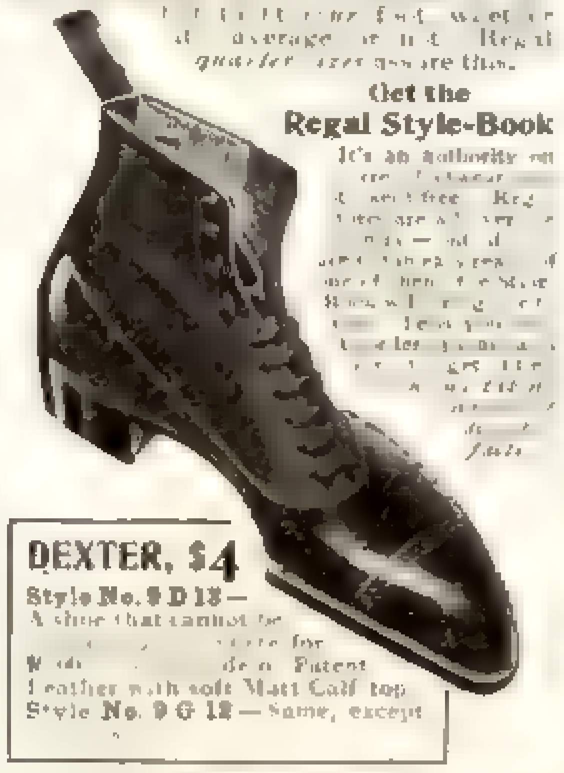

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The census report of the hay area was larger than that of the department's by 20,362,704 acres. The discrepancies throughout may be modestly described as simply enormous. As every one knows, the Government crop reports are an important factor in commerce. They enter into all sorts of business calculations. The census cost millions and is, of course, much more important to the business and politics — in a broad sense — of the country. But when the results of its farm-to-farm canvass, with over six million separate schedules, were published, its sister bureau over in the Agricultural Department absolutely refused to accept them. In the ensuing controversy strenuous efforts were made apparently inspired by, or near to, the department's chief crop reporter — to discredit publicly the whole work of the census. The department never has accepted the census figures, although its general attitude concerning its crop reports has been rather milder since it was shown that advance information of its reports on cotton got to a clique of speculators in New York, and the chief reporter resigned and betook himself to foreign parts, where, at this writing, a precarious state of health still keeps him.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to go into the methods of the two reports. The point is that here were two bureaus of the same Government, reporting at great expense on a very important subject, coming to conclusions a mile apart, and one seeking to discredit the other. To-day Uncle Sam can only say to his children: "I have spent some millions trying to find out the size of the crop, but as my right hand says one thing and my left another, you must guess which is right."

In all human probability, the census report is much nearer right. But the other Government bureau, working in the same field, does not accept it. This would not happen in a private business.

When Figures Lie

I have given the exact figures on both sides. No self-respecting statistician would do less in any case. As a matter of fact, what the census bureau really thought after collecting its six million schedules was that the wheat crop of 1899 was about 650 million bushels, more or less; and what the Department of Agriculture thought was that it was in the neighborhood of 540 million bushels. But to state the facts in this bold manner would be highly unstatistical.

One bureau must report exactly 658,534,252 bushels; the other 547,303,846 bushels — although each knew perfectly well that the probable errancy in its estimates amounted to at least ten to twenty million bushels. But for statistical purposes there is nothing like being exact to the last digit, even when you know that the sum is merely an approximation.

The Government departments do not and never can match the best private practice, because there is not and cannot be any such concentration and permanency of management. On the whole, I believe the operation of the departments is nearly as efficient and economical as it ever can be. No doubt the Keep Commission will help it some; but the essential difference from a private business cannot change. Wages paid to the 17,000 clerks and whatnot at Washington, who receive $900 a year and upward, average about twenty per cent. higher than is paid for similar service elsewhere. But the conditions of employment are different. For employees up to $1800 a year it is practically a life job now; and the Benjamin Franklin philosophy of thrift is not in favor. All the savings banks in Washington show aggregate deposits of only three million dollars, whereas Detroit, a city of about the same size, has one bank with $7,500,000 savings deposits; Minneapolis, not so large, has one with $12,000,000; Cleveland, a little larger, one with $46,000,000. Perhaps nothing better illustrates the different atmospheres which surround Government and private employment. There is the tragic side. Many of these improvident employees are past eighty; hundreds are past seventy. The oldest employee of the Treasury died the other day, upward of ninety.

In all the older departments you will find the graybeards — striving to conceal time's ravages, hiding the hand that will tremble, pretending they can see and hear first-rate.

A private business would throw them out. The Government cannot.

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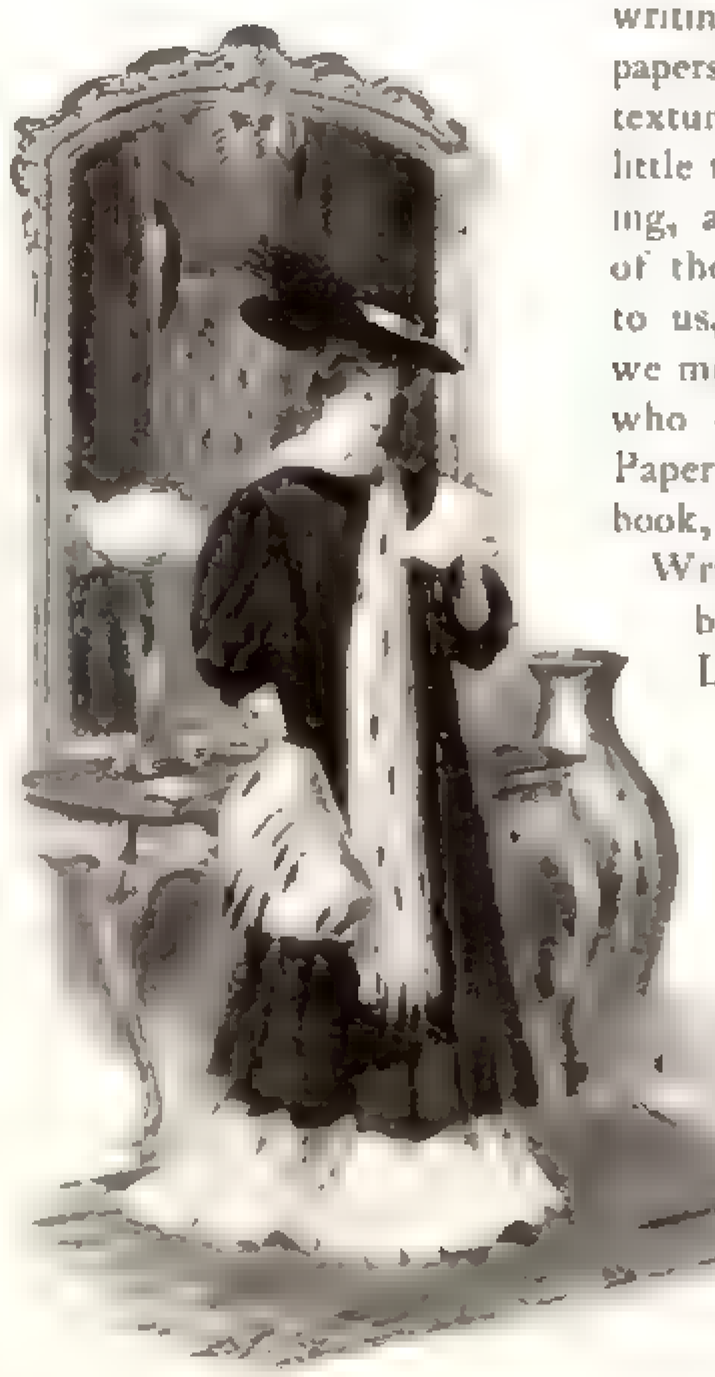

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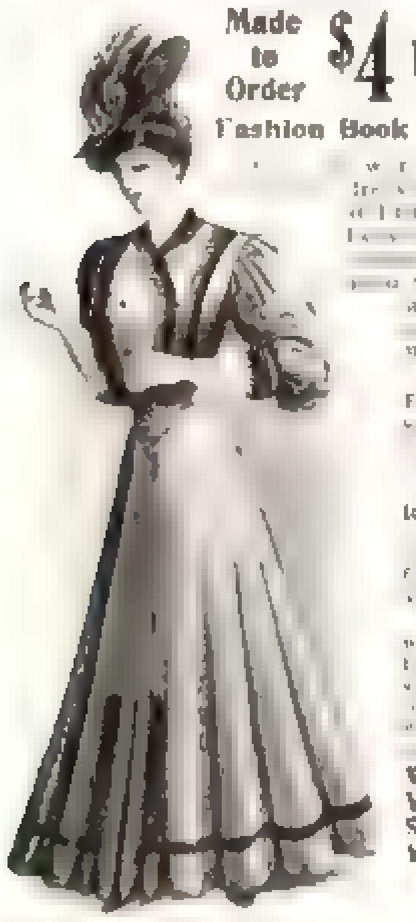

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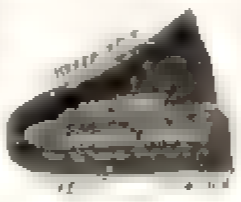

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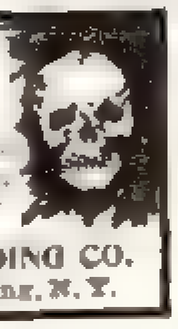

ODDITIES & NOVELTIES

Of Every-Day Science

SAVE THE OYSTER JUICE—A DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND A COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITY.

TENS of thousands of gallons of oyster juice are thrown away every year in this country—a most remarkable circumstance, when it is considered that this fluid, if concentrated and put up in cans like clam juice, would afford a nourishing and delicious food, desirable for table use and particularly suitable for invalids.

Some day an enterprising manufacturer will take hold of the idea and utilize it in a commercial way. Meanwhile, any housewife can put up concentrated oyster juice on her own account, if she chooses. All that she needs to do is to strain it through cheesecloth in order to free it from impurities, boil it down to the requisite density, and put it up hot in crockery jars that have been previously sterilized by boiling them.

Put up in this way, a fluid with a delicious oyster flavor, which could be used as soup, would be available at all seasons, inasmuch as, if properly prepared, it would last indefinitely without deterioration. Nothing could possibly be more digestible or more wholesome. As a food product, it would doubtless rival the clam juice which is now put up for market on a large scale in cans and jars. A curious use of clam juice, by the way, is made by topers, who find that a cupful of it enables them to drink more liquor without showing the effects than they otherwise could.

THE TURNCOAT BUTTERFLY—HE CHANGES HIS COLOR TO SUIT HIS CHANGED SURROUNDINGS

FROM Brazil, from the granite quarries of the district of Santos, comes the report of a newly-discovered butterfly. The wings of this insect so exactly match the color of freshly-cut granite that, at rest on the rock, it is practically invisible. Moreover, its instinct leads it always to alight on the surface which it matches, never on a weathered or moss-grown rock, against which it would easily be seen. Thus the butterflies are able to elude their numerous enemies.

Of course, this sort of protective coloration is common enough among insects. We have in the United States scores of species that match very accurately tree-bark or green leaves or bright flowers. The remarkable thing about this case is that the Santos quarries have been worked for only about two hundred years. The adaptation of the butterfly to the color of quarried rock and the instinct to use this resemblance for concealment have both appeared within this short period: a striking illustration of the speed with which Nature can work when she tries.

SHAVE YOUR BEARD—UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU HAVE NO OBJECTION TO BEING BALD.

IF YOU do not want to be bald, refrain from growing a beard.

It is a simple recipe for keeping your hair which a physician of eminence offers. His theory is that men who are bald owe their affliction most often to the wearing of beards.

He does not pretend to say why this should be so, but merely directs the notice of any observant person to the fact that nearly every man who rejoices in a luxuriant growth of whiskers has a deficiency of hair on the top of his head. On the other hand, most clean-shaven men possess good heads of hair.

Many men who are clean-shaven in earlier life permit their beards to grow when they have reached middle age. In consequence (if the theory of the physician quoted be correct), the hair begins to fall off the tops of their heads. It is a fatal mistake. The frequent and regular use of a razor is the best insurance against baldness.

It would seem, says this physician, as if Nature could provide for the support and nourishment of only a certain amount of hair. If a beard is grown, the crop on the scalp suffers.

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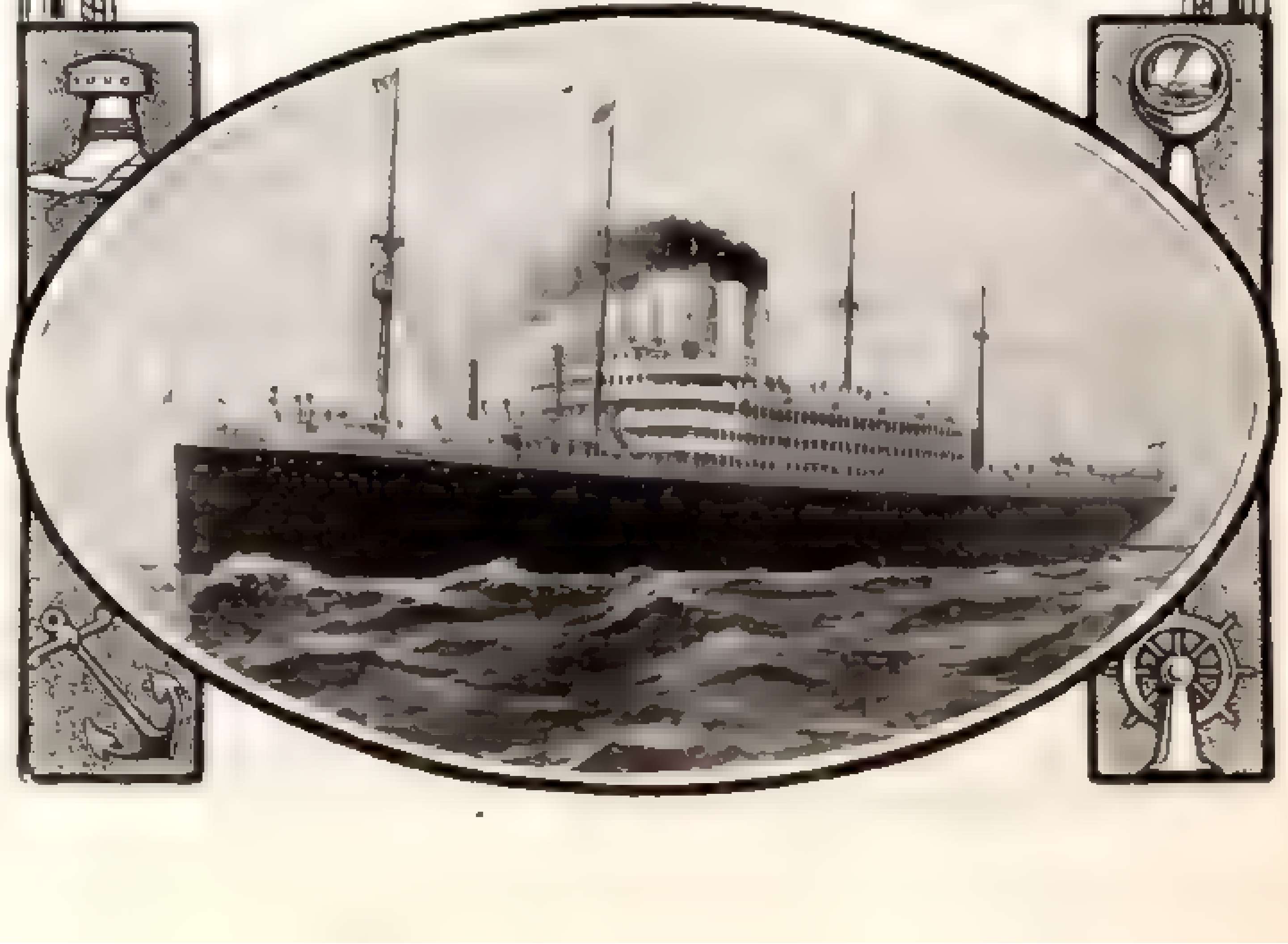


WHAT MAKES THINGS GROW?

WHAT makes a chicken *grow* from an Egg, tell me that?

What makes a big Fish *grow* from a tiny Roe-egg half the size of a pea?

What makes a burly head of Wheat, on a three-foot straw, shoot up from a little Seed-heart when buried in the ground?

The answer is *Phosphorus!*

It is *Phosphorus* that makes things *grow.*

Dr. Atkinson, of Edinburgh, on page 281 of his well-known book, says "Wherever Growth is most active, there *most Phosphorus* is found."

And Buchner says "Without Phosphorus there is no Thought."

Because, Phosphorus is what the Brain uses up in Thinking.

• • •

Well, Phosphorus is, as you can see, practically *Life* itself, ready to absorb into Brain, Bone, and Muscle.

But it must reach us in *Food,* not in *Medicine.*

Because, Drug-Store Phosphorus goes right through the body without being absorbed or digested in the same way as Vegetable Phosphorus would have been.

Now the richest, readiest, and cheapest, Phosphorus for Human use is found in the living Wheat-Germ or Seed-Centre.

That part of Wheat corresponds with the Yolk of Egg, or the Roe of Fish, or the Brain of Calf, or the Thymus Gland.

It is the Life-principle of Wheat and the most wonderful rebuilder of Nerve and Brain you know of.

• • •

And this Germ or "Brain of Wheat," is what you get, ready to eat after five minutes cooking, in RALSTON HEALTH FOOD.

When you open the package you can plainly *see* thousands of tiny *almond-colored* grains, round and unbroken, in the contents.

These stand out bolder than the rest of the Food when cooked.

They may then be seen as little *golden brown* specks in the Food.

These are the true Wheat hearts, or Seed-germs of Wheat.

And these Germs of Wheat are full of the Vegetable Phosphorus that makes Children grow [illegible] and develop Strong Mentality.

They are what make Nerve-worn people whole again,—calm, composed and restful.

They are what supply new Mind-Power by providing to the Brain all the Phosphorus it can use in heavy Thinking without exhaustion of the Nerve Cells.

• • •

They make good the defects in *other* Foods that *lack* Phosphorus, and that rebuild only Bone and Muscle while starving the Nerves and Brain.

Remember *you can see* these Wheat-Hearts or Phosphorus Germs in every package of Ralston Health Food, so that you can absolutely *know* that you are getting what you are promised.

But you *can't see them* in any *other* Cereal Food. Why?

Now, cook Ralston carefully, when you get it, according to the directions on the package. Five minutes cooking will do.

And every 2 lb. package expands into fourteen pounds of delicious food when cooked — 14 pounds for 15 cents.

That's less than a fifth of a cent per plate.

Your grocer keeps it.

Made by the Ralston Purina Mills, St. Louis, Portland, Ore., Tillsonburg, Ont.

RALSTON
HEALTH
FOOD

OUR PLAN OF
Banking by Mail
At 4% Interest

is free from technicalities of every description and brings a safe and profitable investment to your very door. Send for Booklet "P" describing our system of Mail Accounts.

Peoples Savings Bank
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Capital and Surplus TWO MILLION DOLLARS

PLAYER FOLK

[illegible]

Paul Orleneff

A Famous Russian Exile

FOR almost a year now the Russian actor, Paul Orleneff, has been the most picturesque and romantic figure in the theatrical life of New York, and perhaps the most unfortunate. Repeatedly arrested and imprisoned in Moscow for presenting on the stage scenes and ideas hateful to the autocracy, he was at last driven into exile for producing The Chosen People, a play on the Jewish question. His company voluntarily shared his exile, and together they came to America. An interesting feature of the case is that of the entire company only one member, Madame Nesimoff, the leading lady, who in private life is the wife of Orleneff, is of Jewish origin.

Although speaking a foreign and unknown language, the exiles were immediately recognized as artists of consummate ability in the modern realistic school, and, after presenting their repertory in uptown theatres, established themselves in the heart of the colony of Russian Jews in the Bowery. Their troubles now seemed to be over; but in reality they had just begun. Owing to the continuance of Jewish massacres in Russia, the Ghetto was repeatedly plunged into the deepest mourning, with the result that the performances were most scantily attended. It is said, too, that the terms of the lease of their little theatre on Third Street were on the order of the sweat shop. In a few months they found themselves in debt to the extent of six thousand dollars.

Meantime, however, it had become a fad for intelligent playgoers from uptown to make pilgrimages to see the exiles in the Bowery; and when the extent of their misfortunes became known a number of the most distinguished social and intellectual leaders, including Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor and Edith Wharton, organized a series of matinées for their benefit. Charles Frohman contributed one of the best of his Broadway theatres. Almost instantly the Russian exiles became the fashion of the hour. For the sake of an object-lesson in acting, Mr. Ben Greet took his entire company of Elizabethan players on a flying trip from Princeton to New York, returning for an evening performance of Macbeth. People who had scarcely heard of Ibsen, and to whom Dostievski and Checkoff were names unknown, flocked to the performances and raved over the ability of the actors. Their facial expression, it was said, was so illuminating that the elect could tell what the play was all about without understanding a word that was spoken.

When M. Orleneff was entertained at The Players, enthusiastic members related that his face was so expressive that it was possible to follow not only what he was feeling—as is the case with any good actor—but what he was thinking. The skeptical were inclined to smile; but even they had to acknowledge that the performances were on the level with the most accomplished acting on the Continent, and far above the best achievements of the American stage.

At present the indications are that the Russian exiles will be relieved of the load of

Copyright 1906, by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE important thing to know about a rain coat is—Who made it? Our label's in ours; it stands for all you're looking for.

All wool, rain-proof fabrics, correct style, perfect fit, hand tailoring,
Send six cents for our Spring Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

The Priestley Cravenette Process cannot be used by any other hat manufacturer in the world

The Mallory Cravenette Hat

A Rain-Proof Fur Felt Hat

Made of the highest grades of MALLORY fur felt.

Rendered rain-proof by the celebrated Priestley Cravenette process

Never looks "slouchy."

Rain will not spot, streak or fade it.

An every-day or rainy-weather hat.

Three grades — $3, $3.50 and $4.

If you are unable to secure a MALLORY CRAVENETTE HAT at your hatter, order direct from factory.

Specify size, color and grade, also *your* weight and height

Every hat guaranteed.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS
INCORPORATED
Danbury, Conn.

Extinguishers We want men who are now selling Fire Extinguishers [illegible] for our splendid proposition. As the result of only four weeks' work one of our agents made $340, another made $270, still another $230

Nevermyss Fire Extinguisher Co., Middletown, N. Y.

5% AND SAFETY

Safety—Convenience—Profit

This Company is strong, conservative, aggressive and during the 11 years of its history it has never lost a dollar of all the money entrusted to it.

Its system involves no red tape—

Deposits may be made or money withdrawn, at any time, without notice—

Accounts of $5 and upward are accepted and five per cent. interest is paid for every day the money is in bank.

Nothing could be safer — nothing more secure—

Write today for Booklet and full particulars—

CALVERT MORTGAGE & DEPOSIT CO.
1047 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

$25.00

If You Earn Less

I can HELP your Salary or Income by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising. [illegible] Instruction by Mail is [illegible] that has the hearty [illegible] of the great experts [illegible] I will show you how to earn from $25 to $100 per week.

Geo. H. Powell, 27 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y.

Per Week

Put June cheer in Winter homes

The daily and nightly in-door comfort of a perfect out-door June day is insured to family and guests by warming the house with

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

The more [illegible] the more steam or hot water [illegible] extra heating [illegible]

IDEAL Boilers extract the [illegible] of heat from the [illegible] AMERICAN [illegible] the heat [illegible] [illegible] stove.

[illegible] can be [illegible] free. Write us today [illegible]

[illegible] in all large [illegible] United States and Europe.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 28 CHICAGO

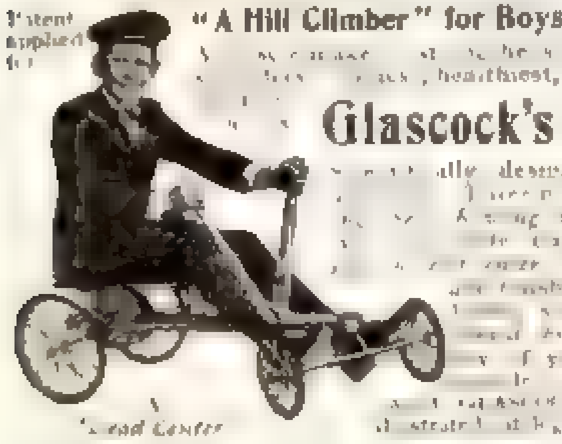
Ivers & Pond PIANOS

"PRINCESS GRAND"

The Princess is a little Grand with tone volume and case dimensions nicely adapted to the ordinary parlor or living room hitherto too small to accommodate a real grand. The quality of tone the light and responsive action touch are indescribably delightful, so entrancing that one cannot let it alone. We cannot tell you more about it here—but will mail catalogue and literature if you request. If no dealer sells Ivers & Pond Pianos in your vicinity we can supply you with the Princess Grand from Boston and can assure you that the price and payment terms are within your reach. Write us

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
103 Boylston Street, Boston

Patent applied for



"A Hill Climber" for Boys and Girls

[illegible], healthiest, sportiest of [illegible]

Glascock's Racer

[illegible] designed, geared [illegible] of your dealer [illegible]

Glascock Bros. Mfg. Co., 605 Factory Street, Muncie, Indiana

Mme. Alla Nazimoff

debt, but whether they will make for themselves a permanent place either in the Bowery or on Broadway is an open question. This much has been determined, however, that our stage has much to learn from that of Europe, and that there is a large public of wealth and intelligence eager to patronize the best there is in the art of the theatre.

Success and a Flatiron

CLARA BLOODGOOD'S interest in her profession is so intense and minute as to make her the despair of stage managers and fellow-actors, and a subject of no little amusement among her friends. Last summer, during the rehearsals of Shaw's Man and Superman, she went to a department store with Miss Fay Davis, of the same company, to buy one of those flatirons that are heated by attaching them to the electric-light fixture. Mrs. Bloodgood examined the flatiron minutely in all its details, and then, turning to Miss Davis, remarked with animation:

"Do you really think it will be a success?"

"Why, of course," Miss Davis answered. My cousin has had one for over a year, and it has always worked beautifully."

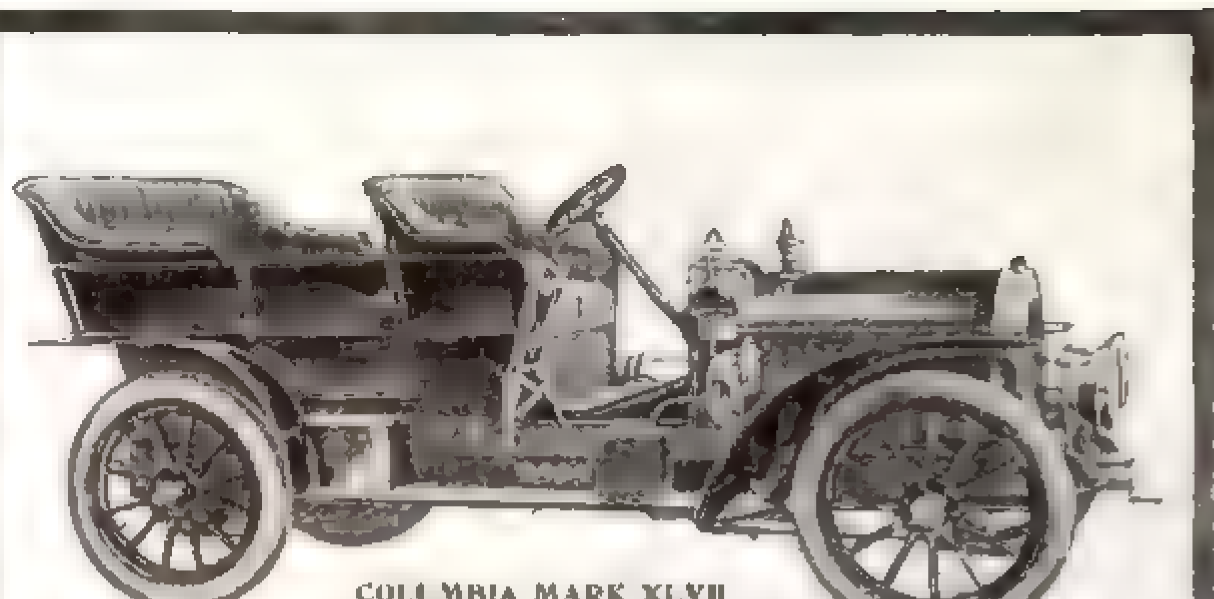
Mrs. Bloodgood looked puzzled a moment, and then explained that she had been thinking of the play. She has a strong sense of humor, and tells the story upon herself. But she adds that she would rather be as she is than one of those members of her profession who are always saying that they forget they are actors as soon as they have left the theatre. And it is true that such actors are not always recognized as such when they are on the stage.

Theatrical Paper

THE success of a play on what is known as the Road is supposed to depend to a considerable extent upon its prosperity on Broadway, and none of the arts of the manager is so delicate as that of eking out its run there with a good showing in the house. The man in the box-office does much by giving seats in the parquet for gallery prices and then scattering the audience over as much of the auditorium as possible. When playgoers find the balcony empty, they may make a pretty sure guess as to the reason.

Sometimes it is hard to get even enough people to scatter. The first resort is to those who advertise in the program—a device which, if used in moderation, tends to make advertising popular. It is when this is exhausted that the chief difficulty arises. The deadheads must not be drawn from the general public, for this would cut off possible buyers, and, what is worse, give away the fact that the play was in distress. For a long time the managers sent tickets to the department stores, with the stipulation that they should be given out as if a gratuity from the employers.

Latterly the managers have taken to sending the tickets to the fashionable shops on Fifth Avenue—the employees in which are supposed to be better mannered and better dressed—with the stipulation that the salesmen and saleswomen should wear the clothes in which they did business. But here, too, there was a stumbling-block. The victims rebelled against being sent to "rotten" shows, saying that their evenings were their own to do what they wanted.



COLUMBIA MARK XLVII

Columbia

construction for 1906 far surpasses the best work previously put into any motor cars [illegible] European. We tell [illegible] in our special illustrated booklets "Columbia Chrome Nickel Steel," "Fashioning a Crank Shaft," "Transmission [illegible]" and "Consistent Differences." Each of these booklets will be found intensely interesting by all who follow the latest advances in automobile building. Mailed on application.

The new Columbia Gasoline Models are:

Mark XLIV-2	18 h. p.; two opposed cylinders; shaft drive; seats five persons. Price	$1,750
Mark XLVI	24–28 h. p.; four vertical cylinders; shaft drive; seats five. Price, Standard	$3,000
	Limousine	$4,000
Mark XLVII	40–45 h. p.; four vertical cylinders; double chain drive; seats five, with extra drop seats for two. Prices, Standard	$4,500
	With Victoria, Limousine or Landaulet Body, $5,000 to	$5,500

Separate Catalogues of Columbia Gasoline Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles will be sent on request.

Electric Vehicle Company, Hartford, Conn.

New York Branch: 134-136-138 West 39th St. Chicago Branch: 1332-1334 Michigan Ave. Boston: Columbia Motor Vehicle Co., 74-76-78 Stanhope St. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania Electric Vehicle Co., 250 North Broad St. Washington: Washington E. V. Transportation Co., 15th St. and Ohio Ave. Paris: A. Bianchi, 28 Avenue de la Grande Armée.

[illegible] Automobile Manufacturers

Miles Per Hour

ABSOLUTELY ACCURATE
At ALL SPEEDS

AN accurate speed and distance indicator is quite as necessary on your *Automobile* as a watch is in your *pocket*. [illegible] it must be *absolutely dependable* under all conditions of [illegible] Otherwise a speed indicator is not worth the space it occupies [illegible]

You can always depend on the **Warner Auto-Meter**, whether you go slow or fast, whether the road is rough or smooth, [illegible]

It's the only indicator which is *always* absolutely accurate *at speeds under ten miles per hour*. It's the only [illegible] which gives correct reading *in any position*, no matter what the angle [illegible]

It's the only indicator you can *read* with certainty because the [illegible] with the *speed alone* and is uninfluenced by the jar of the car.

The Warner Auto-Meter has all these *exclusive* good points—because it is the *only* speed indicator which is actuated by the same *fixed unchangeable Magnetism* which makes the Mariner's Compass reliable and dependable FOREVER under all conditions.

No one else can successfully use magnetism to determine the speed of an Automobile, though it's the only *positive* and *sure* way, because there is only just *one way* that magnetism can successfully be used for this purpose and **we have patented that way.**

The **WARNER AUTO-METER** will last a lifetime. It is as sensitive as a compass and as *solid as a rock*. It will withstand any shock that your car will stand without the *slightest injury* and without affecting its

THE AUTO-METER

accuracy in the slightest degree.

That's why we can sell the Auto-Meter on a

Ten Years Guarantee

and will gladly renew any Auto-Meter (which has not been injured by accident) if the Magnet (the HEART of the instrument) is more than *1/10 of 1%* incorrect after *10 years use*.

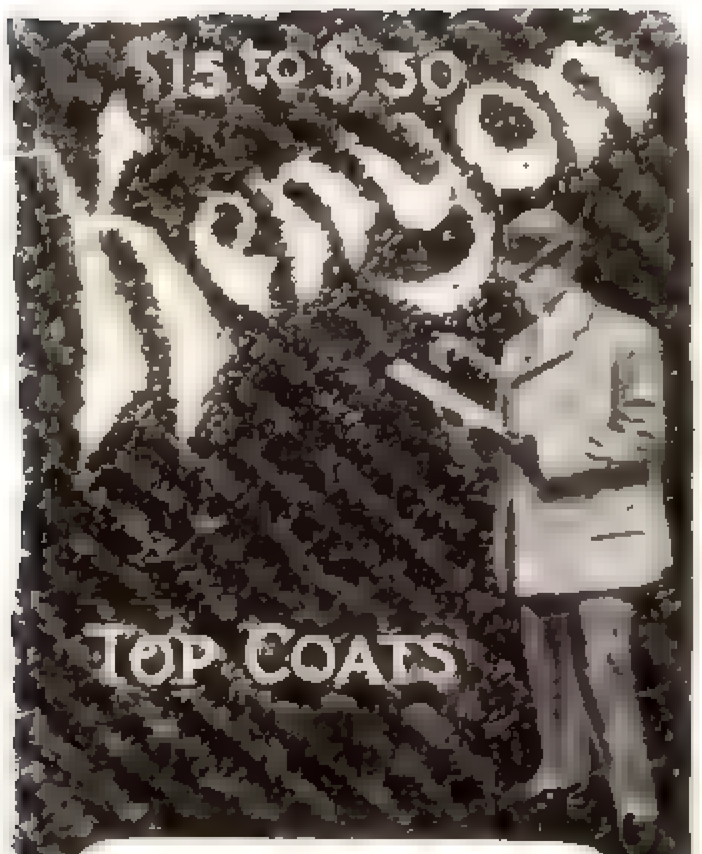
We will gladly tell you more about this wonderful instrument if you will write us, and at the same time we'll send you something every motorist will prize—our

Free Book—"Auto Pointers"

Write for particulars TO-DAY—don't put it off

The Warner Instrument Co.
161 Roosevelt Street, Beloit, Wis.

(The Auto-Meter is on sale by all first-class dealers and at most Garages.)



How to Judge an Overcoat

Most men buy clothing according to their fancy and the price-mark. No shoddy clothing could be sold if the wearer knew values as the maker does.

Our book tells of workmanship, construction and materials for all kinds of Men's Overcoats—tells more about overcoats than many clothing salesmen know.

There is no book like it. We offer it free of cost for the name and address of your clothier.

It will insure satisfaction and money-saving in your next purchase.

[illegible]

Remember, we will see that you can get a KENYON Coat wherever you live

C. KENYON CO., Wholesale Salesrooms
33 Union Square, New York
[illegible] Main Office
750 to 768 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

C. Kenyon Company
Makers
NEW YORK

Spring Styles of **Kenyon Rain Coats for Women** show new and dainty types. Write and say what price you wish to pay. We will send samples and illustrations and show you how to purchase. $10 to $30

The Oriole Go-Basket

The Automatic Nurse

Ready to Wheel
Changed in an instant ready to carry.

Makes straight-backed children

[illegible] **Saves from $5 to $20 on baby's needs.** [illegible]

Unsolicited Testimonials

[illegible]

Write to-day for FREE Booklet [illegible]

WITHROW MFG. CO., 51 ELM STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.25

Sent to your home by Express, Prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.25
9 x 7½ ft.	3.75
9 x 9 ft.	4.25
9 x 10½ ft.	4.75
9 x 12 ft.	5.25
9 x 15 ft.	6.25

Beautiful and attractive patterns, choice colorings. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used; more durable than high priced carpets. [illegible] Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue [illegible] goods in actual colors, sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 687 G Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

"Li'l' Feller"

I

When the weary winter ends,
        Li'l' feller,
With the daisies we'll be friends,
        Li'l' feller!
There'll be birds on every bough
Where no bird is singin' now
We'll be happy anyhow,
        Li'l' feller!

II

Heaven is dreamin' in your face
        Li'l' feller,
Angels for your kisses race,
        Li'l' feller!
Here they come—a watch to keep
Where you're smilin' in your sleep—
They're a-lovin' you a heap,
        Li'l' feller!

III

In the gardens o' the Spring,
        Li'l' feller,
Soon the rose-sweet winds shall sing,
        Li'l' feller!
Every flower that feels the fall
Of the dew your name shall call
You, the sweetest rose of all,
        Li'l' feller!

—*Frank L. Stanton*

Shameful Waste

"MOST every one who goes to Niagara Falls," remarked a prominent New York club-man, "hears some absurd, ridiculous and inept remark there. You stand and gaze at the falls, profoundly moved, unspeakably impressed, and then, all of a sudden, something fatuous is said, and the effect of all that grandeur is dissipated.

"The day I first saw Niagara, a man touched my arm as I looked up at those white waters. I turned to the man. He had the silly and vacuous smile of the confirmed joker.

"'It seems a shame,' he said, 'to see all this going to waste.'

"'What are you?' I asked—'an electrical engineer?'

"'No,' he answered, 'a milkman.'"

A Literary Career

She wrote a verse when she was eight,
    When she was twelve she wrote a story;
At seventeen she tempted fate
    With several melodramas gory.
Two novels came at twenty-one.
    The foolish publishers all spurned them.
Said she, with no intent to pun:
    "I've stuff to burn." And so she burned them.

—*Sam S. Stinson*

Learning

THE new cook was helping her mistress to prepare dinner. All went well until the macaroni for the pudding was brought out. The cook glowed with surprise as she beheld the long white sticks. But when they were carefully placed in water she gave a choking gasp.

"Did you say, missus?" she said, in an awed voice, "that you are goin' to make puddin' out of that?"

"Yes, Jane," was the reply, "that is what I intend to do. Have you never seen macaroni cooked before?"

"No, ma'am," answered the cook, "I ain't. The last place I was at we always used them things to light the gas with."

Society and the Actor

PLAYGOERS often complain of how badly our actors appear in the character of gentlemen and gentlewomen, but only the artistic stage manager realizes how much better they sometimes seem than they are. One playwright, who must be nameless, tells this story about a popular society actress who, for pity's sake, will not be named. He had been struggling all day to make her walk correctly, sit correctly and, hardest of all, to talk correctly, without hurting her feelings, and was resting from his labors and his despair when she called him up on the telephone. She had lately bought a house, completely furnished, from a man who was known to fame as a dealer in hardware, one of the items in the purchase being what she called

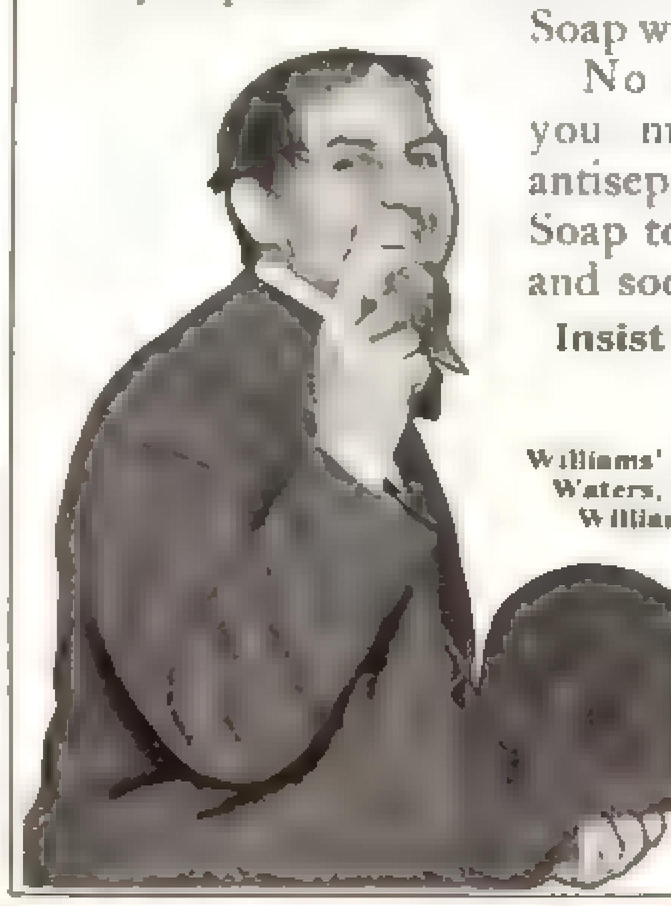
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

A Pool

A pool is a financial aquarium with a removable bottom. It is usually stocked with gold fish and suckers. Do not mistake it for a natatorium and attempt a plunge; it may look shallow, but you will think that you have dived down a Niagara penstock.

You may be pretty keen, but remember that edge isn't the only requisite for a clean shave. If it were, Williams' Shaving Soap would never have been invented.

No matter how sharp the razor, you must have the thick, creamy, antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap to soften and support the beard and soothe the face.



Insist upon Williams' Shaving Soap

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Takum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Tar Soap, etc., Sold Everywhere

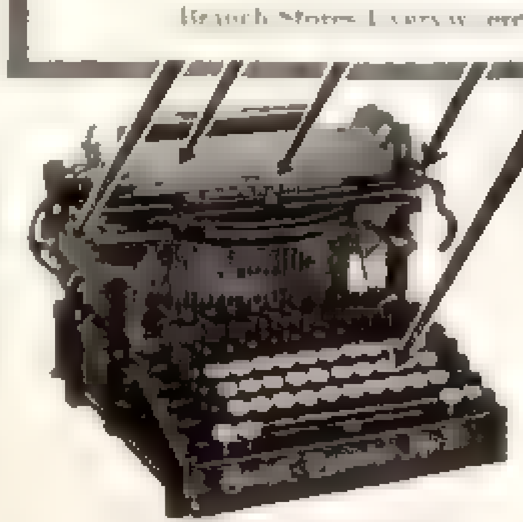
Send 4c. in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size, enough for 50 shaves)

The
J. B. Williams Co.
Glastonbury,
Conn.

Good Points in the Smith Premier

Fifth Point: The single scale on the Smith Premier typewriter shows just where the type will strike next—no calculation necessary—no possible uncertainty.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Syracuse, N. Y.
Branch Stores Everywhere



$8,000 TO $10,000 Yearly.

IMPROVED ROUNDA GALLERY
HERSCHELL SPILLMAN CO.
NORTH TONAWANDA N.Y. U.S.A.

This is not a large profit for owners of Merry-Go-Rounds. [illegible] If you want to get into a money-making business write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
Park Amusement Outfitters
172 Sweeney Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.

We Send It Free

Modern Methods, a snappy, aggressive monthly magazine, gives the up-to-date authorities on
Modern Methods in Finance
Modern Methods in Manufacturing
Modern Methods in Merchandising
Modern Methods in Salesmanship
Modern Methods in Bookkeeping
Will be sent free for three months to every person [illegible]
Modern Methods Pub. Co., 58 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

5% Compounded

Assets $1,750,000
Surplus and Profits $150,000

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. 5% PER ANNUM

for 10 years or more is greater than [illegible] **We are able to pay 5% per year** on savings [illegible]

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

The finest dentifrice is helpless without me

Sold Only in a Yellow Box [illegible] in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. [illegible]

The Pro-phy-lac-tic

[illegible] Children's [illegible]

[illegible] Tooth Truths. FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

DEAD BLACK
JAP-A-LAC
"WEARS LIKE IRON"
applied to
CHANDELIERS

Picture Frames, Lamps, Plate Racks, Andirons, etc., produces the new and popular black wrought iron finish. Beautiful effect at small cost. A 15c. can (at all paint dealers) contains sufficient to cover many articles.

Write today for color card showing 15 colors, and instructive booklet describing the many uses for JAP-A-LAC

THE Glidden VARNISH CO.
[illegible]
CLEVELAND OHIO

DO YOUR OWN VARNISHING WITH JAP-A-LAC

[illegible] JAP-A-LAC [illegible] FREE Sample quarter pint [illegible] United States.

"the Tompkins collection of bric-à-braw," and had long been anxious to have her author admire it.

"I thought I might tempt you to-night," she pleaded. "We are having supper on a chafing-dish, and, you know, my husband is a famous chafe-feur!"

"Like the Wolf on the Fold"

"I AM not doing so well as I expected out here," wrote a man from Los Angeles to a New York friend. "I have a door-mat with 'WELCOME' on it. This morning I examined it and found that the procession of my creditors has worn out the 'L,' so now it reads

"'WE COME'"

Love by the Clock

At 8 P. M., while Pa and Ma
Helped entertain with Sis,
Both John and May in distant seats
Were—far apart like this:
At 9 P. M. as Pa withdrew
And sought his room upstairs,
At 10 P. M. Mamma decamped,
And then, ye gods! what bliss!
These lovers sat till nearly one
Aboutascloseasthis.

—*Randolph Marney*

A Distinction or a Difference

A CONGRESSIONAL Committee went to Portland, Oregon, to assist in the opening of the Exposition on June first last.

There was a parade in the morning, in which all the visiting statesmen rode in carriages. The local committee brought the carriages around to the Portland Hotel. The scheme was to have two Senators or Representatives and two local men in each carriage.

After the Vice-President and his party had been sent away, a Portland notable, who was acting as majordomo, came into the lobby of the hotel, where the statesmen were waiting, and bawled:

"Two Congressmen and two gentlemen, please!"

A COAT OF RED LEAD

(Continued from Page [illegible])

"Yes; there it is," and I pointed to the document lying on my desk. "And now one word, please. When did you last see Mr. Lawton? He's our agent, you know, and you must have met him in connection with this matter. When Señor Garlicho arrived he brought us a letter from him."

Onativia's lips curled slightly as he recognized the hidden meaning of the inquiry, but his expression never changed.

"I have never seen him. If I had I should not have wasted my time in getting a letter from him or from anybody else. As to Señor Garlicho, his time has expired; he has not asked for its renewal, and so far as this deal is concerned he does not count. I am here, as I told you, to keep the affair alive. I would have come sooner, but I have been away from the city of San Juan for months. Most of us who have opinions of our own have been away from San Juan—some for years. San Juan has not been a healthy place for men who believe in Paramba."

"And do you?"

"Absolutely. So do thousands of our citizens."

"You don't seem to agree with Señor Garlicho, then. He thought your former president Paramba, a tyrant. As for President Alvarez, he looked upon him as the savior of his country."

The lips had full play now, the smile of contempt wrinkling up to his eyelids.

"Savior of his country! Savior of his pocket! Pardon me; I am not here to discuss the politics of our people. Is this your estimate?" And he reached over and picked it from my desk. "Ah, yes: forty thousand dollars for the ironwork; one hundred and twenty thousand for the erection on the Lobo Reef: one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in all. Thank you." Here he tucked the paper in his pocket and rose from his seat. "You will hear from me in a month, perhaps earlier. Good-day." And he waddled out.

The return of the Tampico six weeks later brought another South American consignment. This was a roll of plans concealed in

TO FILL
The Original and Only Genuine
CONKLIN'S
Self-Filling Pen

[illegible] the CONKLIN PEN is fill[illegible] instant use. [illegible]

[illegible] CONKLIN PEN [illegible] illustrated catalogue sent [illegible] request. Sold by dealers everywhere

THE CONKLIN PEN CO.
514, 516, 518 Jefferson Ave.
Toledo, Ohio

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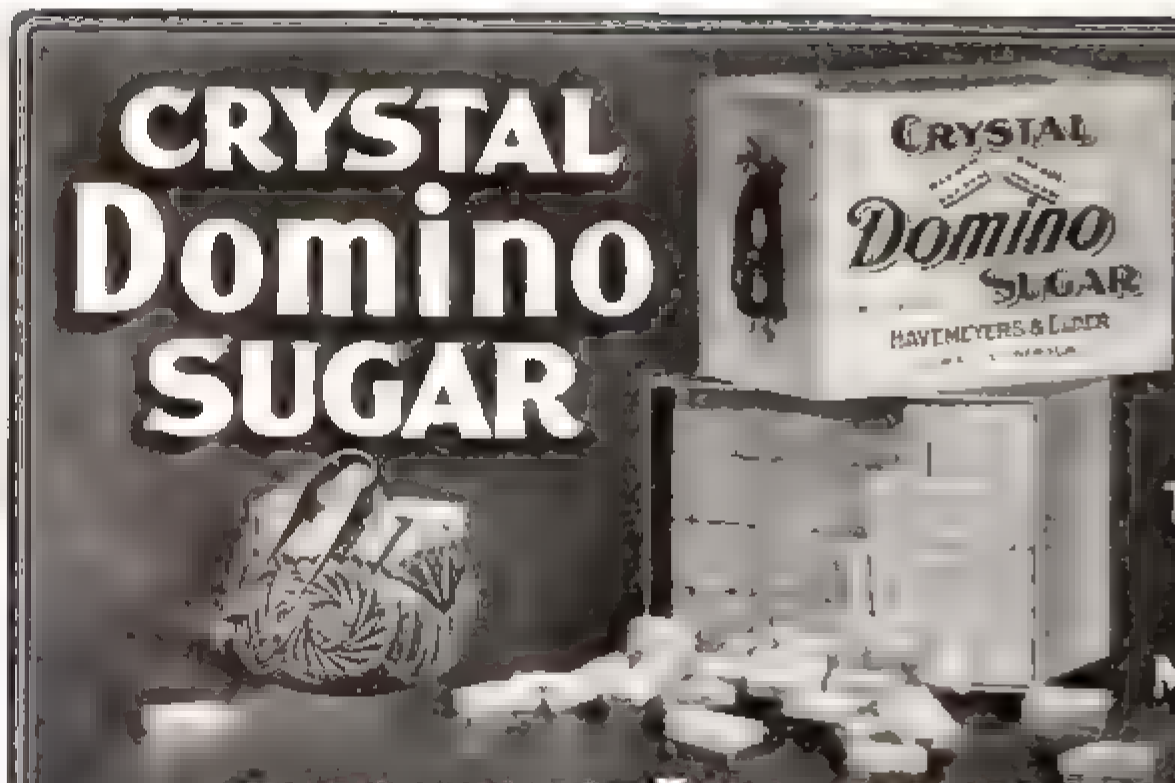

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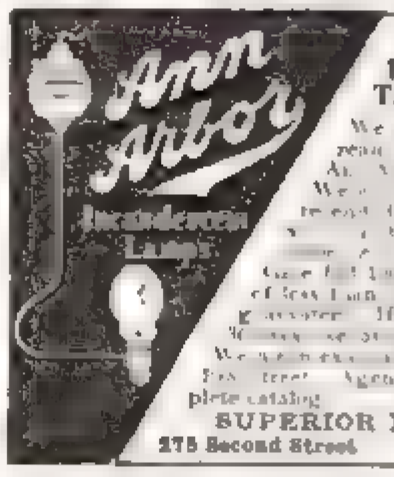

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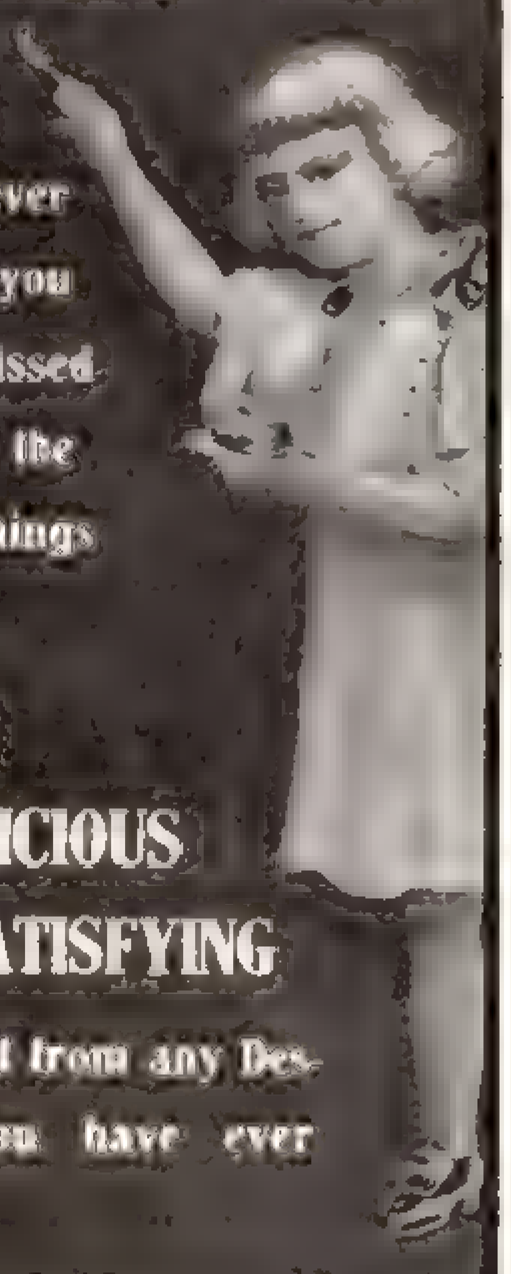
Jell-O

A Dainty Dessert



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PURE DELICIOUS SATISFYING

Different from any Dessert you have ever eaten.

Six Fruit Flavors: ORANGE, LEMON, RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, CHOCOLATE & CHERRY.

10 cents per package.

Stir contents of one package into a pint of boiling water. That's all. When cool it will be ready to eat. All Grocers sell it.

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Approved by Pure Food Commissioners.

New Recipe Book with colored illustrations, Free.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Dependable life insurance extending to age 75

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An Annuity thereafter throughout life of $50 for each $1000 of insurance carried.

All for less than the ordinary life rate—example: age 35, $25.53 reduced by surplus.

Rates for all ages, specimen policy, full information upon request.

Original with and issued only by the policyholders' company.

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a tin case—the identical package which Mawkum had handed the "Bunch of Dried Garlic" months before, together with a document stamped, restamped and stamped again, containing an order in due form, signed "Carlos Onativia," for a lighthouse to be erected on the "Garra de Lobo"—this last was in red ink—with shipping directions, etc., etc.

With it came the clerk of the bankers (he had the case under his arm), a reputable concern within a stone's throw of my office, who signed the contract and paid the first installment.

Then followed the erection of the ironwork in the Brooklyn yard; its inspection by the engineer appointed by the bankers; its dismemberment and final coat of red lead—each tie-rod and beam red as sticks of sealing-wax—its delivery, properly packed, aboard a sailing vessel bound for San Juan, and the payment of the last installment.

This closed the transaction, so far as we were concerned.

A year passed—two of them, in fact—during which time no news of any kind reached us of the lighthouse. Mawkum kept the sun-print of the elevation tacked on the wall over his desk to show our clients the wide range of our business, and I would now and then try to translate the newspapers which Lawton sent by every mail. These would generally refer to the dissatisfaction felt by many of the Moccadorians over the present government, one editorial, as near as I could make out, going so far as to hint that a secret movement was on foot to oust the "Usurper" Alvarez and restore the old government under Paramba. No reference was ever made to the lighthouse. We knew, of course, that it had arrived, for the freight had been paid: this we learned from the brokers who shipped it; but whether it was still in storage at San Juan or was flashing red and white—a credit to Onativia's energy and a godsend to incoming shipping—was still a mystery.

Mawkum would often laugh whenever Garlicho's or Onativia's name was mentioned, and once in a while we would discuss the difficulties they must have encountered in the erection of the structure in the open sea. One part of the transaction we could never understand, and that was why Garlicho had allowed the matter to lapse if the lighthouse was needed so badly, and what were his reasons for sending Onativia to renew the negotiations instead of coming himself.

All doubts on this and every other point were set at rest one fine morning by the arrival of a sunburned gentleman with gray side-whiskers, a man I had not seen for years.

"Why, Lawton!" I cried, grasping his hand. "This is a surprise. Came by the Tampico, did you? Oh, but I am glad to see you! Here, draw up a chair. But stop—not a word until I ask you some questions about that lighthouse."

The genial Scotchman broke out into a loud laugh.

"Don't laugh! Listen!" I said to him. "Tell me, why didn't Garlicho go on with the work, and what do you know about Onativia?"

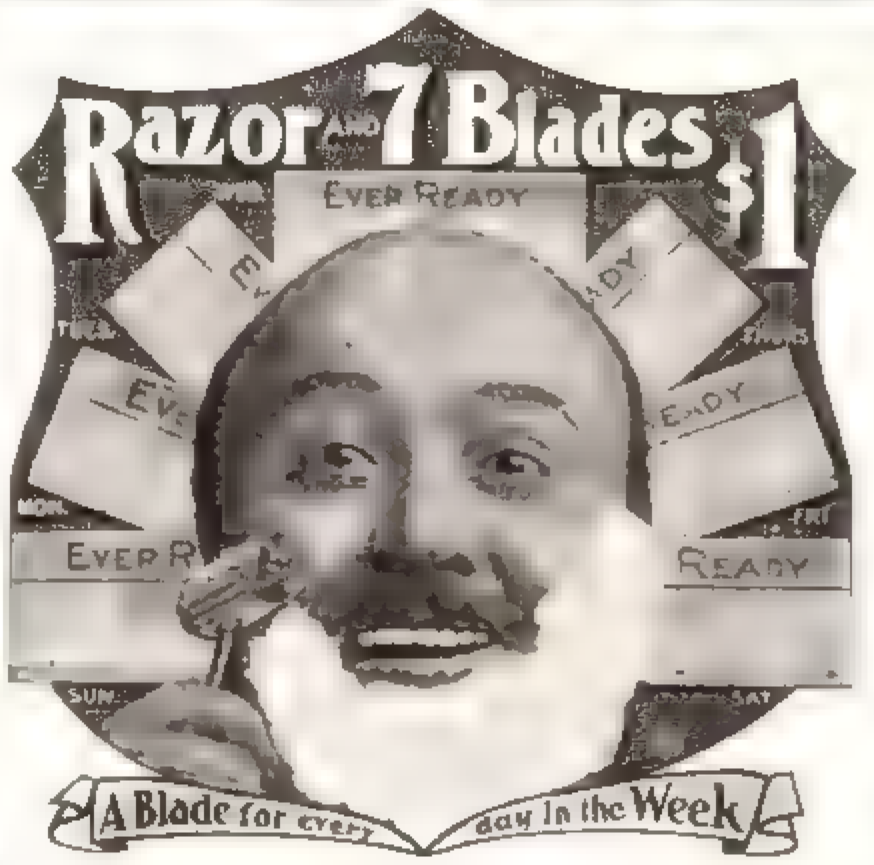
Lawton leaned back in his chair and closed one eye in merriment.

"Garlicho did not go on with the work, my dear friend, because he was breaking stone in the streets of San Juan with a ball and chain around his ankle. When Paramba came back to power he was tried for high treason and condemned to be shot. He saved his neck by turning over the lighthouse papers to Onativia. As to Carlos Onativia, he is a product of the soil. Started life as a coolie boss in a copper mine, became manager and owner, built the bridge over the Quitos River and the railroad up the Andes; is the brightest man in Moccador and the brains of the Paramba Government. One part of his duty is to keep the people satisfied, and he does it every single time; another is to divide with Paramba every dollar he makes."

"And the lighthouse!" I interrupted. "Is it up? You must have passed it on your way out of the harbor."

"Up? Yes, and lighted every night—up in the public garden in San Juan among the palms and bananas. The people eat ice cream on the first platform and the band plays Sundays in the balcony under the boat davits. The people are wild about it—especially the women. It was the last coat of red lead that did it."

And again the office rang with Lawton's laugh.



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did mighty deeds of courage with it. [illegible] weapon at all as it frequently exploded.

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Wear Longest

Because the patented back *distrib*[illegible]

Because cords and [illegible] are fresh, strong and perfectly put together.

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Give Perfect Comfort

Because they are adjustable, and [illegible] different lengths for tall and [illegible]

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Order of your dealer or send 50c. to us for complete set

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the bacon that made the brand famous for its purity, attractive appearance and entire freedom from all preservatives, is more than a food it is a dainty flavor, an appetizing garnish.

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is "dried beef" that is different. It is called Sliced Beef to distinguish it from the ordinary, poorer kind. Sliced in large, thin slices from the finest grained beef, packed in a vacuum in the famous Beech-Nut air-tight glass jars with absolutely no preservative whatever, it has a peculiar, delicious flavor, which once tasted is never forgotten

Beech-Nut Conserves

like Beech-Nut Sliced Bacon and Beech-Nut Sliced Beef, are guaranteed by the trade-mark to be made of only the best materials in the cleanest way. "Beech-Nut" means the natural flavor—kept anywhere, any time

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"Cravenette"

Fabrics or garments sold as "CRAVENETTES" without this trade-mark are frauds and imitations. The dealers that offer them render themselves liable to a law suit for injunction and damages.

Write for interesting booklet—FREE.

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Trial lesson explaining [illegible] for home treatment FREE. [illegible]
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PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

THE HUMOR OF THE PRAIRIES

(Continued from Page 8)

just as the agent had finally pulled up and asked his customer to come and look at the lots. The Easterner watched the other vehicle, which passed by for half a mile or so toward Emporia, before it in turn pulled up and the driver got out and began to hunt around in the grass.

"What's that fellow doing?" asked the customer from Emporia, curiously. "And who is he, anyway?"

"Him? Why, that's Brown, of Wichita."

"Wichita?"

"Yes. You see, the two towns are only a hundred miles or so apart, and sometimes the additions overlap. But I've got nothing to do with that low down cowcamp, Wichita—*I'm* selling lots in Emporia!"

Another old story, which may or may not have had a Western origin, deals with two cowpunchers of the triggery land of Wyoming. One was visiting the other, and after a long talk over old times, the host accompanied his guest a part of the way home. At length, at a little creek, they turned to part.

"Well, Bill," said the host, "I suppose we ought to take a shot at each other, for the sake of old times, and just to show there ain't no coldness."

"Sure," said Bill; and as they separated at the creek they wheeled and fired.

"Hit you any?" asked the host of his friend.

"Nope," was the answer, "only busted my saddle-horn. How about you?"

"You done better. You broke my arm. Well, so-long, Bill."

"So-long, friend," called back Bill; and so they trotted on, each humming a tune.

The stage-driver who explained the presence of an axe in his coach by saying that he kept it for the purpose of knocking crippled passengers in the head in case of accident, is another instance of this same sort of grimness; and yet better is the story, impossible anywhere but in the West, of the disappointed sexton who dug a grave for a man who got well, and had to put the grave up at a raffle.

Profanity is only exaggeration in one form; and as the West produced abundant exaggeration, it was no less noted for its instinctive and fluent profanity. It seemed in the air, born of the wide horizon, and lurid as it was at times, it was in its purest form unpremeditated and, indeed, unconscious. Two old-timers who met at Seattle not long ago were talking about the good old days together, it developing that both had been among the earliest Gentiles to move into the Mormon stronghold at Salt Lake City, where they became joint laborers in the cause of civilization as they themselves saw it.

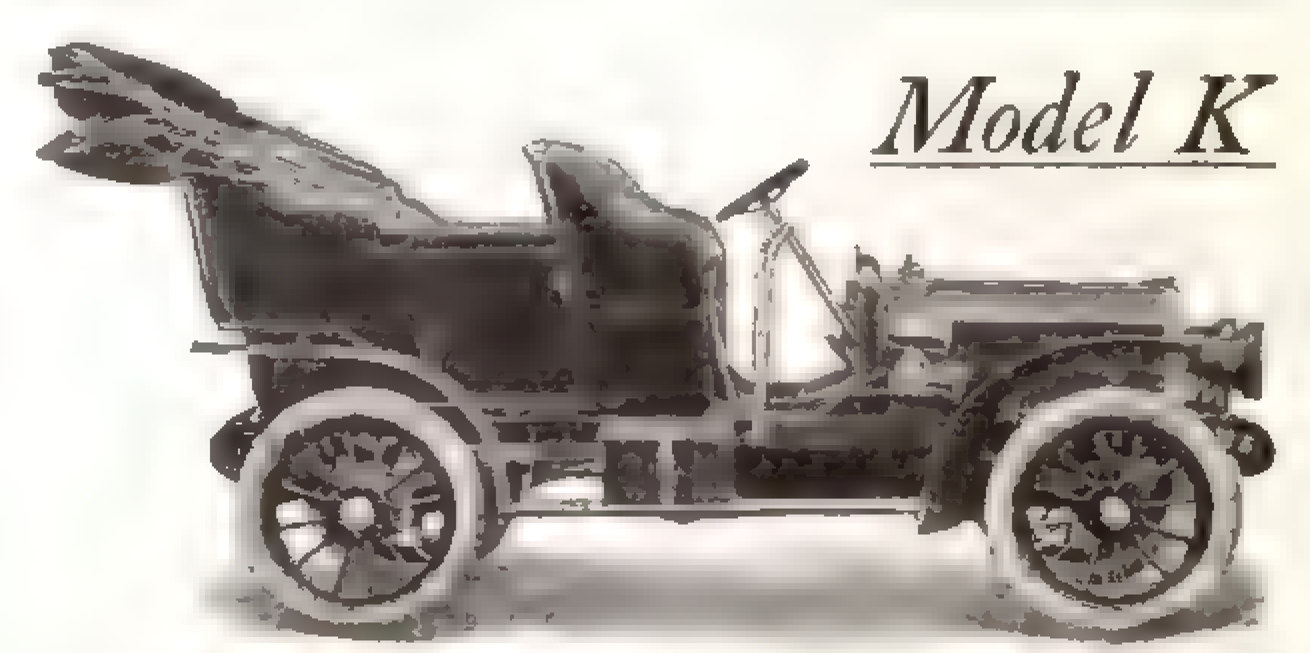
"Do you remember that —— —— Sunday-school we-all started, Jim?" asked one of the pioneers. "Say, I was thinkin' of that —— Sunday-school just the other day."

"Remember it? I should say I did," answered his friend. "How we used to march them —— kids right down the middle of the street, us with rifles on each side, to see, by ——, that no —— —— Mormon kep' our —— kids from gettin' a fair chance at salvation, just as good as any —— Mormon."

They were earnest, but not consciously either sacrilegious or profane; and the story is true verbatim.

Where a Man was a Man

There is a wide difference between Western humor, with its mockery, its exuberance, its exaggeration, its suddenness of contrast, and much humor about the West, that of the comic-paper sort, which deals with Three-fingered Dick, Alkali Ike and the like. This is the same attitude which is assumed by the professionally funny papers toward the "Reuben" of the rural districts, who in actual fact is perhaps the superior of the fun-maker. There is superciliousness in this, and of superciliousness the West was always free. Its wit might be crude and broad, but was not apt to hurt, and it implied no such thing as rank or caste, for in the West one man was as good as another, "and a little better." If the native humor of the old West lacked refinement, it also lacked the cruelty that goes with refinement. It was a humor above all things big, catholic and human. The man from another section



Model K

WINTON Economy on "Up-Keep"

HOMELY, but expressive—that English motoring term "Up-keep."

"Maintenance" would mean the same thing with twice as many letters.

"Up-keep"—that's the cussing phase of every Motorist's experience.

That's where the so-called "Cheap Car" hits its Owner hardest.

—Like buying a badly-built house, at a bargain, which needs more repairs the very *first* year than the difference in price between it and a well-built house would have been.

—Or like buying an unfinished house at a price that costs half as much more to finish, after supposed completion, than it would have cost to finish it properly when in the original Builder's hands.

Beware of the unfinished Cheap Car!—which has to be rebuilt by the Owner from month to month in Repairs and "Up-keep."

• • •

The Winton Model K *costs* $2 500 when you first buy it.

But you're *through* buying it when you've paid that first $2 500 cost, for it—

Because it is a *finished* Car,—made of critically tested materials and workmanship, the best that money can buy.

It is, moreover, fully-equipped when you get delivery of it, fully-tested, and warranted to "make-good" on every claim put forward by its makers for it.

It has every labor-saving, [illegible]-saving, fuel-saving, lubricating, [illegible] and [illegible] testing device that the highest priced Car in the world should have.

Every carload of metal received at the Winton shops has been thoroughly *tested* on the powerful Riehle Testing Machine for flaws, strength, and absolute dependability before a *pound* of that metal has been accepted for use in the construction of Winton Model K Cars.

Every bearing has been made of diamond-hard steel *ground* to a mirror-like smoothness and *tested* for absolute [illegible] by the Calipers, to the thousandth part of an inch.

Then this perfect-running mechanism has, for its long life, and preservation, an infallible system of Lubrication that *shoots* the oil to each bearing, in the exact quantity needed for each revolution, at the exact time it is needed.

This lubrication system does not depend on any mere gravity, pressure, or other sight feed action, known to fail under the very conditions where lubrication is most needed, viz., hill climbing, cold weather, or choking up of the oil-leads.

It *shoots* the oil to each bearing with such force that delivery would be made equally well, and equally sure, if the engine was turned upside down, the oil frozen, and the Motorist asleep.

Moreover, there is not an ounce of oil *wasted* in a season's running by the new Model K System.

The same is true of the new Compensating Carburetor, which gives the maximum amount of Power for every pint of Gasoline consumed.

And,—as to Repairs—

There should not be a dollar's outlay for Winton Model K Repairs the first year, with reasonably good management.

Our book, "The Motor Car Dissected"—explains why, in detail. Copy free on request.

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The Winton Model K has:

—30 Horse Power, or better

—4 Cylinder Vertical Motor, which is self-starting from the Seat without "Cranking."

—Anti-jar, Cone-contact, transmission.

—Winton-Twin-springs that automatically adjust themselves to light loads or heavy loads, and save half the wear on Tires.

—Big 34-inch Tires on Artillery Wheels.

—Most accessible of all mechanism.

—Magnificent Carriage body, with superb upholstering and dashing style.

Price $2 500—on comparison it will be found equal to the best $3 500 Car on the market this year.

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On the "Money-Back" Basis

To give better all around hat satisfaction than comes with hats offered at nearly twice the $3 price

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"On and off like a coat." No tugging and pulling over the head; no breaking of bosoms. $[illegible] and up at the best stores. White and fancy fabrics.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Troy, N. Y.

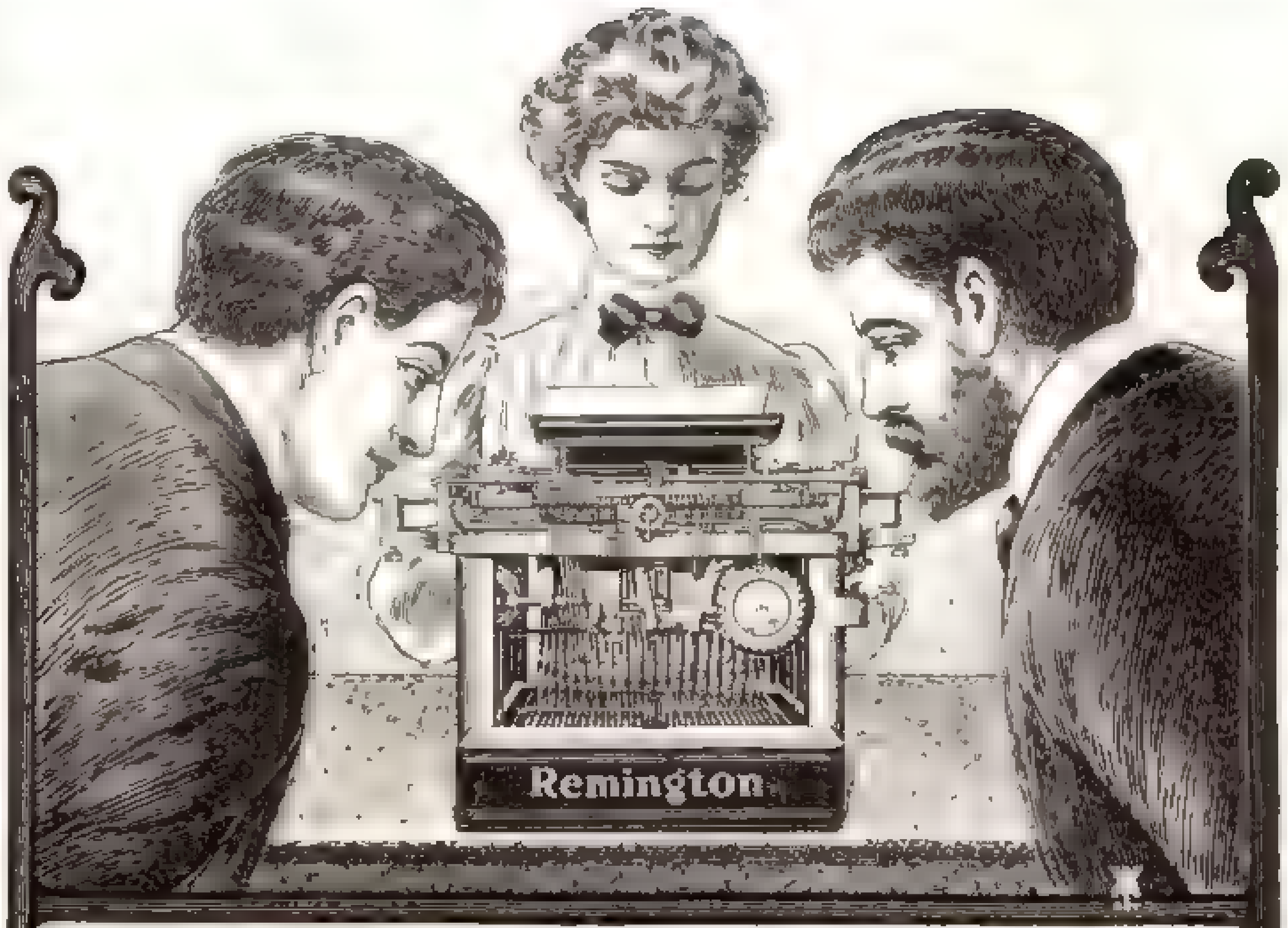
Largest makers of Shirts and Collars in the world

or another land might not always appreciate this. The great English traveler, Burton, passed through the trans-Missouri at a time when there really was a West, and he had at his hand opportunity for a chronicle which would be of infinite value to-day, but he lost it all, and was himself only ill-natured and churlish, where everybody else was grim and cynical over the hard life which the West then entailed upon all. His jests about the country are no reflection of the humor of the land, and show the educated cad. There were all about him men with one-tenth his money and none of his education who were far gamer and better fellows than himself.

As a matter of fact, in order to segregate and to understand the native product of the prairies, we should not read books written with intent either to describe or to mock the West. The best showing of Western humor is the day-to-day showing given in the humorous columns of the daily press of the West. My evening paper to-day, commenting on the life-insurance investigation in the East, says: "George W. Perkins belongs to what may be known as the help-yourself or cafeteria school of finance." A militia officer at a banquet says: "Theodore Roosevelt came back from Cuba with a brilliant reputation. I came back with a brilliant uniform." It was a Western paper also which years ago first printed the well-known comment on George Washington's feat of throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac River. "Of course he could—money went farther in those days." You cannot pick up a good Western daily without running at random across some instance of native wit worth having and sometimes worth saving; and the product would not be so large if there were not something of spontaneous quality in the soil producing it. Thus Carruth, of Dakota, begins to write of strawberry picnics in midwinter in the balmy land of blizzards. It is the old mockery and make-believe of the West, which after a time imports strawberries and bananas from the East, and exports humorists to the East in turn.

The Native Soil of Humorists

Indeed, when we come to look into the matter, it is surprising how much of the American humorous product has come from the West. Gillilan, of Baltimore, was an Ohio boy, and was far from the madding crowd when he first wrote his ballad of the laconic Finnegan, and was called higher. Nesbit, of Chicago, is from Indiana. Taylor, now of New York, was from Illinois. Very many of the professional humorists, if one may use the term, are Western men, as examination of the pay-rolls of many an Eastern metropolitan daily would attest. Moreover, the giant figures of American humor are men from the giant land of the West; and almost without exception they are self-made men, who have through necessity learned to mock at hardship and deprivation. Artemus Ward, father of American humor, was a Western man; and so is Mark Twain—the West has given him no letters accrediting him to an Eastern court. Bret Harte was Western. George W. Peck, ex-Governor of the State of Wisconsin by virtue of his humor—a rare thing in politics, where the heavy frown and the look of wisdom are best and go the furthest—is better known as the father of the Bad Boy than he is as Governor of a great State. Adam Bede, member of Congress from Minnesota, came from the jack-pine belt where they farm with a Winchester, and once printed a semi-occasional funny paper when he could raise the price for the ink and white paper. John M. Allen, of Mississippi, one of the greatest wits and story-tellers that ever sat in Congress, is a Southern man; and as we have seen, there should be no distinction between the West and the South in natural manner of thought. Bob Burdette is Western in development and fame. Bill Nye in his day was popular to the point of fame, and, had he not gone East and endeavored to turn himself into a mirth-factory, would have been a great humorist. He was distinctive in his way, and few departures from accepted canons have been better than his letter to President Arthur, resigning the postmastership of Laramie. The Boomerang was better than the later syndicates which wore Nye to death. James Whitcomb Riley, Nye's friend and lecture-mate, is Hoosier of the Hoosiers. In truth, a review of the list of names is almost startling, for it shows that the majority of the great humorists are Western men pure and simple.



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By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.	[illegible]
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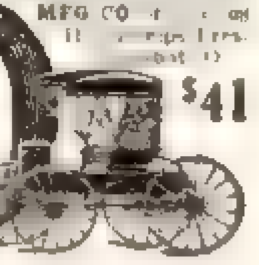

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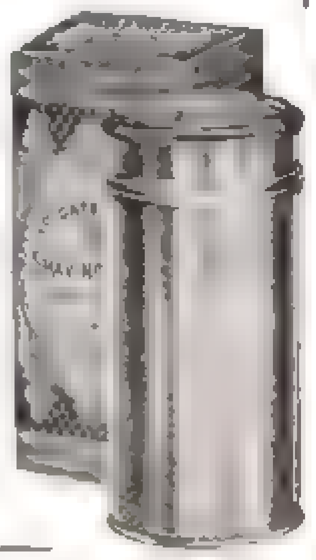

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JOHN BURNS OF BATTERSEA

(Continued from Page 11)

else goes rainbow-chasing, John of Battersea stays at home.

Mr. Burns was first elected Member of Parliament for Battersea in 1892. He has held the seat continuously ever since, although at every election he has had to face a contest. But one of the good features of British constituencies is their fidelity. Cases are not rare in which members once elected are continuously reëlected until their death. The present Premier was first returned for his present seat in 1868 and he has held it ever since. Charles Villiers sat for Wolverhampton for nearly, if not quite, half a century. And John Burns will probably sit for Battersea as long as he sits in the House of Commons. He has in Parliament acted steadily with the Liberal Party. He has been chairman of the Labor Party in the House, but he has never been leader of the Independent Labor Party, whose chief is Mr. Keir Hardie, and whose ideal is the creation of a Labor group absolutely independent of both the great parties in the state. Possibly, if the present Premier had not offered Mr. Burns Cabinet rank, he might have leaned more strongly toward the Independents. But, as he told us when office was offered him, he had to choose whether for the next ten years he should indulge perhaps in the futility of faction, perhaps in the impotency of intrigue, or whether he should accept an office which in his day and generation he could make fruitful of good works. He did not hesitate long in coming to a decision. His refusal would have been a heavy blow at the cause which he has championed all his life, and a sore discouragement for the Liberal Party which has loyally supported him in all his strivings after a fairer and brighter social ideal.

Upon the three great issues before the country at this election John Burns is heart and soul with the Liberal Party. He is passionately opposed to the policy of militarism. He has a splendid record as an opponent of the devastating wars waged by the Jingoes in Africa and Asia. During the delirium which attacked the British public from 1899 to 1902, John Burns kept his head, and not only kept his head, but set himself so manfully to oppose the fool frenzy of the hour that Jingo mobs smashed his windows, and nothing but the repute which he enjoyed as being a handy man with his fists saved him from personal violence at the hands of his constituents. He was a pro-Boer of the pro-Boers and he gloried in the name. He has now seen the wheel come round full circle and "the hooting mob of yesterday" admit, with crestfallen mien, that they were befooled into the perpetration of a colossal crime and a suicidal blunder. Nor does John Burns forget "to rub it in."

Mr. Balfour has declared that the nation must decide at the election whether it is in favor of Home Rule for Ireland or of Fiscal Reform for Great Britain—or in other words, Home Rule or Protection. Many official Liberals and all Free Trade Unionists protest against the assertion that every vote given against Protection is a vote given for Home Rule. John Burns does not object. Every vote for John Burns is a vote for Home Rule for Ireland and a vote against a Protective Tariff. He told me immediately after accepting office that nothing laid so near his heart as the state of Ireland. "The Irish nation," he exclaimed with much feeling, "is dying before our eyes! In the last twenty years the population has diminished by one-seventh, and all her industries are languishing. It was the hope of being able to do something for Ireland that spurred me on, as much as anything else, to accept office." Mr. Burns has been in Ireland. He is a great friend of Michael Davitt. Possibly if he and Michael Davitt were shut up in a room together with carte blanche to settle the Irish question, Ireland would no longer block the way. But that is past praying for at present.

Upon Protection Mr. Burns is as hard as a flint. He is a Free Trader through and through. He began his studies in political economy when as a young engineer on the West coast of Africa he had the rare good luck to find a copy of Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations imbedded in the sand of an African river. He has kept up those studies ever since.

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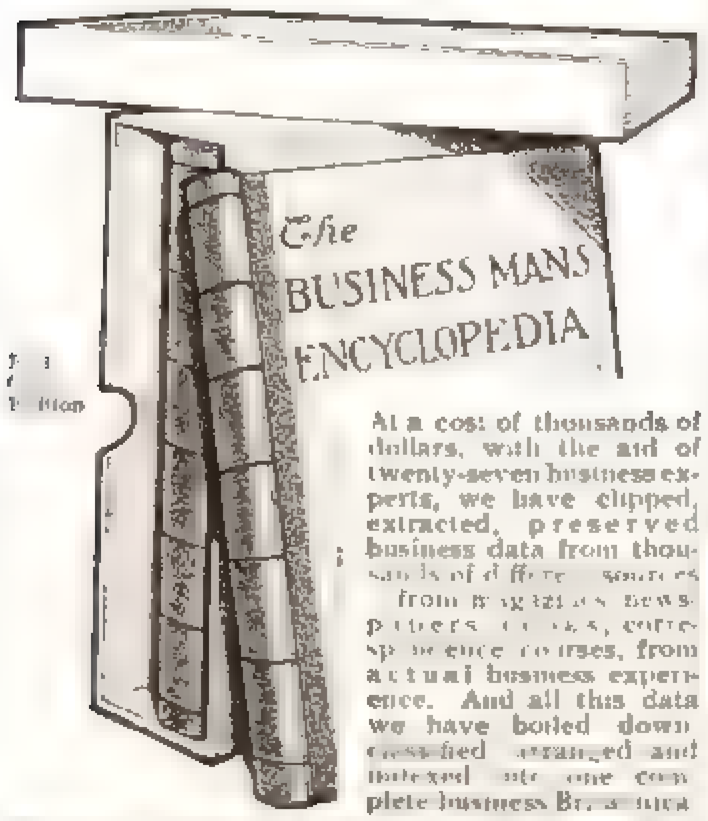

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Eight years ago Mr. Burns told me the main heads of his political creed. As he has not changed since then, I may reproduce his confession of faith to-day.

> If Industrialism is not to be paralyzed Militarism must be throttled.
>
> My political faith is democratic. I am for manhood suffrage and for womanhood suffrage. Woman must no longer be the Cinderella of the Industrial family. Friends of woman suffrage may note that in this point: John Burns is supported by the Prime Minister, who, on beginning the campaign in Scotland, publicly professed his conviction that women ought to have equal right with men in choosing parliamentary representatives.
>
> Parliamentary government needs to be reformed on the County Council lines and decentralized by the aid of the County Councils. First and foremost, abolish the House of Lords as an unnecessary duplication of machinery—unnecessary, therefore dangerous. Secondly, reform the House of Commons. Reduce the number of members to four hundred. Place a time limit of fifteen minutes on speeches. Throw more work on the committees. Relieve the congestion of Westminster by devolving as much as possible on the County Councils.
>
> As for the rest, keep on pegging away. We shall win the next election and then we shall resume the work of the glorious years when the County Council concentrated its energies upon making London a city worthy of the millions who inhabit the capital of the Empire.

In the present election Mr. Burns, speaking with the responsibility of a Minister of the Crown, abstained from proposing such drastic reforms as the revolution of parliamentary procedure and the abolition of the House of Lords. His first administrative act was to appoint a committee with instructions to secure that ratepayers and taxpayers should have the public accounts so published and simplified that every one would know exactly what was done with the money he had to pay to the local and national authorities.

His social ideal was fewer workhouses and more homes; smaller charities but larger wages; more pleasure, less drink; smaller cities, larger villages. Industrially, what he wanted was less overwork and more regular employment. He would proceed by wise experiment and bold legislation. He deplores the unequal distribution of wealth ("it was distributed mainly in heaps"), and he hinted that in a further extension of the death and succession duties something might be done to secure a more equal diffusion of riches.

In foreign affairs he is a declared foe of the Jingo Imperialism which devoured the substance of the people who were conquered and ended in the bankruptcy of the conquerors. He is all for peace, conciliation and arbitration, and, if possible, for a reduction of armaments. Taxation must be reduced if employment was to increase.

That is the policy of John Burns. He is but one man in a Cabinet of nineteen, but he is in all social questions the right hand of the Prime Minister, and in his own right, by sheer force of character, indomitable energy and an infinite confidence in himself and his ideas, more influential than almost any of his colleagues.

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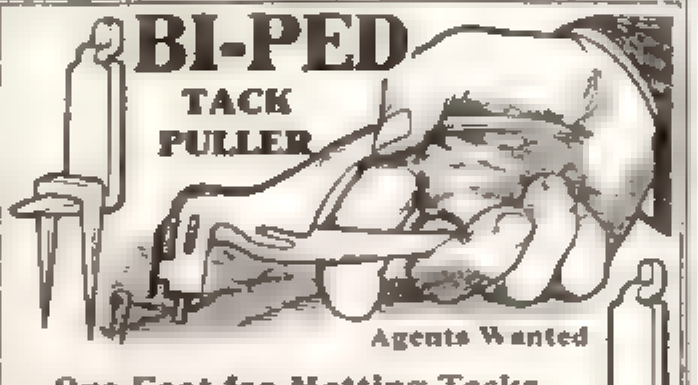

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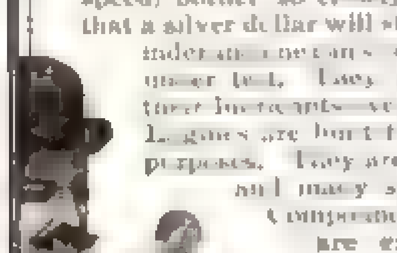

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The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 11)

"Don't," said Betty; "how can you say nobody loves you?"

"Your stepfather doesn't, anyway. That's why I can make him do what I like when I take the trouble. When people love you they'll never do anything for you not even answer a plain question with a plain yes or no. Go and get the Bradshaw. You'll be sorry when I'm gone."

"Aunt Julia, you don't really mean it."

"Of course not. I never mean anything except the things I don't say. The Bradshaw!"

Betty came and sat on the arm of her aunt's chair.

"It's not fair to tease me," she said, "and tantalize me. You know how mizzy I am."

"No. I don't know anything. You won't tell me anything. Go and get ——"

"Dear, darling, pretty, kind, clever aunt!" cried Betty. "I'd give my ears to go."

"Then borrow a large knife from cook, and sharpen it on the front doorstep! No — I don't mean to use it on your stepfather. I'll have your pretty ears mummified and wear them on my watch-chain. No — mind my spectacles! Let me go. I dare say it won't come to anything."

"Do you really mean you'd take me?"

"I'd take you fast enough, but I wouldn't keep you. We must find a dragon to guard the Princess. Oh, we'll get a nice, tame, kind, puss-cat of a dragon — but that dragon will not be your Aunt Julia! Let me go, I say. I thought you didn't care about anything any more?"

"I didn't know there could be anything to care for," said Betty honestly, "especially Paris. Well, I won't if you hate it so, but oh, aunt ——" She still sat on the floor by the chair her aunt had left, and thought and thought. The aunt went straight down to the study.

"Now, Cecil," she said, coming briskly in and shutting the door, "you've made that poor child hate the thought of you, and you've only yourself to thank."

"I know you think so," said he, closing the heavy book over which he had been stooping.

"I don't mean," she added hastily, for she was not a cruel woman, "that she really hates you, of course. But you've frightened her, and shaken her nerves, locking her up in her room like that. Upon my word, you are old enough to know better!"

"I was so alarmed, so shaken myself ——" he began, but she interrupted him.

"I didn't come in and disturb your work just to say all that, of course," she said; "but really, Cecil, I understand things better than you think. I know how fond you really are of Betty."

The Reverend Cecil doubted this; but he said nothing.

"And you know that I'm fond enough of the child myself. Now, all this has upset you both tremendously. What do you propose to do?"

"I — I — nothing, I thought. The less said about these deplorable affairs the better. Lizzie will soon recover her natural tone, and forget all about the matter."

"Then you mean to let everything go on in the old way?"

"Why, of course," said he uneasily.

"Well, it's your own affair, naturally." She spoke with a studied air of detachment which worried him exactly as it was meant to do.

"What do you mean?" he asked anxiously. He had never been able wholly to approve Miss Julia Desmond. She smoked cigarettes, and he could not think that this would have been respectable in any other woman. Of course, she was different from any other woman, but still—— Then the Reverend Cecil would not deem it womanly to explore, unchaperoned, the less well-known quarters of four continents, to penetrate even to regions where skirts were considered improper and side-saddles were unknown. Even the nearness of Miss Desmond's fiftieth birthday hardly lessened at all the poignancy of his disapproval. Besides, she had not always been fifty, and she had always, in his recollection of her, smoked cigarettes and traveled alone. Yet he had a certain well-founded respect for her judgment, and for that fine luminous common-sense of hers which had more than once shown him his own mistakes. On the

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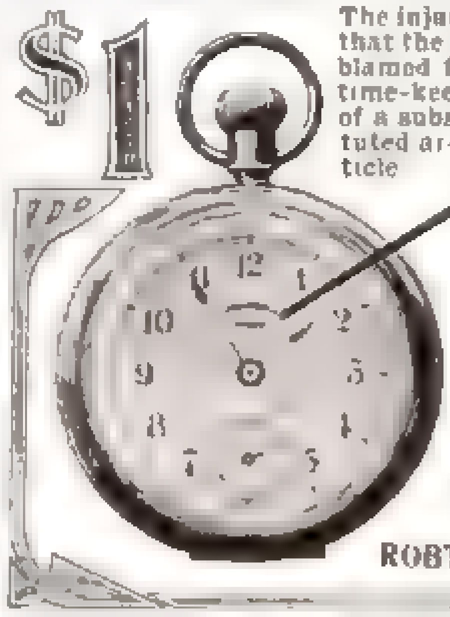

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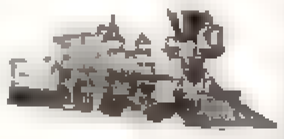

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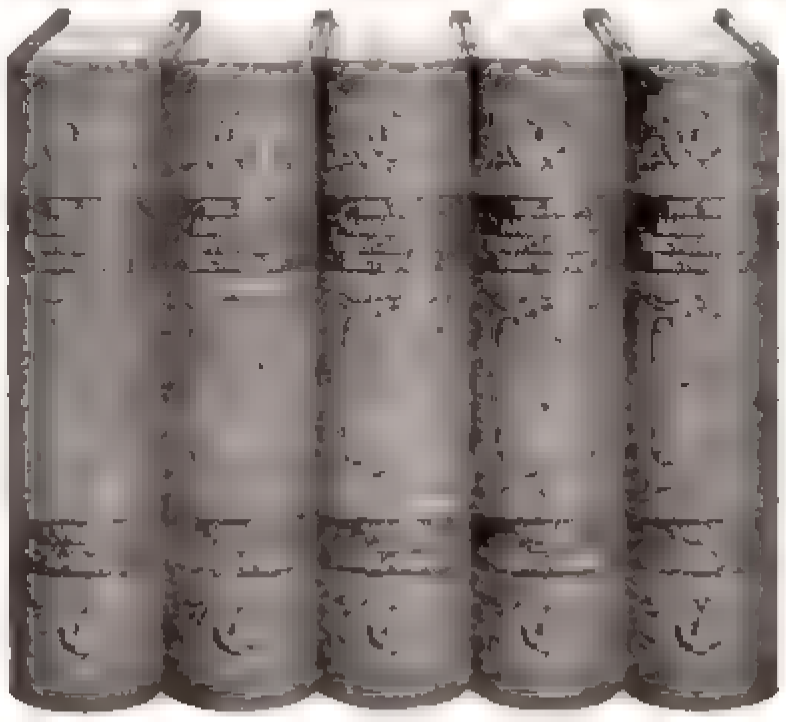

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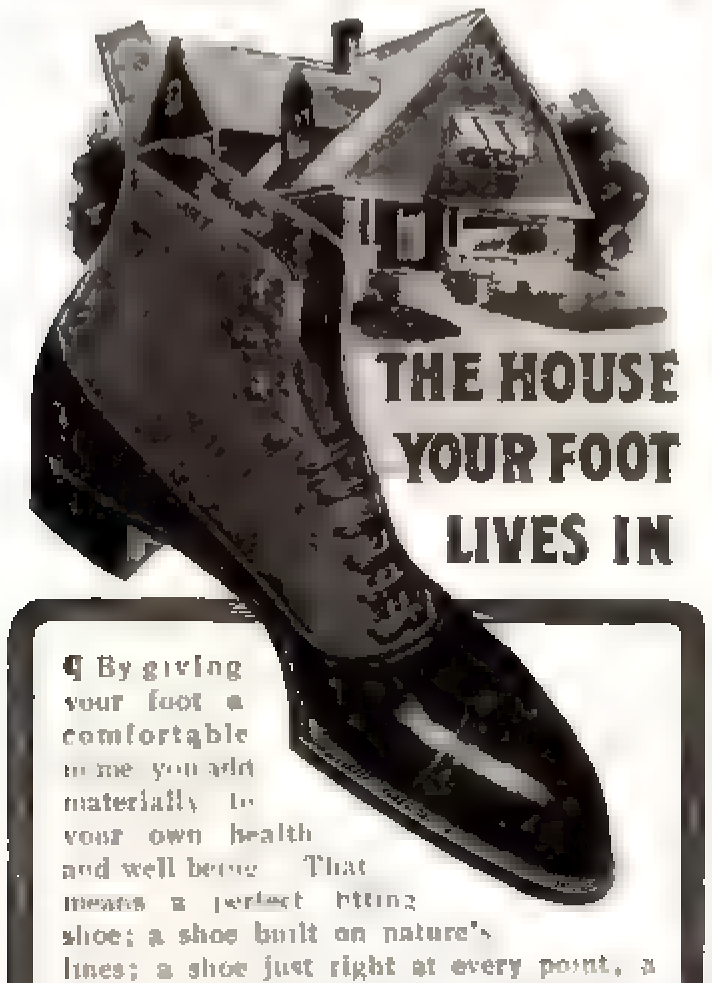

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rare occasions when he and she had differed he had always realized, later, that she had been in the right. And she was "gentlemanly" enough never once to say: "I told you so!"

"What do you mean?" he asked again, for she was silent, her hands in the pockets of her long coat, her sensible brown boots sticking straight out in front of her chair.

"If you really want to know, I'll tell you," she said; "but I hate to interfere in other people's business. You see, I know how deeply she has felt this, and, of course, I know you have, too, so I wondered whether you hadn't thought of some little plan for—for altering the circumstances a little, so that everything will blow over and settle down; so that when you and she come together again you'll be better friends than ever."

"Come together again," he repeated, and the paper-knife was still restless. "Do you want me to let her go away? To London?"

Visions of Lizzie, in unseemly low-necked dresses, surrounded by crowds of young men—all possible Vernons—lent a sudden firmness to his voice, a sudden alertness to his manner.

"No, certainly not." She answered the voice and the manner as much as the words. "I shouldn't dream of such a thing. Then it hadn't occurred to you?"

"It certainly had not."

"You see," she said earnestly, "it's like this. At least this is how I see it. She's all shaken and upset, and so are you, and when I've gone—and I must go in a very little time—you'll both of you simply settle down to thinking over it all, and you'll grow further and further apart."

"I don't think so," said he; "things like this always right themselves if one leaves them alone. Lizzie and I have always got on very well together, in a quiet way. We are neither of us demonstrative."

"Now, Heaven help the man!" was the woman's thought. She remembered Betty's clinging arms, her heartfelt kisses, the fervency of the voice that said, "Dear, darling, pretty, kind, clever aunt! I'd give my ears to go." Betty not demonstrative! Heaven help the man!

"No," she said, "I know. But when people are young these things rankle."

"They won't with her," he said. "She has a singularly noble nature under that quiet exterior."

Miss Desmond drew a long breath and began afresh.

"Then there's another thing. She's fretting over this—thinks now that it was something to be ashamed of; she didn't think so at the time, of course."

"You mean that it was I who ——"

This was thin ice again. Miss Desmond skated quickly away from it with: "Well, you see, I've been talking to her. She really *is* fretting. Why, she's got ever so much thinner in the last week."

"I could get a locum," he said slowly, "and take her to a hydropathic establishment for a fortnight."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Miss Desmond to herself. Aloud she said: "That *would* be delightful, later. But just now—well, of course, it's for you to decide—but it seems to me that it would be better for you two to be apart for a while. If you're here alone together—well, the very sight of you will remind each other—that's not grammar, as you say, but ——"

He had not said anything. He was thinking, fingering the brass bosses on the corners of the divine Augustine, and tracing the pattern on the stamped pigskin.

"Of course, if you care to risk it," she went on, still with that fine air of detachment; "but I have seen breaches that nothing could heal arise in just that way—two people sitting down together and thinking over everything they had against each other."

"But I've nothing against Lizzie."

"I dare say not"—Miss Desmond lost patience at last—"but she has against you, or will have if you let her stay here brooding over it. However, if you like to risk it—I'm sorry I spoke." She got up and moved to the door.

"No, no," he said hastily, "do not be sorry you spoke. You have given me food for reflection. I will think it all over quietly and—and"—he did not like to talk about prayers to Miss Desmond somehow—"and—calmly, and if I see that you are right—I am sure you mean most kindly by me."

"Indeed I do," she said heartily, and gave him her hand in the manly way he hated. He took it, held it limply an instant, and repeated:

"Most kindly."

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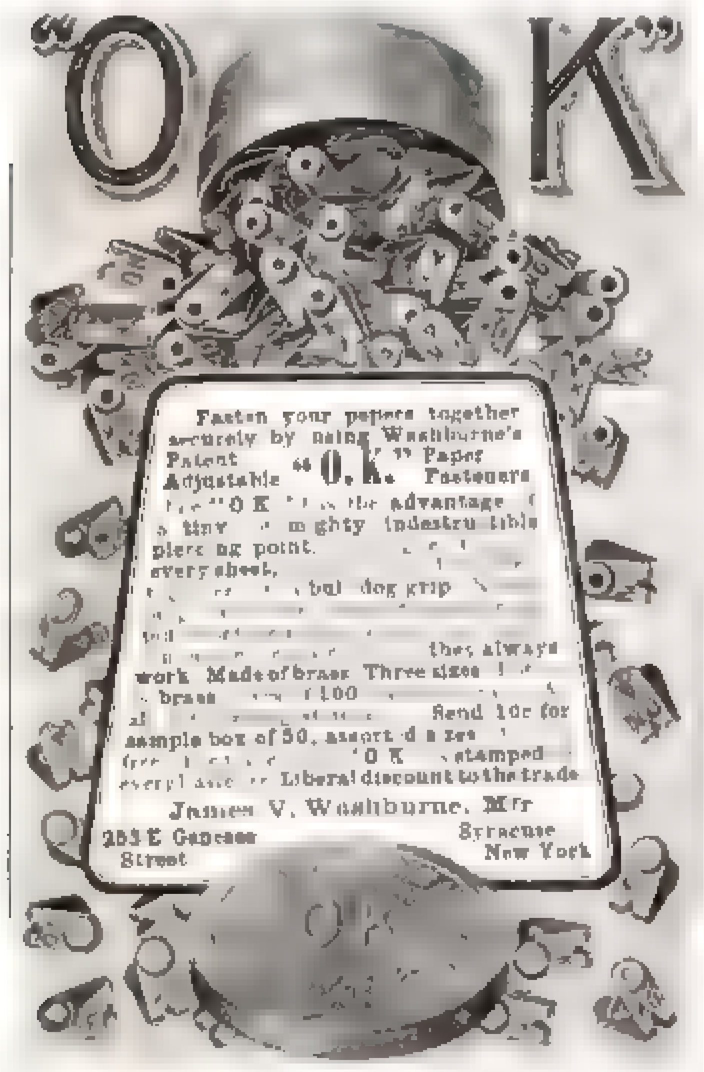
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He thought it over for so long that the aunt almost lost hope.

"I have to hold my tongue with both hands to keep it quiet. And if I say another word I shall spoil the song," she told Betty. "I've done my absolute best. If that doesn't fetch him, nothing will!"

It had "fetched him." At the end of two interminable days he sent to ask Miss Desmond to speak to him in the study. She went.

"I have been thinking carefully," he said, "most carefully. And I feel that you are right. Perhaps I owe her some amends. Do you know of any quiet country place?"

Miss Desmond thought Betty had, perhaps, for the moment had almost enough of quiet country places.

"She is very anxious to learn drawing," he said, "and perhaps if I permitted her to do so she might understand it as a sign that I cherish no resentment on account of what has passed. But——"

"I know the very thing," said the aunt, and went on to tell of Madame Gautier, of her cloistral home in Paris where she received a few favored young girls, of the vigilant maid who conducted them to and from their studies, of the quiet villa on the Marne where in the summer an able master — at least sixty or sixty-five years of age — conducted sketching parties, to which the students were accompanied either by Madame herself or by the dragon-maid.

"I'll stand the child six months with her," she said, "or a year even. So it won't cost you anything. And Madame Gautier is in London now. You could run up and talk to her yourself."

"Does she speak English?" he asked anxiously, and, being reassured, questioned further.

"And you?" he asked. And when he heard that Norway for a month and then America en route for Japan formed Miss Desmond's program for the next year he was only just able to mask with a cough his deep sigh of relief. For, however much he might respect her judgment, he was always easier when Lizzie and her Aunt Julia were not together.

He went up to town, and found Madame Gautier, who was the widow of a French pastor, established in a Bloomsbury boarding-house.

She was a woman after his own heart — severe, simple, earnest. If he had to part with his Lizzie, he told himself in the returning train, it could be to no better keeper than this.

He himself announced his decision to Betty.

"I have decided," he said — and he spoke very coldly because it was so very difficult to speak at all — "to grant you the wish you expressed some time ago. You shall go to Paris and learn drawing."

"Do you really mean it?" said Betty, as coldly as he.

"I am not in the habit of saying things which I do not mean."

"Thank you very much," said Betty. "I will work hard, and try that the money sha'n't be wasted."

"Your aunt has kindly offered to pay your expenses."

"When do I go?" asked Betty.

"As soon as your garments can be prepared. I trust that I shall not have cause to regret the confidence I have decided to place in you."

His phrasing was seldom well-inspired. Had he said, "I trust you, my child, and I know I sha'n't regret it," which was what he meant, she would have come to meet him more than half-way. As it was she said: "Thank you!" again, and left him without more words. He sighed.

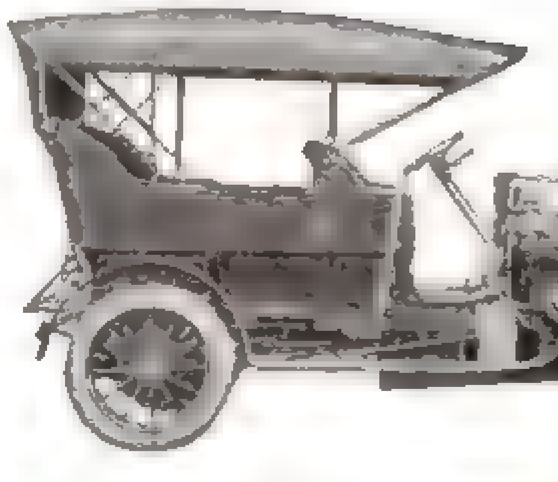
"I don't believe she is pleased, after all; but she sees I am doing it for her good. Now it comes to the point, her heart sinks at the idea of leaving home. But she will understand my motives."

The one thought Betty gave him was:

"He can't bear the sight of me at all now! He's longing to be rid of me! Well, thank Heaven, I'm going to Paris! I will have a grass-lawn dress over green, with three rows of narrow lace insertion and a hat with yellow roses and — oh, it can't be true. It's too good to be true. Well, it's a good thing to be hated sometimes, by some people, if they only hate you enough!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PIERCE



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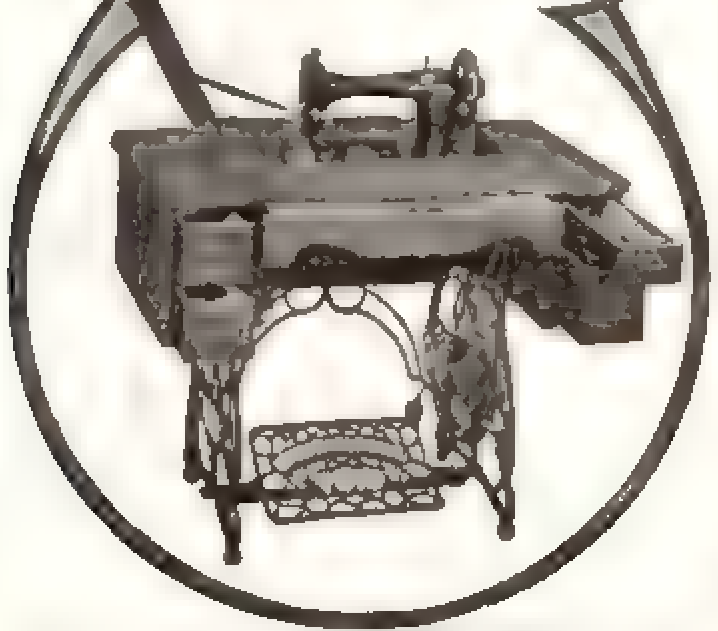

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A Kansas "Childe Roland"

(Continued from Page 9)

cashed a check signed by John Markley for a thousand dollars on which was inscribed "for legal services in assisting the county attorney in the hitch-rack case."

Handy had arrived at a point where he feared nothing. He seemed to believe that he lived a charmed life and never would get caught. And he bought extra copies of the Statesman, which was booming him for Congress, and sent them over the Congressional District by the thousands. And when he went to Topeka in his high silk hat and his New York clothes he gave out interviews on the causes of the flurry in the money market, and desiring further advertisement gave a banquet for the newspaper men of the capital which cost him a hundred dollars. So he became a great man. At home he assumed a patronizing air to the people about Charley Hedrick. And one night in Smith's cigar store, just to be talking, he said that he didn't get so much of Mrs. Worthington's money as people thought, for part of it had to go to "square old Charley Hedrick." Hedrick was John Markley's attorney, and he had taken an active part in helping the county attorney prosecute the street commissioners. So naturally Handy's remark stirred up the town. It was two weeks, however, in getting to Hedrick, and when it came the man turned black and seemed to be swallowing a pint of emotional language before he spoke. And there Abner Handy's doom was sealed: though Hedrick did not make the sentence public.

Now, it is well known in our county that the country people are slow to wrath. They were two months finding out beyond a question of doubt that Abner Handy had accepted Mrs. Worthington's money to act against them, but when they knew this there was no hope for Handy among them. They are a quiet people, and make no noise. For a month only Charley Hedrick and the grocers and the hardware men, with whom the farmers trade, knew the truth about Handy's standing in the county. Hedrick bided his time. The Handy boom for Congress was rolling over the district, and the Statesman italics were becoming worn, and its exclamation points battered in the service, when one day Handy stalked up to Hedrick's office, imperiously beckoned Hedrick into the private room, and blurted out:

"Charley, I got to have some more money—need it in my business. Can't you touch old John Markley for me again—say for about five hundred on that hitch-rack case? Sister Worthington is kind of wanting me to get action on her case."

Hedrick was dumb with rage—but Handy thought it was acquiescence. He went on:

"You just step down to the bank and say: 'John, I've noticed Ab Handy actin' kind of queer about that hitch-rack case.' That's all you need say, and pretty soon I'll step in and say: 'John, I don't see how I can help doin' something for Aunt Julia Worthington.' And I believe I can tap him for five hundred more easy enough. I got an idea he is mightily in earnest about beating her in that suit."

When Hedrick got his breath, which was churning and wheezing in his throat, he cut Handy's sentence off with:

"You human razor-back shoat—you swill-barrel gladiator, why—why—I—I ——" And Hedrick sparred for wind and went on before Handy realized the situation: "Ab Handy, I spat on the dust and breathed into the chaff that made you, and put you on the mudsills to dry, and I've got a right to turn you back into fertilizer and I'm going to do it. Git out of here—git out of this office, or I——"

And the hulking form of Hedrick fell on the bag of shaking bones that was Handy and battered him through the latched door into the crowded outer office, and Handy picked himself up and ran like a wolf, turning at the door to show his teeth before he scampered through the hall and scurried down the stairs. As Hedrick came puffing out of the broken door his coat snagged on a splinter. He grinned as he unfastened himself:

"Well, the snail seems to be on the thorn; the lark certainly is on the wing. God's in His heaven. All's right with the world!" And he batted his eyes at the group of loafing local statesmen in his office as he

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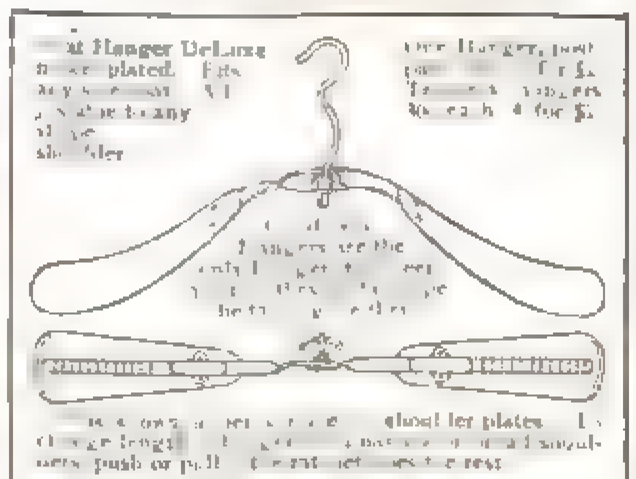

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at the special price of **$1.25 each** we will send one of these $1.50 books, shipping expenses prepaid.

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The Sea-Wolf
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Almost everybody knows these books. They are among the best selling fiction of to-day. [illegible] is bound in cloth and beautifully illustrated. The publishers' price of each is $1.50. **There are two stipulations:** At least one of the two subscriptions must be a new subscriber. The book must be requested when the order is sent.
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 428 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Church Money

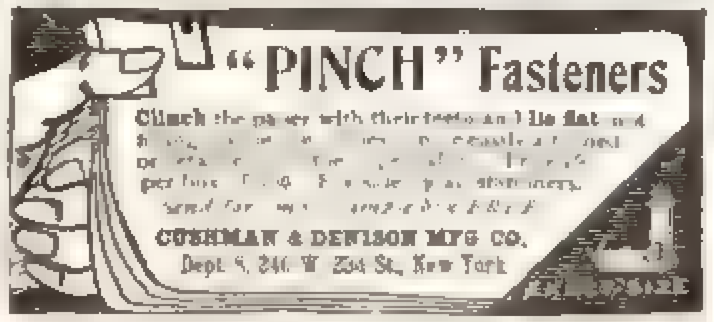
If you wish to raise cash easily and quickly for any church, Sunday school or society fund, send a postal to-day for the booklet "**MONEY RAISING PLANS FOR CHURCH WORKERS.**" New Method Souvenirs of church and pastor have already raised in cash over $700,000. We [illegible] you hundreds of letters in which church workers tell how they used the plans [illegible]

New Method Co., 5831 Prairie Avenue, Chicago

A Steady Income
In Addition to What You Are Now Earning

If you have a few hours each week which you can devote to *showing the retailers in your town our line of* [illegible] *neckwear*, you can increase your earning capacity.
We want a representative in *every town* in the *United States*, experience not necessary; *sales easy owing to low prices. Commissions paid* on all opening and duplicate orders. *Pocket outfit and* [illegible] *particulars sent prepaid* on application.

JESSE M. WEISSMAN & CO., 4[illegible] Broadway, New York



"PINCH" Fasteners

Clinch the paper with their teeth and lie flat [illegible] [illegible] per box. [illegible] for sale by all stationers.
Send for [illegible] *FREE*

CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG CO.
Dept. [illegible], 240 W. 23d St., New York

LET ME SELL
Your Patent

Booklet explaining how mailed **FREE.** Fifteen years' experience [illegible] a **Patent** for sale, call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
290 F Broadway, N. Y. City

Thirty Tours to Europe Two to Japan

under superior management, exceptional advantages. **Fall Tours Around the World. Annual Oriental Cruise** every February. **Program W Free. FRANK C. CLARK, 96 Broadway, New York**

SQUABS How we raise and prepare squabs for market; prices, profits, care of breeders. Details of management in one of the most perfectly equipped Squab Plants in the world. **Sent Free.**
ROYAL SQUAB CO., Show Room, 155 C, East 42d St., New York

POULTRY PAYS [illegible] without Poultry [illegible] best [illegible] Manual [illegible] Frank [illegible] Sewell [illegible] foremost poultry artist and [illegible] covering [illegible] feeds, [illegible] houses, diseases and remedies; [illegible] for a short time to introduce Poultry [illegible] in new territory. *Sample copy 10 cents.* Address Dept. 14.
WEBB PUBLISHING CO., St. Paul, Minn.

JAMAICA

Leave Winter
Behind You

Take a Trip to the Tropics

On one of the perfectly equipped "Admirals," the Twin Screw U. S. Mail Steamships of the

United Fruit
Company

They afford the most delightful salt water trip of the winter months. Within 24 hours after leaving, you are in the warm airs of the Gulf Stream. Hotel accommodations in Jamaica satisfy every desire.

Weekly Sailings from Boston and Philadelphia. Steamships "Brookline" and "Barnstable" weekly from Baltimore.

ROUND TRIP, $75
ONE WAY, $40

Including Meals and Stateroom Berth

"A Happy Month in Jamaica" is a fascinating booklet we send on request. For this and complete information, write to one of these addresses.

DIVISION PASSENGER AGENT

UNITED FRUIT CO.
Long Wharf, Boston
5 N. Wharves, Philadelphia
104 East Pratt St., Baltimore
321 St. Charles Street
New Orleans, or
Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
Thos. Cook & Sons
or Local Tourist Agent

BULL DOG

50¢ 50¢

TRADE MARK

SUSPENDERS

Will outwear three of the ordinary kind

More elastic, non-rusting metal parts
Absolutely unbreakable leather ends

Guaranteed best 50c suspender made

Can be had in light and heavy weight for man or youth, extra length same price

Suitable for all classes

If your dealer won't supply you we will, postpaid, for 50 cents. Send for valuable free booklet, "Correct Dress and Suspender Styles."

HEWES & POTTER
Largest makers of Suspenders and Belts in the World
Dept. 6, 87 Lincoln Street
Boston, Mass.

RAISE FOWLS FOR PROFIT and pleasure. It's easy with the Standard CYPHERS Incubator 1906-pattern; guaranteed to hatch More and Healthier chicks than any other. 90 days trial. We'll start you right. Complete outfits for door-yard or farm. Complete Catalogue and Poultry Guide 228 pages (8x11) Free if you mention this magazine and send name of two near-by poultry raisers. Write nearest office.

CYPHERS INCUBATOR COMPANY
Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, New York, Kansas City or San Francisco.

SOCKS 12½c Double Toe! Double Heel!! Exceptional Value!!!
All sizes. Sold in boxes of 8 for $1.00
STEVENS SOCKS, Box 41, Madison Sq., N. Y. City

viewed the wreckage, and went to the telephone and ordered a carpenter without wasting any words on the crowd.

We decided long ago that the source of Hedrick's power in politics was what we called his "do it now" policy. All politicians have schemes; Hedrick puts his through before he talks about them. If he has an idea that satisfies his judgment he makes it a reality in the quickest possible time. That is why the fellows around town who hate Hedrick call him the rattlesnake, and those who admire him call him the wrath of God. When he put up the telephone receiver he reached for his hat and bolted from the office under a full head of steam. He went directly to John Markley's back office, got the check that Markley had given to Handy, dictated a letter in the anteroom of Markley's office to a Kansas City plate-maker, inclosed fifty dollars as he passed the draft counter, and, as he swung by the post-office going to Mrs. Worthington's, he mailed the Handy check and the instructions to have ten photographic half-tone cuts made of the check and mailed back to Hedrick in four days.

Then he went to Mrs. Worthington, told her his story, as a lawyer puts his case before a jury—had her raging at Ab Handy—and got an order on the bank for the check she had given to Handy. This also he sent to the plate-maker, and in an hour was back at his desk dictating a half-page advertisement to go into every Republican weekly newspaper in the district. He sent that advertisement out with the half-tone cuts Monday morning, and it appeared all over the district that week. The advertisement was signed by Hedrick, and began:

"Browning has a poem made after visiting a dead-house, and in it he describes the corpse of a suicide, and says 'one clear, nice, cool squirt of water o'er the bust' is the 'right thing to extinguish lust.' And I desire this advertisement to be 'one clear, nice, cool squirt of water' over the political remains of Honorable Abner Handy, to extinguish if possible his fatal lust for crooked money." After this followed the story of Handy's perfidy in the hitch-rack case, a petition in disbarment proceedings, and the copy of the warrant for his arrest charged with a felony in the case sworn to by Hedrick himself. But the effective thing was the pictures, showing both sides of the two checks, each carefully inscribed by the two makers "for legal services in the hitch-rack case," and each check indorsed by Handy in his big, brazen signature.

Hedrick saw to it also that, on the day the country papers printed his advertisement, the Kansas City and Topeka papers printed the whole story, including the casting out of Handy from Hedrick's office, and it did Handy little good to go to Topeka in his flashy clothes and give out a festive interview asking his friends to suspend judgment, and saying that he would try his case in the courts and not in the newspapers. It was contended by the newspapers that if Handy had an honest defense it would lose no weight in court by being printed in the newspapers, and his enemies in the Congressional fight pushed the charges against Handy so relentlessly that the public faith in him melted like an April snow, and when the delegates to the Congressional convention were named, our own county instructed its delegates against Handy. The farmers opposed him for taking the case against them, and the town scorned him for his perfidy. No one would peddle his tickets at the primaries at home who was not paid for it, so Handy, with his money all spent, went home on the night of the local primaries a whipped dog. And they said around town that all the whipped dog got at home was a tin can; for it is certain that at daylight Handy was down on Main Street viciously drunk, flourishing a revolver with which he said he was going to kill Charley Hedrick and then himself. They took the pistol from him, and then he wept and said he was going to jump in the river, but no one followed him when he started toward the bridge, and he fell asleep in the shade of the piers, where he was found during the morning, and washed up and sent home sober.

One of the curious revelations of society's partnership in crime was the way the grocers and butchers who despised Ab Handy's method, but shared his gains when he succeeded, stopped giving him credit when he failed. At the end of the first year after the primary wherein he was defeated the Handys could not get a dime's worth of beefsteak without the dime. And dimes were scarce. By that time Handy was

Try It
at My Expense
—Not Yours

IF YOU are not a reader of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE I want you to become one. I want you to know what it is like, and to know, at my expense, if the magazine does not suit you. If it does suit you, and the price is right, you will naturally wish to pay for it. There isn't much in the theory of getting something for nothing. MUNSEY'S Magazine is worth your knowing. It was MUNSEY'S Magazine that led off a dozen years ago in the low price for magazines—ten cents a copy and one dollar by the year. It was the fight we had with a giant News Company monopoly that made MUNSEY'S Magazine possible, and that blazed the way for all other publishers whose magazines are issued at the price of MUNSEY'S. But this is too big and too graphic a story to be told in this advertisement.

Munsey's Magazine

has the biggest circulation of any standard magazine in the world—much the biggest. And it has made it and held it solely on its merits. In a dozen years we have not spent a dozen cents in advertising. We have no agents in the field—not an agent anywhere—we have given no premiums, have clubbed with no other publications, and have offered no inducements of any kind whatsoever. We have made a magazine for the people, giving them what they want, and giving it to them at a right price—that's all. And the people have bought it because they like it and because they could buy it at a right price. Our object in advertising now is to reach a few hundred thousand new readers—people who are not now taking MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

A Ten Thousand Dollar Magazine
For Ten Cents

Though there are a good many three dollar and four dollar magazines in America, there is none better than MUNSEY'S, whatever the price—not one. There is no higher grade magazine, there is none better printed or printed on better paper, and there is none better or more carefully edited—none better written, and few, if any, so interesting. It costs in round numbers about *ten thousand dollars a number* to go to press on MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. That is to say, if only one copy were printed it would cost ten thousand dollars, but spreading this cost over our entire edition of *750,000 copies*, the amount gets down very thin on each individual copy.

When I first made this price, a dozen years ago, everybody said it was impossible—said we couldn't live—said we were bound to fail. We did live, however, and to-day are publishing *a thousand tons* of magazines a month, which is fifty car loads. This is more than three times as many magazines as were issued by all the publishers combined of the entire country when I came into the business.

It is because I am so sure of the merits of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and so sure it will please you, that I am now offering to send it to you without any money in advance, and without any money at all if it does not please you. I can afford to take this chance, which, as I see it, is a very small chance, because I believe thoroughly in the rugged honesty of the people. The percentage of dishonesty among the citizens of America is far too small for consideration in a business proposition of this kind.

There is no trick in this offer—no hidden scheme of any kind whatever. It is a simple, straightforward, business proposition which will cost you nothing unless you wish it to.

The All=Story Magazine
Also Free

I will not only send you MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, as stated above, but will send you three months free, in addition, THE ALL-STORY MAGAZINE, which is another of our publications. I add this other magazine for two reasons. First, that you may have the choice of two magazines, and second with the thought that you may want both.

If this proposition interests you, and I hardly see how it could be made more to your interest, kindly fill out the coupon in this advertisement and mail it to me, and you will get the magazines as stated herein.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, New York 123

You may enter my name for one year's subscription to Munsey's Magazine, for which I agree to pay you one dollar ($1.00) at the end of three months, providing I find the magazine to be what I want.

In the event that I do not care for the magazine, I will so notify you at the end of the three months, in which case I shall owe you nothing.

It is further agreed that in connection with this subscription you are to send me The All-Story Magazine free for three months, and that I am to have the option of changing my subscription, if I so desire, from Munsey's Magazine to The All-Story Magazine for the balance of the year.

Name ______

City ______

Date ______ 1906. State ______

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 175 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

W. L. Douglas
$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN
W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES ALL PRICES
BEST IN THE WORLD
ALL STYLES
THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOEMAKER
SOLE AGENTS FOR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
ESTABLISHED JULY 6 1876
CAPITAL $2,500,000

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50.

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. *Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.* Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 7, Brockton, Mass.

THE Victor BOOK FREE TO YOU

Tells how to make hens lay when eggs are dear—how to raise chickens to sell at early spring prices. Victor Incubators are built to hatch every fertile egg. Our nearly 40 years experience and large facilities enable us to make the best incubator at the lowest relative price. We pay the freight and send a guarantee bond with every machine, agreeing to take it back and refund money if not as represented. Write us today.

GEO. ERTEL CO., Quincy, Ill. Established 1867.

Successful Incubators

Tried, proven under all conditions. They'll hatch the most and strongest chicks for you. Take no chances. Get Successful Incubators and Brooders and make failure impossible. Incubator and Poultry Catalogue Free. Booklet, "Proper Care and Feeding Small Chicks," 10c. 50c. poultry paper one year, 10c.

Des Moines Incubator Co., Dept. 548, Des Moines, Ia.

D. and C. Roses

are the best. *Always on their own roots.* Plants mailed to any point in the United States. Safe arrival guaranteed. Over 50 years' experience. Flower and Vegetable Seeds a Specialty. A premium with every order. Write for

New Guide to Rose Culture

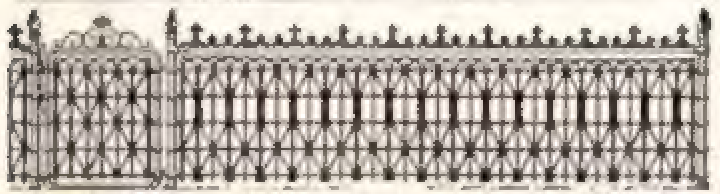
for 1906—the leading rose catalogue of America. 116 pages. Mailed free. Over 1,000 varieties. Tells how to grow them and all other desirable flowers. Est. 1850. 70 greenhouses.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.

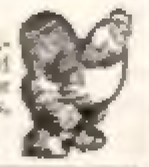
MAKE POULTRY PROFITS

There is big money in poultry if you start right. Our new 128-page book "POULTRY FOR PROFIT" tells how we built, from a small start, the largest pure-bred poultry business in the world. You can succeed if you follow our plain directions for mating, breeding, feeding and care of fowls. Cuts and descriptions of all breeds, plans for poultry houses, lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, brooders, and all supplies. We'll start you right. Book free for 10 cents postage.

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, FREEPORT, ILL.

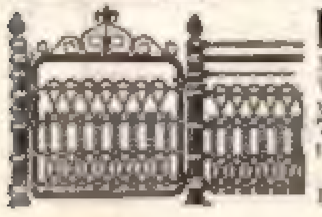

Lawn Fence, cheaper than wood. For Churches, Lawns, Cemeteries; Galvanized Barb and plain wire direct to consumers. Catalogue *Free.*

WARD FENCE CO., 90 Meridian St., Portland, Ind.


GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

of Standard bred poultry for 1906, printed in beautiful colors, contains Fine Chromo, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. This book only 10 cents.

B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.


LAWN FENCE

Made of Steel. Lasts a lifetime. We have no Agents. Sold to users at Wholesale Prices. 7 cents a foot up. Cheaper than wood. Catalogue Free.

KITSELMAN BROTHERS, Box 344. Muncie, Indiana.

wearing his flashy New York clothes for every day—frayed and spotted and rusty. And his temperament had changed with his clothes from the oily optimism of success to the sodden pessimism of utter failure; which inspired Colonel Morrison, returning after the hitch-rack case had been settled in favor of the town, to remark, speaking of Handy, that "an optimist is a man who isn't caught, and is cheering to keep up his courage, and a pessimist is one who has been caught and thinks that it will be but a question of time until his neighbors are found out, too."

Mrs. Worthington, who was a necessary witness in the disbarment proceedings and the criminal proceedings against Handy, always went to Europe when the cases were called; so rather than put a woman in jail for contempt of court, the court dismissed the proceedings against Handy and he was not allowed to be even a martyr. One morning about a year and a half after Handy's defeat, when Hedrick opened his office door, he found Handy there with his fingers clutching the chair arms and his eyes fixed on the floor. The man was breathing audibly, and seemed to be struggling with a great passion. Hedrick and Handy had not spoken since they came through the panels of the door together, but Hedrick went to the miserable creature, touched him gently on the shoulder, and motioned him into the private office. There, with his eyes still on the floor, Handy told Hedrick that the end of the rope had been reached.

"I had to come down without any breakfast this morning—because—they—they ain't anything in the house for her to fix. And there ain't any show for dinner. Next week, Red Martin has promised me some money he's goin' to get from Jim Huddleson; but they ain't a soul in town but you I can come to now;" and Handy raised his eyes from the floor in canine self-pity as he whined—"and she's making life a hell for me!" And as Hedrick opened his desk and got out his check-book, he smiled as he fancied he could detect about Handy's body the faint resemblance of a wagging tail. He made the check for fifty dollars and gave it to Handy, saying, "Oh, well, Ab—we'll let bygones be bygones."

Handy snapped at it and was gone.

That afternoon Hedrick met Handy sailing down Main Street in his old manner. His head was erect and his eyes were sparkling, and his big, rough, statesman's voice was bellowing abroad, and his thumbs were in the armholes of his vest. He walked straight to Hedrick and led him by the coat lapel into a dark stairway. There was an air of deep mystery about Handy, and when he put his arm on Hedrick to whisper in his ear, Hedrick, smelling the statesman's breath heavy with whisky and onions and cloves and cardamom seeds and pungent gum, heard this:

"Say, Charley, I'm fooling 'em—I've got 'em all fooled. They think I'm poor. They think I ain't got any money. But old Ab's too smart for them. I've got lots of money—all I want—all any one could want—wealth beyond the dreams of avar—of av—avar—avar'ce, as John Ingalls used to say. Just look at this!" And with that Handy pulled from his inside coat pocket a roll of one and two dollar bills, that seemed to Hedrick to represent fifty dollars less the price of about ten drinks. "Look a-here," continued Handy, "Ol' Ab's got 'em all fooled. Don't you say anything about it; but ol' Ab's goin' to make his mark."

For three years Mrs. Handy's boarding-house has been one of the most exclusive in our town. They say that she pays Mr. Handy for mowing the lawn and helping about the rough work in the kitchen, and that he sleeps in the barn and pays her for such meals as he eats. Sometimes a new boarder makes the mistake of paying the board money to Handy, and he appears on Main Street ostentatiously jingling his silver and toward evening has ideas about the railroad situation.

It was only last week that Hedrick was in our office telling us of Handy's "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." He paused when he had finished the story and cocked his head on one side, and squinted at the ceiling as he said:

"For three long, weary, fruitless years I've searched the drug-stores of this town for the brand of liquor Ab had that day. I believe if I had two drinks of that I could write better poetry than old Browning himself."

Whereupon Hedrick shook himself out of the office in a gentle, wheezy laugh.

EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of Our New Catalogue for 1906—the most beautiful and instructive horticultural publication of the day—186 pages—700 engravings—7 superb colored plates—7 duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope
Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses Ten Cents (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send free of charge, our famous 50-Cent "Henderson" Collection of seeds, containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Pansies, mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, mixed; Henderson's New York Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomato; and White Tipped Scarlet Radish;* in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

Use of Chick Mother
60 Days FREE

To prove to you that Sure Hatch Incubators will hatch every good egg put into them, we are willing to ship you one, freight prepaid, and let you try it two months in your own home.

If you don't find it all we claim, send it back at our expense.

Our interest doesn't stop at the end of the 60 days. If anything goes wrong in 6 months or 6 years, and the fault is ours, we will right it. Could we do more than this?

Sure Hatch prices range from $7.50 to $17.50. Capacity 75 to 200 eggs to a hatch.

There are 80,000 Sure Hatch Machines in use today. It takes two great establishments to care for our trade.

Sure Hatch Incubators cost less to operate and need less attention than any other make.

More reasons why they are the best in our big FREE Catalogue. Send for it at once.

It contains facts worth money to every poultry raiser. This means more dollars in your pocket. The book is full of illustrations, Poultry House plans and figures that mean a lot. It tells the best way to hatch, feed, raise and sell poultry.

A post card with your name and address brings it by return mail. Ask for it today.

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.
Box F 57, Clay Center, Neb., or
Dept. F 56, Indianapolis, Ind.

Eat squabs—when you buy them ask for PLYMOUTH ROCK squabs, which are the largest and best. Breed squabs to make money. Raised in four weeks, sell for $2.50 to $6 doz. No mixing food, no night labor, no young to attend. Work for women which pays. We were first; our famous PLYMOUTH ROCK straight big Homers, our books and our breeding methods revolutionized the industry and have been widely copied.

SQUAB BOOK FREE

During the past year our trade was the largest since beginning; for 1906 our Homers will be better than we ever sold. Visitors welcome at farm, correspondence invited. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs."

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 423 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

MISS LIPPINCOTT'S
FLOWER SEEDS

Nasturtiums, 20 Varieties
Royal Show Pansy, 100 colors
Sweet Peas, 40 Varieties
Asters, Mixed, all kinds

These Four Packets (25c. value) for 8c., and names of two flower loving friends. My 34th annual catalog and book, "Floral Culture," FREE.

8¢

MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT
2021 10th St., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES

From May to October

for the price of one florist's bouquet. If you grow them yourself in your own garden. All you need is our hardy three year old rose *bushes*, and simple directions. Our beautiful Art Catalog—"Over the Garden Wall"—is a treatise on rose culture for the amateur. Gives description of all the new and rare kinds—with designs and plans for rose beds. Also tells of carnation culture. Sent free.

HELLER BROTHERS
911 S. Main St., New Castle, Ind.

Ferry's Seeds are best because 50 successful years have been spent in their development—half a century of expert care in making them superior to all others.

We are specialists in growing flower and vegetable seeds.

1906 Seed Annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO.,
Detroit,
Mich.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Raise SQUABS—It Pays

We will teach you the business beginning to end if you start with our straight-bred Homer stock—none better at any price. We sell only properly mated pairs, matings guaranteed. Our squabs are fancy and bring top prices. We have 11,000 breeding Homers in our lofts. If we can succeed, you can.

Get our Free booklet—important facts about this fascinating industry.

ATLANTIC SQUAB CO., Box O, Da Costa, N. J.

$12.75 Freight Paid East of Rockies This 230 Egg Incubator

THE ROYAL The world's simplest, surest hatcher. Automatic in action; perfect results. Incubator and supply catalogue free. Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10 cents. 50 cent poultry paper 1 year 10 cents.

FREE TRIAL

Royal Incubator Co., Drawer 39, Des Moines, Iowa.

Preston Pigeon Farm Co., Morton, Pa.

Breeders and importers of highest grade Squab Stock. Homers furnished in large or small lots, the kind that breeds heavy white-fleshed Squabs. Write for book of full information free.

LIVINGSTON'S TRUE BLUE SEEDS

We will send either of these superb Collections and our new 104-page Seed Annual for only 10 cents. The 2 Collections 20 cents.

FLOWERS
1 Pkt. each Choice Mixed Pansy, Eckford Sweet Pea, Mixed Aster, Mixed Nasturtium, Mixed Phlox.

VEGETABLES
1 Pkt. each Beauty Tomato, Hanson Lettuce, Ideal Cabbage, Chartier Radish and Eclipse Beet.

The Empty Bags of either Collection will be accepted by us at 5 cents each on any order amounting to 50 cents or over.

THE LIVINGSTON SEED CO., Box 120, Columbus, Ohio

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW! If you want the BEST SEEDS that can be grown, you should read The Thirtieth Anniversary Edition of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1906, so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalogue." It is mailed FREE to all. Better write TO-DAY.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HAYNES

The Car of Many Exclusive Features

The Haynes has many exclusive features that assure for it a wonderfully low maintenance and up-keep expense.

In a 6,000 mile trip, made in early winter, from Kokomo, Ind., to New York and Boston via Albany, returning over the Allegheny Mountains by the National Road, the repair expense was but $1.50.

Roller-bearings throughout, make the loss of power between the motors and rear tires less than 10 per cent. and account for the ease with which the car went up the longest and steepest grades in crossing the mountains.

The Haynes exclusively has roller-bearing engines; a Master Clutch with no wearable surfaces, which takes hold without jerking; a transmission that positively prevents burring and stripping of gears; and a roller pinion and rear axle that overcome every objection to shaft driven cars.

Other exclusive Haynes features are given in our new catalogue. For prompt attention address Desk 9.

"The Car The Repairman Seldom Sees"

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
KOKOMO, IND.

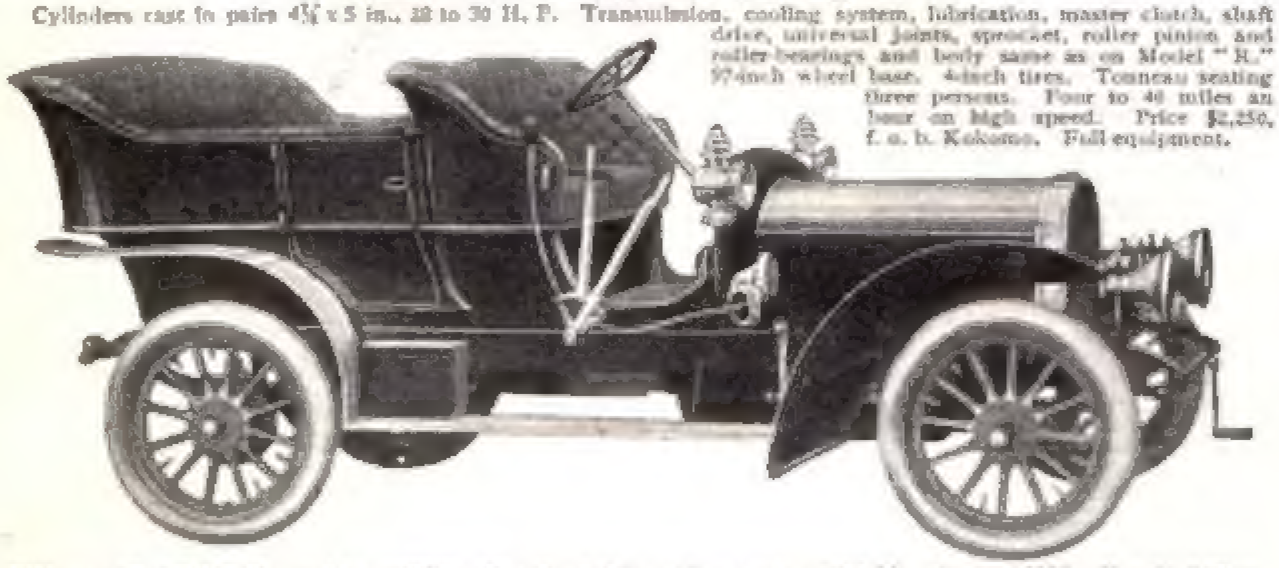
Chicago, 1420 Michigan Ave. Members A. L. A. M. **New York, 1715 Broadway**

Model "R" Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Vertical roller-bearing engines. Cylinders cast separately, 5⅝ x 6 inches, 50 H. P. An exclusive transmission that absolutely prevents stripping of gears. Positive cooling system. Individual and special lubrication. Master Clutch has metal faces and takes hold without jerking. Shaft drive. Exclusive universal joints that prevent wear on pins. Sprocket and Roller Pinion and perfect Rear Axle, all exclusive. Roller bearings throughout. 108-inch wheel base. 54-inch tonneau, seating five people. Four to 60 miles an hour on high gear. Weight, 2,750 pounds. Price $3,500, f. o. b. Kokomo. Full equipment.

Model "O" Four-Cylinder Touring Car

Cylinders cast in pairs 4¼ x 5 in., 28 to 30 H. P. Transmission, cooling system, lubrication, master clutch, shaft drive, universal joints, sprocket, roller pinion and roller-bearings and body same as on Model "R." 97-inch wheel base. 4-inch tires. Tonneau seating three persons. Four to 40 miles an hour on high speed. Price $2,250, f. o. b. Kokomo. Full equipment.



This car, Model "R," was driven 8500 miles at a total repair expense of $4.00—the last 1100 miles the latter part of January, from New York to Chicago through deep mud and snow, over the Cumberland Mountains.

Model 15

Price $2,500.

Rambler

A Car of Power and Steady Service

Equipped with a four cylinder, vertical motor, 35-40 H. P., providing one full horse-power to every seventy-five pounds of dead weight with car fully equipped.

The entire power plant and controlling mechanism refined and simplified to the Rambler standard of serviceability.

Elegance of design and appointments mark this the ideal car for which you have been waiting.

It is but one of seven models for 1906.

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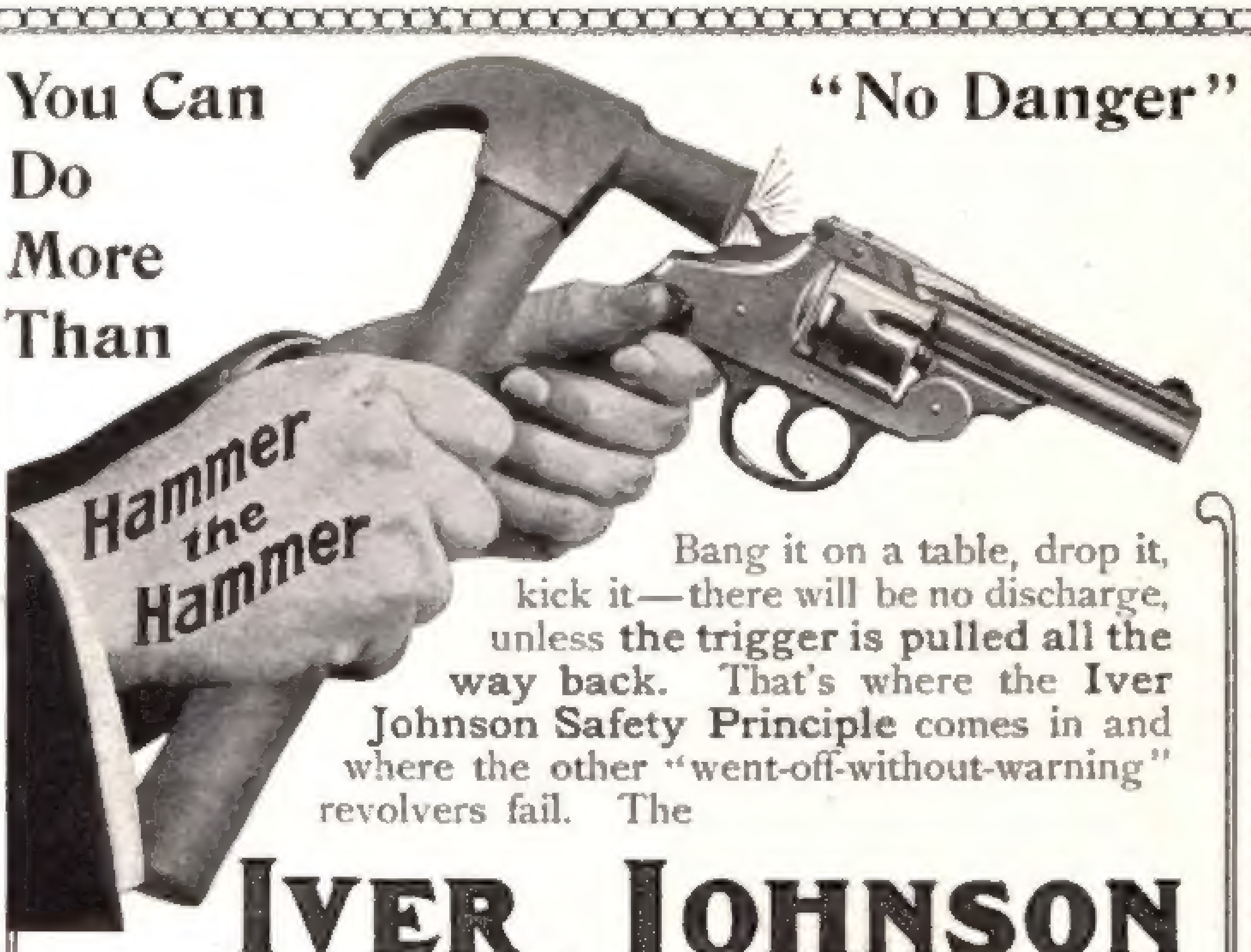
Thos. B. Jeffery & Company

You Can Do More Than "No Danger"



Bang it on a table, drop it, kick it—there will be no discharge, unless **the trigger is pulled all the way back.** That's where the Iver Johnson **Safety Principle** comes in and where the other "went-off-without-warning" revolvers fail. The

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic Revolver

is safe all the time, except at that thousandth part of a second when you want it to do your bidding—then it is **never known to fail.**

When the trigger is pulled all the way back, the act raises the safety lever which receives the blow of the revolver hammer, and transmits it in turn to the firing pin; at all other times and under all conditions it is impossible for the revolver hammer to cause a discharge, for the safety lever is not in position to receive its blow and transmit it to the firing pin.

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gets right at the heart of the matter, it tells you in unmistakable language why it is also accurate and reliable. Sent on request together with handsome catalogue.

HAMMER, $5 HAMMERLESS, $6

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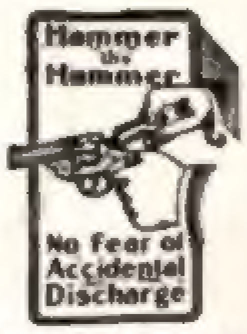
HONEST GOODS IVER JOHNSON REVOLVERS HONEST PRICES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No Fear of Accidental Discharge

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FESTINO—Another confection in the form of an almond—of indescribable flavor, and as original as entrancing.

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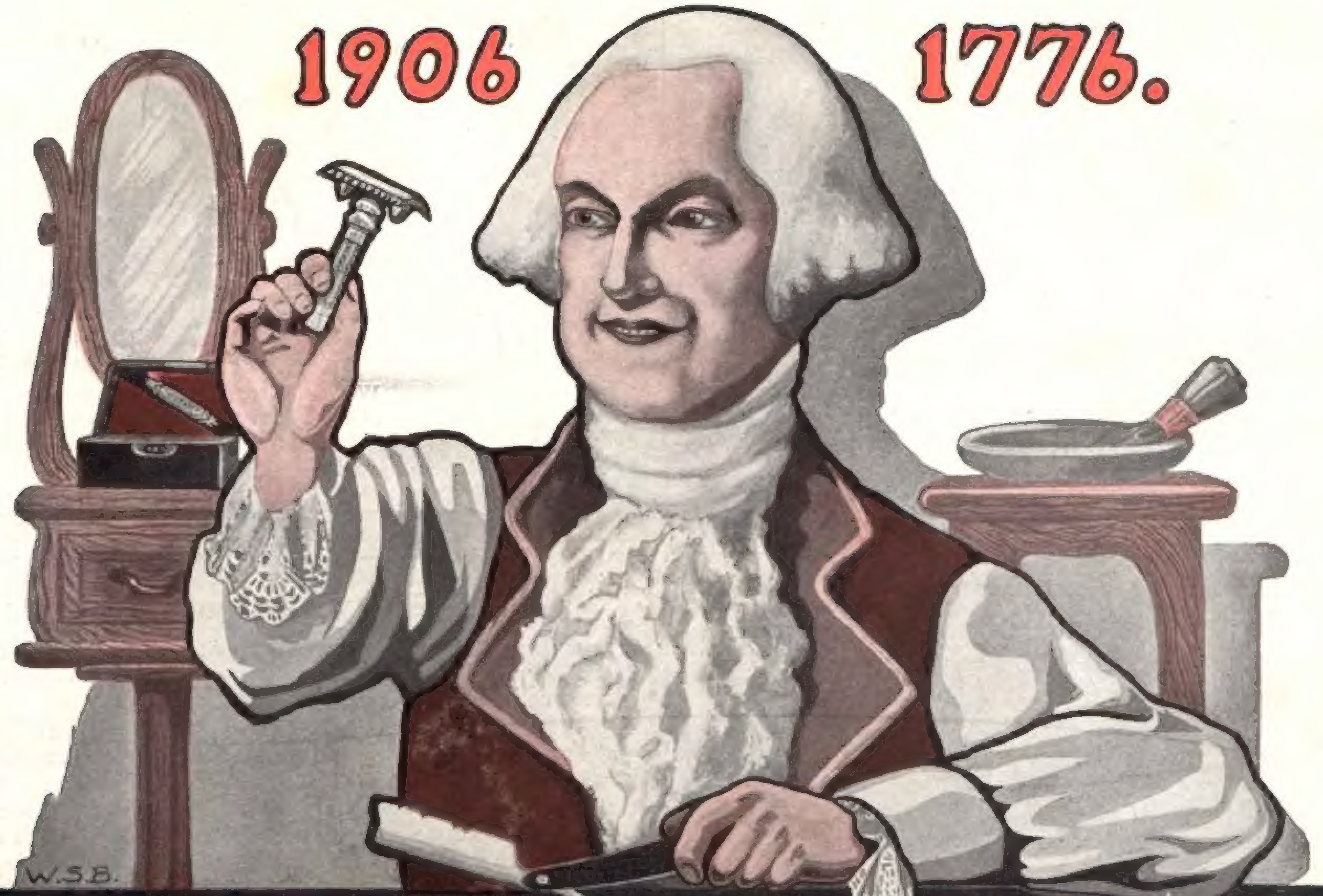

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George Washington Gave an Era of Liberty to the Colonies.
"The Gillette" Gives an Era of Personal Liberty to All Men.

IT GIVES MEN FREEDOM FROM THE SLAVISH HABIT OF BEING SHAVED BY ANOTHER.

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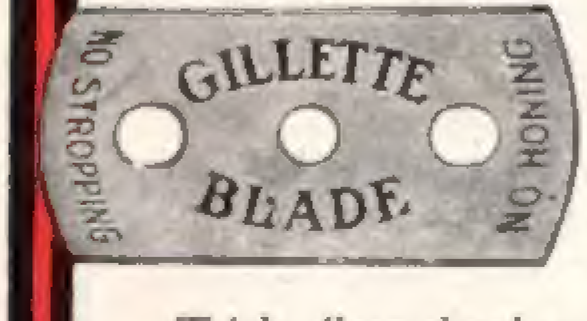

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